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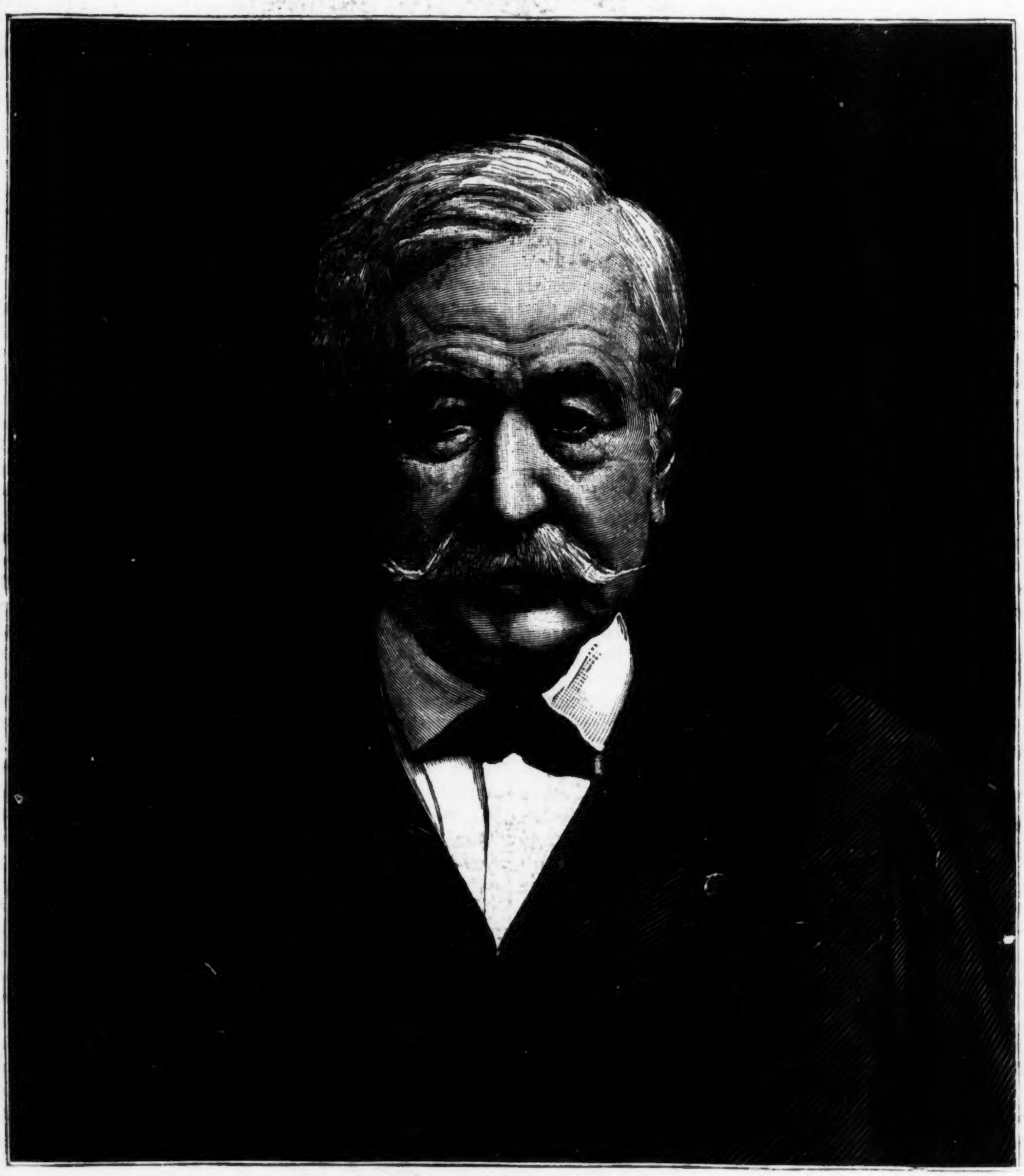
FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

BY W. STAUGHTON CHASE.



FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

The Viscount Ferdinand de Lesseps was born at Versailles in 1805, of an ancient though impoverished family. After leaving college, he enjoyed the privilege, then much more uncommon than in these days, of an extensive tour; and during the two succeeding years he visited nearly every capital in Europe. Choosing the diplomatic career, he became at the close of 1842 Consul-General of France in the quaint old city of Barcelona. This picturesque little town, so rich in historical memories, and usually so tranquil, was in those unhappy days of 1842 in a condition truly pitiable. To the horrors of civil war and the terrors of a bombardment, was added the cholera; and of the abject terror and consternation which that mysterious scourge then inspired, we of to-day can form no conception.

M. de Lesseps proved himself equal to the emergency. Barcelona then contained a large French colony, and the protection of its interests demanded his closest attention. It is on record that his noble and devoted conduct won for him the admiration and esteem even of those against whose authority he was obliged often to strive. His firm and determined attitude in his official position, and his incessant and generous attention to the sick and wounded of every nationality, earned for him the love and gratitude of all classes.

Some months later, the Queen of Spain, then firmly seated on the throne, decorated the heroic consul with the Order of Charles III. of the first class. Other Governments also expressed their gratitude in the form of Orders or addresses; but what was to M. de Lesseps the most precious of all was the approval of his own countrymen, as evinced by letters and addresses from all the principal cities and chambers of commerce.

In 1848 he was sent as the representative of the French Republic to Madrid, afterward as Minister to Berne, when he was chosen by the National Assembly for an important and delicate mission to Rome. Unfortunately, his conciliatory mission survived those who had charged him with it, and his sympathies being no longer in accord with the existing Government, he was recalled. Soon after he published a very interesting work on the Roman question – then one of paramount importance—and in which his position in regard to it was clearly defined.

After his exceptionally distinguished diplomatic career, M. de Lesseps made, in 1854, the memorable visit to Saïd Pasha, then Viceroy of Egypt, during which he first conceived the project of piercing the Isthmus of Suez, and in 1856 he published a work in which the result of two years' careful study of the question was given to the world.

As with all other gigantic undertakings or daring innovations, it was received with opposition, even with scorn and ridicule, and its projector regarded as a wild dreamer, a veritable Monte Christo. But, having put his hand to the plow, he never once turned back, and, until its triumphant completion in 1869, he lived only for this one object. To him it had become the sole aim of his existence, and family, friends, even the simple comforts of civilization, for him had virtually ceased to be during those memorable ten years preceding 1869. With this work his name will be immortally linked. More fortunate than many of his predecessors or compeers whose daring creations have earned for them undying fame, he has lived to see the results of his work.

In 1860, Lord Palmerston, England's greatest minister since the days of Pitt, from his place in the House of Commons, said, "The Compagnie de Suez, as I have had occasion to observe before, I regard as one of the most rascally affairs that we have seen attempted in modern times. In France, very many among the humble classes have been induced to buy shares, believing that the enterprise will prove profitable. The progress of the work in Egypt has demonstrated that, if not utterly impracticable, it will require such enormous sacrifices of money and time as will be beyond the power of any company."

His astute successor, Lord Beaconsfield, but sixteen years later, when the opportunity presented itself, did not hesitate a moment, but eagerly paid an enormous sum of money to the embarrassed Khédive for his shares, and thus virtually obtained the control of the Canal. England, which had been its most bitter opponent, was the nation of all others which derived the greatest benefit from its accomplishment, and has ever since experienced a keen regret in the thought that she had allowed this highway—to her now as vitally important, on account of her Eastern Empire, as the possession of Gibraltar—to be conceived, constructed and completed without her aid, and in the face of her thinly-disguised opposition.

The day following the triumphant completion of his work, M. de Lesseps was married to a lovely and amiable woman, Mlle. Autard de Bragard, daughter of an ancient Norman House, by whom he has had a large family, in the midst of which he may now be found, at his charming home in the Rue Richepance. We find ourselves in the presence of a remarkable man.

Tall, erect, but little bronzed for one who has been more than ten years in tents on Egyptian sands, the hair and moustache well tinged with gray, his whole bearing is expressive of force and vitality; and undoubtedly his muscular power and vigorous constitution has been one of the minor elements of his success, and which renders him, notwithstanding his advanced age, almost invincible in any work he has in hand. His voice has a peculiar Spanish accent, at first rather hard to define, but better understood when it is remembered that Spanish is to him almost as his native tongue. A rapid and eloquent speaker, he has never forgotten the force of oratory, and his power of appealing to public audiences with extraordinary fluency in three languages has often stood him in good stead.

Though possessing decorations from every European Power, he is never seen to wear them except on very special occasions, when he carries the tiny rosette of the Legion of Honor, of which Order he holds the Grand Cordon. Since the termination of his labors on the Suez Canal, with the exception of retaining the Presidency of the Company—an office demanding but little of his attention—he has lived in retirement. An ardent student, in the truest sense *un vrai homme de lettres*, his time has been equally divided between his family, the Institute, and his library—a magnificent one, and which occupies a very firm place in his affections. The love of books with him is a weakness, but an amiable one; and, unlike some amateurs, he is ever delighted to exhibit or explain his treasures to those, even though strangers to him, whom they may interest.

M. de Lesseps is a bright example to the rising generation; he is a great *worker*. Twice every year he journeys from Paris to Suez, and makes a minute examination (to him a sacred duty) of every portion of his beloved work. He is ever on the move—to-day addressing an audience in Bordeaux, to-morrow one in Milan, the day after in the editorial room of his new journal, *Le Bulletin du Canal Interocéanique*, and then—in consultation with his aids in the land of the Pharaohs, standing on the banks of the Canal, the greatest of modern wonders, and under the shadow of the Pyramids, or within sight of the ruins of Karnac.

M. de Lesseps was, however, not destined to remain for ever in the tranquil seclusion of his home. Latterly public attention has been turned to the piercing of the greater Isthmus of Panama and the practical linking of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans—an undertaking involving difficulties of a much more serious character than that of the Isthmus of Suez, but still one which promises proportionately greater advantages to be derived from its accomplishment. Several surveys had been made in order to endeavor to determine the most feasible route, and, as the sequence, the "International Congress" was recently assembled in Paris to decide this much-mooted question.

This Congress met in Paris on Thursday, May 15th, under the presidency of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame. Committees were designated to facilitate the discussion by considering specific points in the problem, and were organized with the following gentlemen as presidents: On *Statistics*, M. Levasseur, France; on *Economical and Commercial Relations*, Mr. Nathan Appleton, United States; on *Navigation*, M. Brock, Norway; on *Scientific Questions*, M. Daubree, France; on *Ways and Means*, M. Cerisole, Switzerland. After the election of officers, Commander Selfridge, who commanded the late United States Darien Surveying Expedition, made a three hours' speech on the results of his observations, dealing particularly with the Napipi Route. An adjournment was then taken to enable the presidents of the committees to confer with their members and prepare reports on the topics assigned them.

On May 17th, Admiral Le Noury, President of the Geographical Society of Paris, gave a dinner to the leading members of the Congress, when M. de Lesseps, making the principal speech, dwelt upon the five hours' discourse of Mr. Menocal in the committee while presenting the merits of the Nicaragua Route.

On May 19th, the second general meeting was held, when M. Fontaine read the report of the Committee on Statistics, in which he condemned all plans involving the construction of locks. He was followed by Mr. Appleton, of the Committee on Economical and Commercial Relations, who briefly reported the results of the labor of his committee, and by MM. Cerisole and Simonin. M. Reglus, a collaborateur of Lieutenant Wyse, who was indisposed, made an elaborate statement in support of the Wyse Panama Route, declaring the system that distinguished it the only one favorable to maritime navigation.

Commander Selfridge was again heard on the Napipi Route on the 20th, estimating the cost of cutting the canal there at $99,986,000. He was followed by Chief-Engineer Menocal, who presented plans and estimates for a ship-canal across the Isthmus by what he called the Chagres Route, the work to cost $98,000,000. M. Gray, the Mexican delegate, was then heard in behalf of the Tehuantepec Route. An attack being made on the estimates of the Wyse Panama scheme, a sub-committee was appointed to report upon the approximate costs of the necessary locks and tunnels.

On the 21st, this sub-committee reported that it would cost $160,000,000 to construct the canal at sea-level, with a tunnel through the mountains, but without the use of locks, exclusive of salaries. The chief address of the day was by Sir John Hawkshaw, an English engineer, who dwelt largely upon the disadvantages and positive objections to the Wyse Route. In the afternoon the Committee on Technical Questions abandoned all projects except that for a canal via Nicaragua, with locks, and that for a canal to connect Limon Bay with the port of Panama.

Thursday's session was occupied by the reports of the sub-committees on Tunneling and Profile, by an address by Mr. Appleton upon the merits of the San Blas Route, by a further explanation of the Napipi route by Commander Selfridge, and an earnest speech by M. Simonin in advocacy of prompt action.

M. de Lesseps presided over the meeting of the Committee on Technique on Friday, and maintained that in the discussions preference should be given to a tide-water or level canal over all others.

No session of the Congress was held on the 24th, but several of the committees held meetings. The sub-committee on Technique having called for modifications in the plans of the Napipi and the Nicaragua Routes, Commander Selfridge and Chief-Engineer Menocal were designated to prepare other plans.

At the meeting of the Committee on Technique on May 26th, the final reports of the sub-committees on Construction and Estimate for the different routes, adding to the original calculations of the engineers the cost of the modifications suggested by the several committees, were re-read.

These figures are as follows:

The Tehuantepec Route—Length, 240 kilometres (149 miles and 960 feet). Number of locks, 120. Total cost not estimated. Time occupied by a ship in passing through, twelve days.

The Nicaragua Routes—Menocal's plan: Length, 292 kilometres (181 miles and 2,664 feet). Number of locks, 17. Expense of construction, 842,000,000 francs ($168,400,000). Time required to make the passage, four and one-half days. Blanchet's plan: Length the same; cost of construction, 411,000,000 francs ($82,200,000).

The Panama Routes—Wyse's plan (modified): Length, 73 kilometres (45 miles and 1,986 feet). Number of locks, 12. Total cost, 1,103,000,000 francs ($220,600,000). Time required for the passage, one and one-half days. Kelly's San Blas Route: Length, 53 kilometres (34 miles and 4,426 feet). Total cost (tunnel carefully calculated), 1,340,000,000 francs ($268,000,000). Time required for passage, one day.

The Darien Route—The Atrato-Napipi: Length, 290 kilometres (180 miles and 1,380 feet). Two locks required. Total cost, 1,000,000,000 francs ($200,000,000). Time of passage, three days.

On the 27th, reports were presented by the Committees on Statistics through M. Levasseur, and on Ways and Means through M. Cerisole, both documents being of a very elaborate and valuable character.

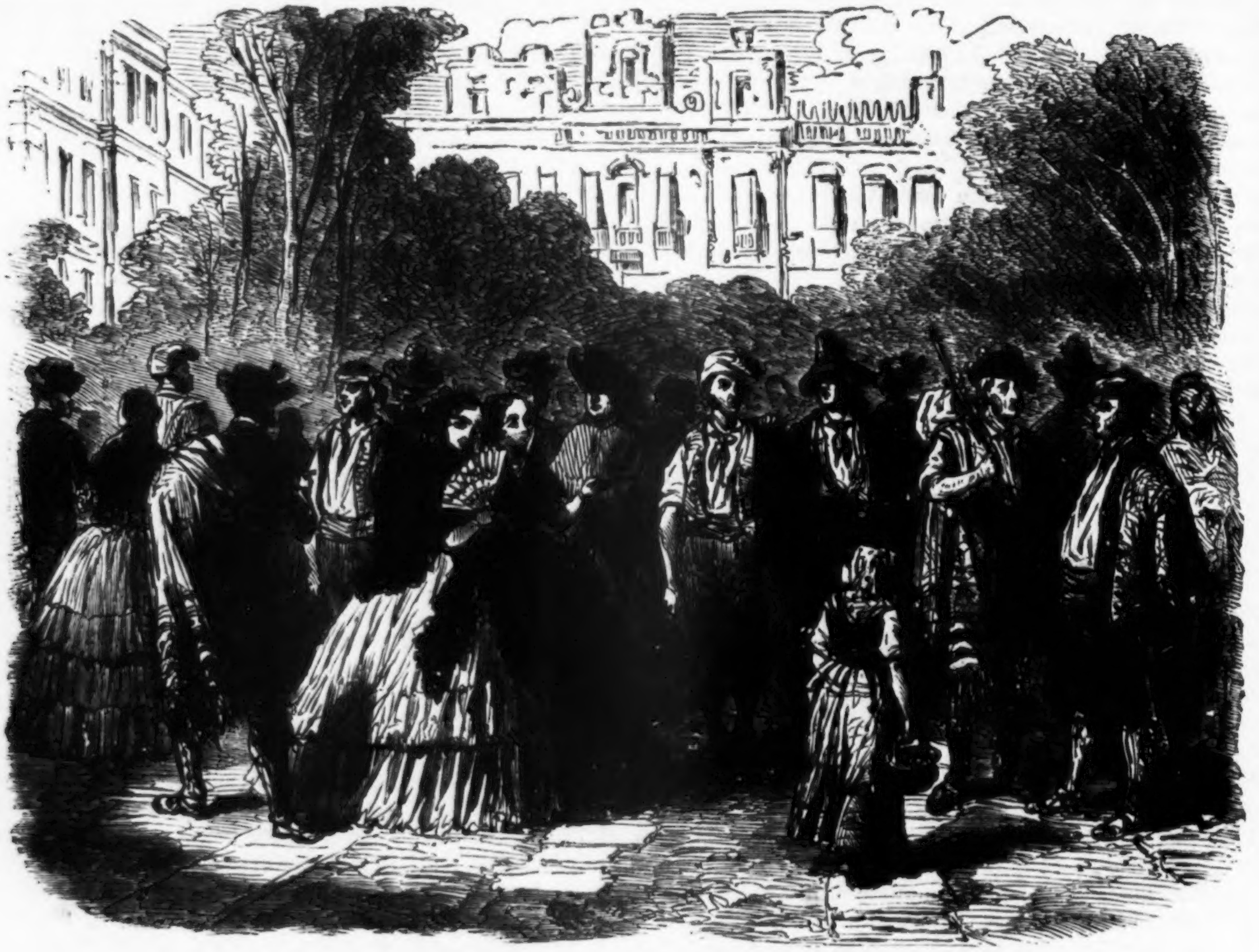
The Committee on Technique adopted the Wyse Panama sea-level Route on the 28th, after the sub-committee on Construction had reported the following revised estimates of the total cost: Lieutenant Wyse's modified Panama plan, with locks, 700,000,000 francs ($140,000,000); Menocal's Nicaragua plan, 900,000,000 francs ($180,000,000); The Atrato Route, 1,130,000,000 francs ($206,000,000).

On May 29th, the full Congress met to take decisive action, and after disposing of several committee reports, adopted a resolution favoring the construction of the proposed canal from the Gulf of Limon to the Bay of Panama, by a vote of 17 to 8, with 16 absentees. After this action the Congress was formally closed.

By the Panama Route the line of canal would commence at Navy Bay, on the Atlantic side, and, following the course of the Chagres River as far as Matachin, a distance of about twenty-six miles, whence the Obispo River would be utilized to near Paraiso, a connection would be made by means of an artificial channel between the Rio Obispo and the Rio Grande, that flows into the Pacific.

There have been two plans submitted for this canal, their only difference being a slight change of direction at the western or Pacific end. The summit or highest point to be cut through on this line would be only 262 feet.

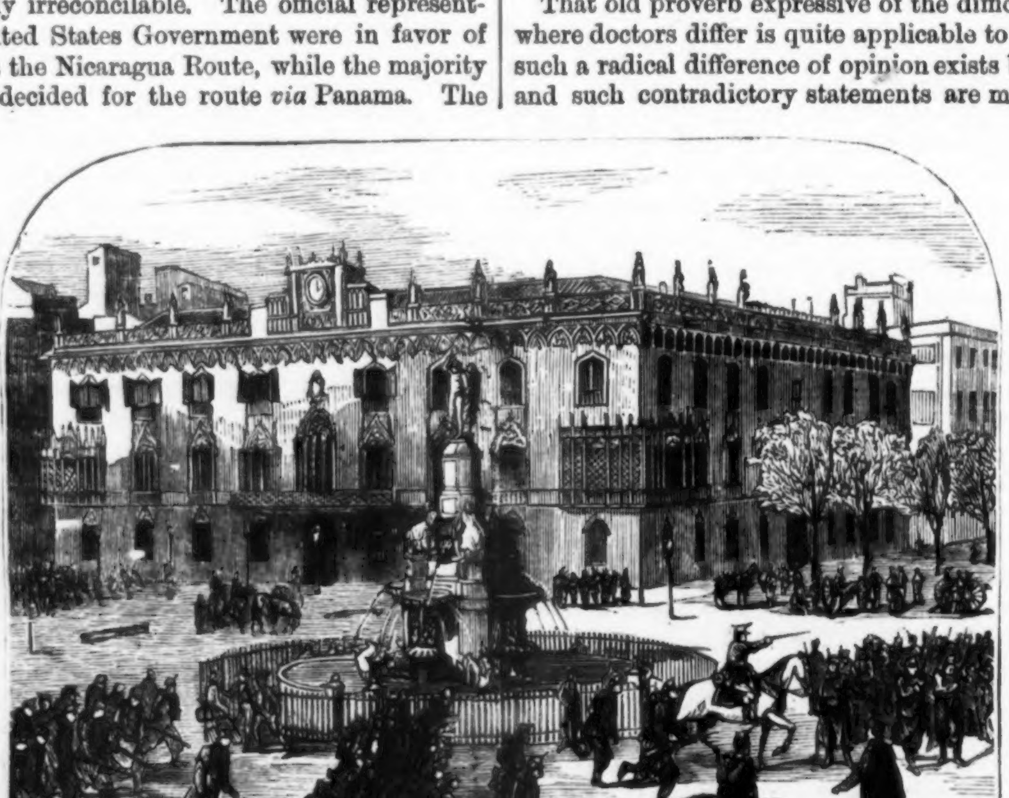
The proceedings of the Congress do not appear to have



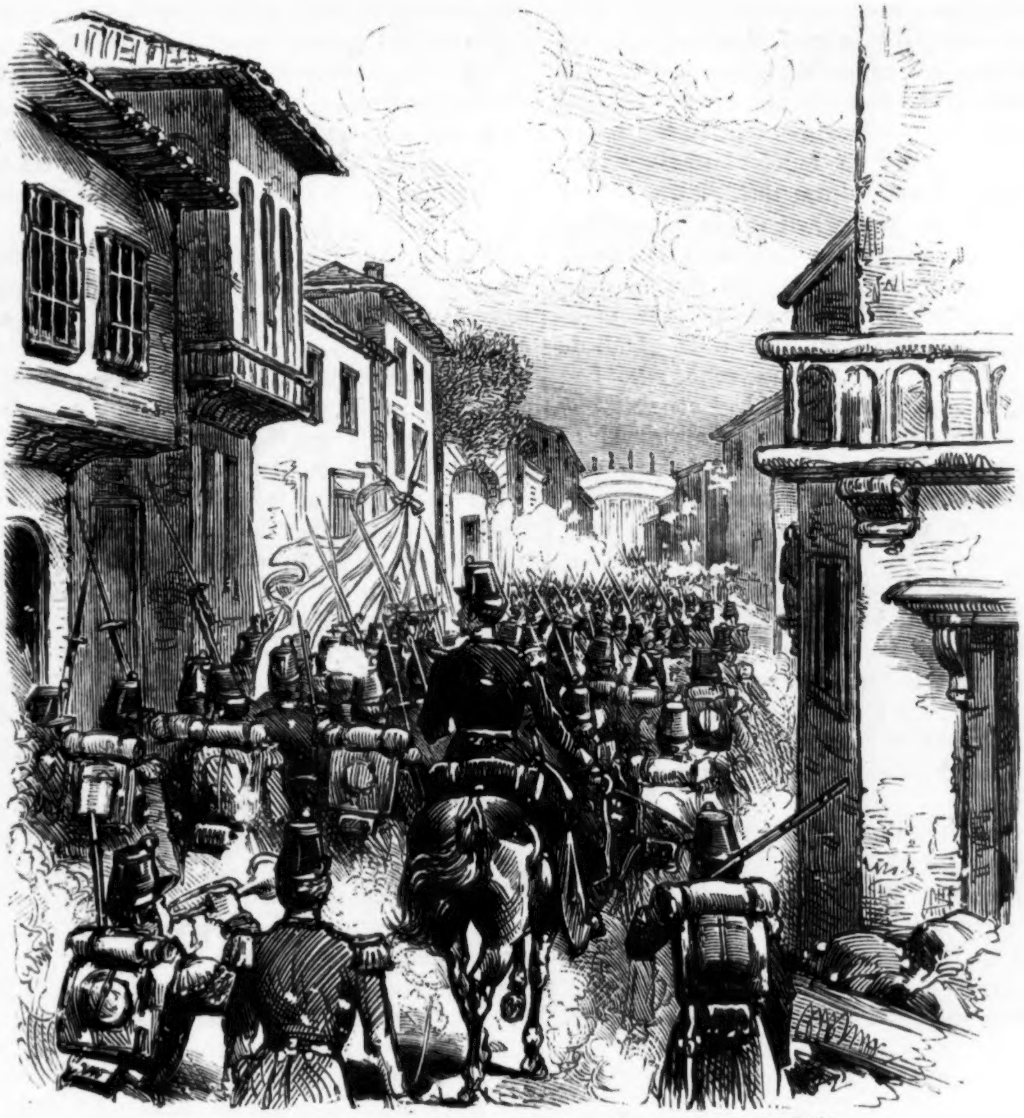
SCENE ON THE RAMBLE, BARCELONA.

been exceedingly harmonious, and it was evident from the first that differences of opinion between the various experts were utterly irreconcilable. The official representatives of the United States Government were in favor of what is known as the Nicaragua Route, while the majority of the Congress decided for the route *via* Panama. The former, counting from ocean to ocean, would extend 181 miles and embrace 21 locks; while the latter would be only 42 miles in length, *but would necessitate the construction of a tunnel of over 7 miles.* It was emphatically declared by our representatives that the construction of a canal by the Panama Route was an utter impossibility, but their arguments were not sufficient to convince the majority; and after an earnest protest they retired from the scene.

That old proverb expressive of the difficulty of deciding where doctors differ is quite applicable to this case—when such a radical difference of opinion exists between experts, and such contradictory statements are made, it is a hard matter to arrive at a just conclusion. Judging, however, as we are justified in doing, by public opinion as reflected by the press, Americans are pretty unanimous in sustaining the views of their delegates, and in declaring their belief that the majority of the Congress were greatly misinformed, not to say misled, in arriving at the choice of the Panama Route.

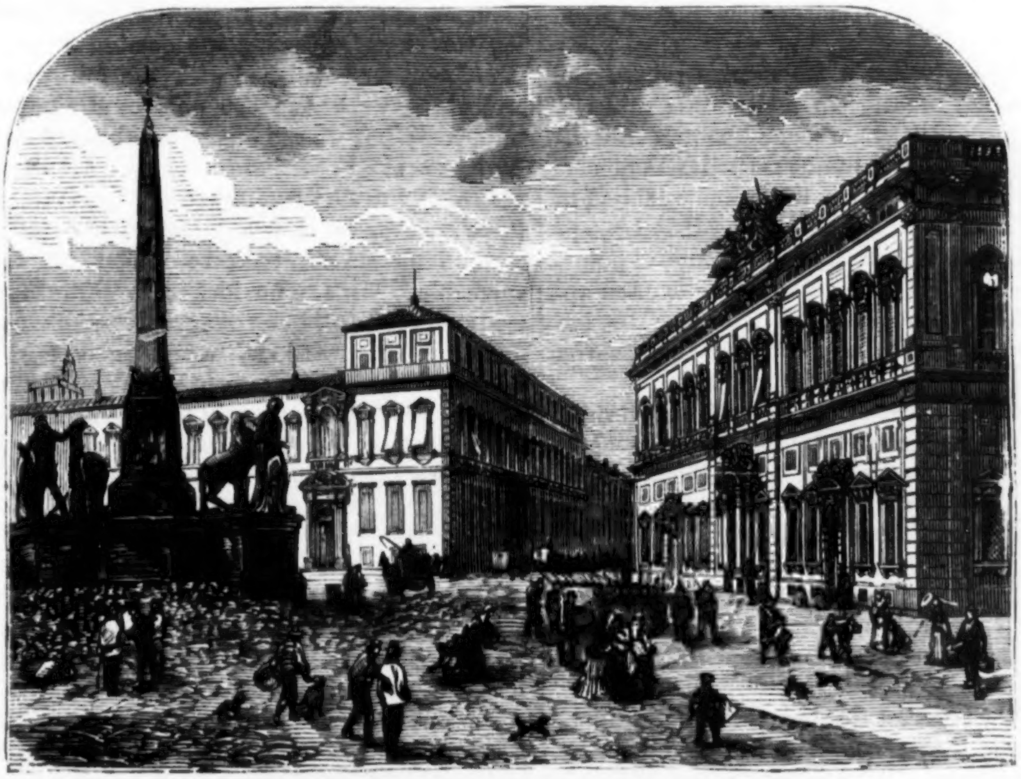


GOVERNMENT SQUARE, BARCELONA, CAPTURED BY THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS.



THE ATTACK OF THE FRENCH, UNDER OUDINOT, ON ROME, IN 1848.

M. de Lesseps, whose sympathies in favor of a canal by any possible route are easy of comprehension, from the first moment evinced a strong preference for the Panama Route, and it cannot be doubted that it was largely owing to his influence and opinion, and the great confidence which so many naturally placed in the accuracy of his judgment, that this route was finally selected. It is, perhaps, rather too early to express a decided opinion, but there is an evident feeling in the minds of our countrymen that M. de Lesseps decided the question rather too hastily, and in face of an overwhelming evidence against the feasibility of the Panama Route. But be this as it may, the Congress scarcely terminated, we find the indefatigable De Lesseps in the field with all the old-time vigor and vim and vivacity which he constantly exhibited during the early years of the Suez campaign. In an incredibly short space of time we find his programme all arranged, the prospectus of a company issued with De Lesseps as the promoter and president, and the capital solicited simultaneously in the financial centres of the Old and the New World.



VIEW OF THE QUIRINAL PALACE, BESIEGED IN 1848.

At the present time, with a plethora of money for investment, any undertaking which is directed by responsible parties and for the accomplishment of any work not of an ultra speculative character, readily obtains support. M. de Lesseps had, however, no intention of trusting to the liberality of large capitalists; his line of action was in a moment decided on, and with his accustomed eloquence, still so well remembered, he commenced his appeals to the people, to the patriotism of his countrymen, the majority of whom had so heartily stood by him in the dark and trying days of his former great work. He at once commenced a tour through the provinces, speaking everywhere, sometimes even twice in one day, to crowded audiences. Newspaper correspondents and public functionaries followed in his train; the most enthusiastic receptions were accorded to him, and his progress was a succession of triumphs. But, unfortunately, the unhappy day arrived, alas, only too soon for opening in the various capitals the subscription lists. That no aid was proffered in America and next to nothing in England, was, perhaps, not surprising. In the execution of a work requiring from six hundred to eight hundred millions of francs it was natural that France should wish to have a small voice. But when it was known that in France the subscriptions were merely nominal, much astonishment was manifested. It was for the moment scarcely credited, but soon the bitter truth was made apparent—the people who had hung on the words of M. de Lesseps, who had cheered him to the echo, who had received him as a returning conqueror, *had done nothing more.* They listened to his speeches, they approved of his plans, in fact they were ready to do anything and everything for him—*but they declined to furnish the money.* This, above all, when at the very same time they subscribed for a municipal loan for the city of Paris *just eleven times the large amount asked for*, was only capable of one explanation: a lack of confidence in its ultimate success.

This evident reluctance to furnish the required capital for a project very flattering to their national *amour propre*, and at the head of which stood one in whom justly they had every confidence, was very probably somewhat intensified by the manner in which the enterprise was regarded in the United States.

The cutting of a canal on their own borders by a company exclusively foreign, and in the management of which they would have no voice, was looked upon with disfavor, not to put the case more strongly. If there is one point on which Americans are more sensitive than on another, it is on *the* historical Monroe Doctrine. The tradition that while all are welcome as individuals, there is no room on this continent either for European interference or for any other form of government. The tenacity with which this doctrine is cherished by all Americans is well recognized by European Powers. It is well remembered by them how even during the dark days of our civil war the attempt to foster imperial tendencies on Mexican soil, and to establish an empire under the very shadow of the great Republic, was regarded, and how the expression of opinion sufficed to hasten the withdrawal of the Imperial troops. This is eminently proper, and no political party will ever survive should it for a moment disregard the popular will on this one point. On many other subjects, perhaps of equal importance, we are much more careless.

It was evident that this was the cause more than anything else of the displeasure which the scheme excited in this country, and the advisers and friends of M. de Lesseps evidently had overlooked this to them all-important point. It is idle to ignore the fact that without the explicit approval of the Federal Government it will ever be impossible to turn the first sod for any canal by any route on this continent.

An undue importance was attached to the fact that right of construction had been granted by the Government of the States of Colombia. This is true, but it should not be forgotten that the population of these nine States does not aggregate more than two millions of inhabitants, and that their Government is little better than a dissolving view of generals and insurrections; and furthermore, that any concessions or rights which it might grant would be of no value whatever unless approved of by the United States Government.

There is little doubt but that this grave mistake will ere long be remedied, and that a company will be organized, if not absolutely under American control, at least in which Americans will be largely represented. In this way the services of M. de Lesseps would be greatly desired, and his co-operation most heartily welcomed.

His indomitable energy, his unrivaled experience in similar work, and the invincible way, so peculiarly his own, of solving or conquering difficulties which sometimes appear to be insurmountable, would combine to render him an invaluable aid in the prosecution of the work.

The construction of a canal across the Panama Isthmus, while not a work of absolute necessity, is still one greatly to be desired. The effect that it would have on the development of the western coast of the two Americas can scarcely be over-estimated, while it would also undoubtedly give an extraordinary impetus to our shipping trade. It may be that this would be the very thing required to galvanize into new life this interest which has so long lain dormant.

Before the war we were England's most dangerous competitor not only for the carrying but for the maritime building trade of the world, and it is only a question of time when our unequaled resources both in materials and in coast-line will again be called upon. Its effect also on the shipments of Eastern produce via the Isthmusian route for Europe will be very considerable. We can see this exemplified, but in a comparatively infinitesimal way, by the difference which the construction of the Pacific Road made in our favor. The comparison is still a very poor one, as the cost of freight over three thousand miles of railroad must ever be so great as to preclude the shipment of everything but the most valuable goods.

In European financial circles it was erroneously surmised that the American opposition to the project arose entirely from the jealousy of our railroad corporations. This is manifestly incorrect. It is natural to suppose that the owners of the Pacific Road are not especially desirous of having a competitor, above all such a dangerous one as would be the Canal; but their opposition would be powerless to create a sentiment against it. This country has everything to gain from it and nothing to lose, and she can afford liberally to provide both men and money to aid its completion, exacting only one condition: that it shall remain for ever under the protection of the Federal Government.

M. de Lesseps has announced his intention of visiting this country during the coming Fall. Doubtless he is not very well satisfied with the failure of his scheme, and which he knows can only be attributed to American influence; but we can assure him beforehand, that he will have a warm and cordial reception. A distinguished stranger coming to this country can always count on this; but there are especial circumstances in the case of M. de Lesseps which should tend to render his visit peculiarly agreeable. We are no longer so enthusiastic over titled mediocrities as in our younger days, and now the visit of duke or earl occasions, except in certain tuft-hunting circles, scarcely a comment. But with those who have distinguished themselves in the world of literature, of science or of art, or who have carved out for themselves in any way a niche in the temple of fame, we have a different welcome, and Ferdinand de Lesseps will prove no exception to the rule.

It would be out of place in discussing this Canal project not to notice the manner in which General Grant's name has been coupled with it, as the possible president of a company to carry it out. Admiral Ammen (always a warm personal friend of General Grant) was, as is well known, one of our delegates to the Paris Congress, and was in correspondence with the General both during and after the termination of the Congress. Admiral Ammen would lead as to believe that the telegram which he claims to have received from the general, containing the words, "I approve," referred to his acceptance of the presidency of a company for the prosecution of the work, in case that it should be tendered to him. This deduction is by no means logically correct, though undoubtedly Admiral Ammen should know best the meaning which it was intended to convey to him.

Whether General Grant should be at the head of the undertaking or not, we do not regard as being of any great importance, either one way or the other. It is, however, certain that it would have ever to remain a question strictly outside of party lines. All that is required in the president is a man who, in the highest sense of the word, enjoys the confidence of his countrymen; and there are very many to be named who would confer distinction on the office by their acceptance of the position.

The climate of the Isthmus presents more serious difficulties than that of the Suez Isthmus, but the black labor which can be easily obtained from the islands of the West Indies will probably obviate the one most to be feared. The promoters of the French company have already sent forward two experienced medical officers, who have passed many years in tropical countries, to thoroughly study the ground, with a view of making the most effective sanitary arrangements that may be possible, in order to avoid the terrible mortality among the laborers, such as was experienced in the building of the Panama Railroad. A staff of three engineers is also on the spot, to prepare certain estimates as to the mechanical portion of the work. All of these gentlemen will have completed their labors before the arrival of M. de Lesseps, and will make their reports to him personally on his arrival in New York.

MEISSONIER.

Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier was born at Lyons in the year 1813. He is the first miniaturist of *genre* subjects who has attained celebrity. Perhaps he can receive no higher praise than to be, as he constantly is, compared to Terburg and Metzu. He has been fully appreciated from the commencement of his career, and receives honors and money without stint. He is a commander of the Legion of Honor and a grand medalist.

Meissonier has been decorated by numerous princes, and among other marks of distinction, has received from the Emperor of Russia one of the highest Orders of that country. This decoration he received as a reward for complying with a singular request which the Czar made of him during that potentate's brief but eventful visit to Paris in 1867. Meissonier was presented to the Emperor, who had been a very liberal patron of his, and who cordially received the illustrious artist. When Meissonier was about to take his departure, the Czar said to him, somewhat diffidently:

"Will you do me a favor, monsieur?"

The artist bowed to the earth.

"I don't know whether you will like to do it, but I would feel deeply indebted if you would paint a likeness of my faithful companion, Mantun."

"Who is Mantun, sire?"

"Ah, there lies the trouble, monsieur; Mantun is my pet dog."

M. Meissonier looked a little taken aback. He had painted battle-charges enough, but never yet a dog. The Emperor of Russia opened a door, and, from an adjoining room, called in Mantun. It was a superb Newfoundland dog. To refuse an emperor is an impossibility, so Meissonier painted Mantun, and received the Russian Order of St. Andrew. The painting how hangs in the emperor's private cabinet at St. Petersburg.

At no great distance from Victorien Sardou's splendid chateau at Maily lies Ville de Ferme, the country residence of Meissonier, who is at once the richest and the most popular of French painters. With neither the vast genius of Horace Vernet, nor the sombre spirit of Paul Delaroche, M. Meissonier surpasses either of them in adroit coloring, in skillful arrangement and grouping of details, and in effects of light and shadow, such as few of the good painters of our times are ablo to produce. All the grand achievements of his remarkable artistic career have been brought about by the hardest of work, as all know who have been admitted to an intimacy with M. Meissonier.

He has an *atelier* in Paris where he can be found two or three times a week; but there he keeps only what few finished paintings he has on hand. His real workshop is at Ville de Ferme. There, in his well-lighted studio occupying about one-half of the entire ground-floor of the old-fashioned building, he has finished all the splendid tableaux which, in the course of the last twenty years, have conferred so much wealth and fame on their author, and so much honor upon the art of France.

Meissonier is very wealthy, his wealth being considerable for one who started in life without a sou of his own, and who, at eighteen years of age, was glad to act as an assistant *rapin* (color-grinder) in the studio of a Parisian painter, whose very name has been forgotten at the present time. The aversion of Horace Vernet and Paul Delaroche to serve the Second Empire, as a matter of course promoted Meissonier's interests most powerfully he having received from the Imperial exchequer for his series of battle paintings upon the Crimean war and the Italian campaign of 1859 over five hundred thousand francs.

In his habits Meissonier is anything but extravagant; but if his fortune is not by far more considerable than it is, it is because he is perhaps more lavish in his expenditures for his studies and professional needs than any other painter has, perhaps, ever been. With whatever subject he chooses, he will most thoroughly, and regardless of cost, familiarize himself. A whole volume could be filled on the unique and expensive means he adopted during his artistic career for such preparations. While he was painting his famous "Battle of Solferino," he gave a number of brilliant *fêtes* to the generals whose features he was to immortalize on his canvas. And recently, while at work upon his "Charge of the Cuirassiers at Reichsoffen," he paid for the expenses of two companies of cuirassiers, which the Government placed at his disposal for two weeks, so that he might watch the charging, retreating, re-forming, etc.

The immense reputation of Meissonier is justified by the perfection attained by him in the kind of art he has chosen. Perfection in art of any kind is so rare, that when we meet with it we are sure to take notice of it; and, though Meissonier's pictures are very small, they are not likely to be passed over in the most crowded exhibitions. The mere fact of this littleness seems to have helped their reputation, by increasing the marvel of the work; but there is nothing new or exceptional in this—the engravers of book illustrations and the painters of miniatures have long worked on a scale still smaller. What really is new and exceptional in Meissonier is a certain largeness of grasp and vivacity of accent, this vivacity degenerating into excessive *staccato* at times when *staccato* is not wanted.

Meissonier makes studies from life, in order to keep up his breadth of treatment. This, at least, is a proof of his

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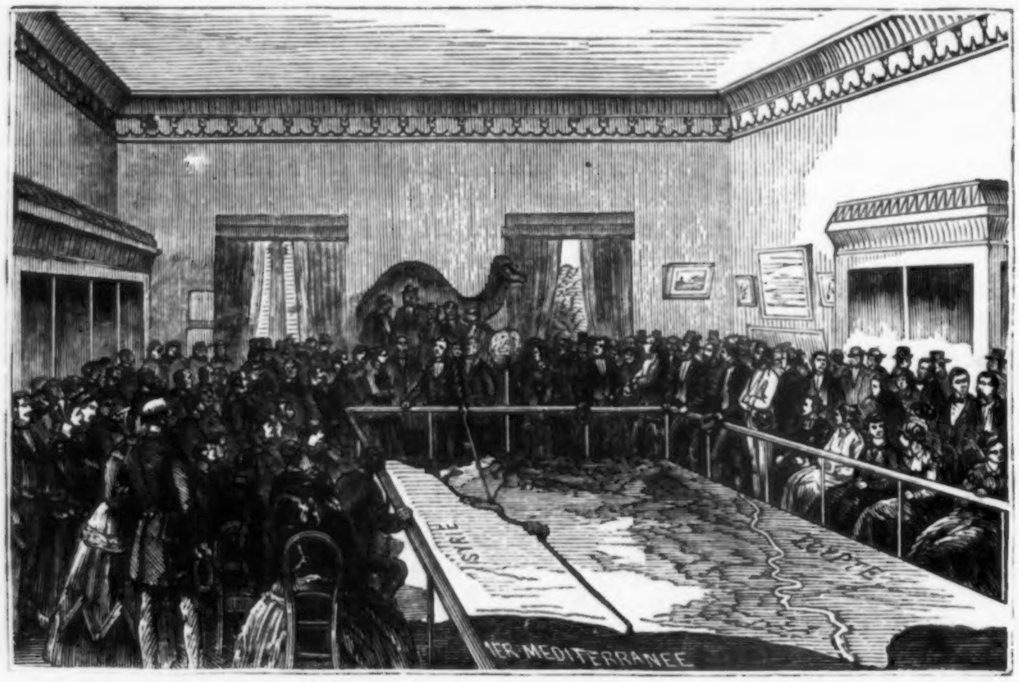
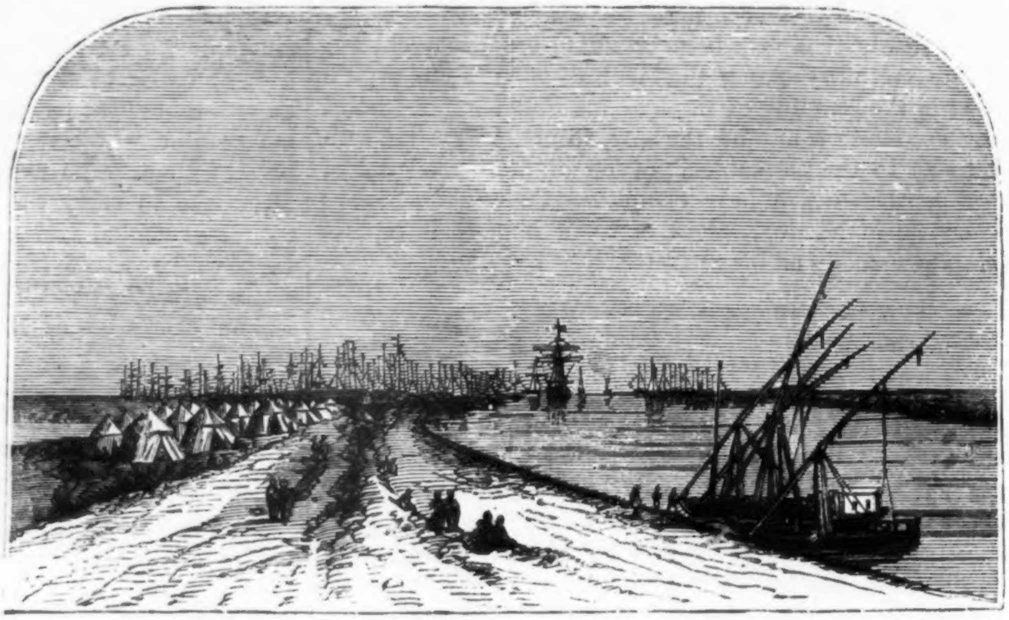


DE LESSEPS EXPLAINING HIS PROJECT OF A SUEZ CANAL.—SEE PAGE 514.

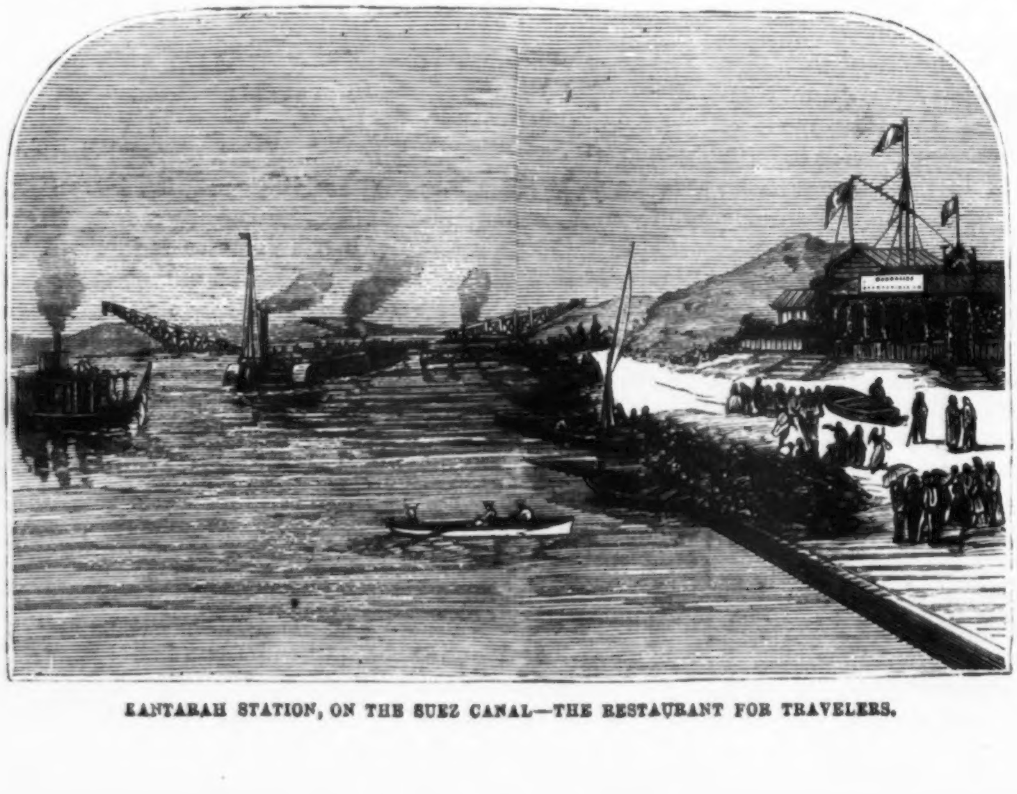
firm belief in a doctrine very generally received amongst artists—that in order to paint on a small scale really well, you must be able to paint on a larger.

Meissonier is a master of the male figure, and it is but of late years that he has studied the horse for his pictures of "Solferino" and the "Campagne de France." He has been generally careful to avoid women—probably because it is not easy to render a female face with that sharp accentuation which has become habitual with him. He is at his best in such pictures as the "Lecture chez Diderot," where gentlemen of the last century meet in conversation; or in such single studies as the "Smoker," which, for subtlety of quiet expression, is as good as the best faces of Rembrandt—as good, for instance, as the portrait of "Burgomaster Six." Sometimes the expression is pushed rather far, and slightly verges on caricature—as in the picture of an officer in the last century giving his orders, called "l'Ordonnance."



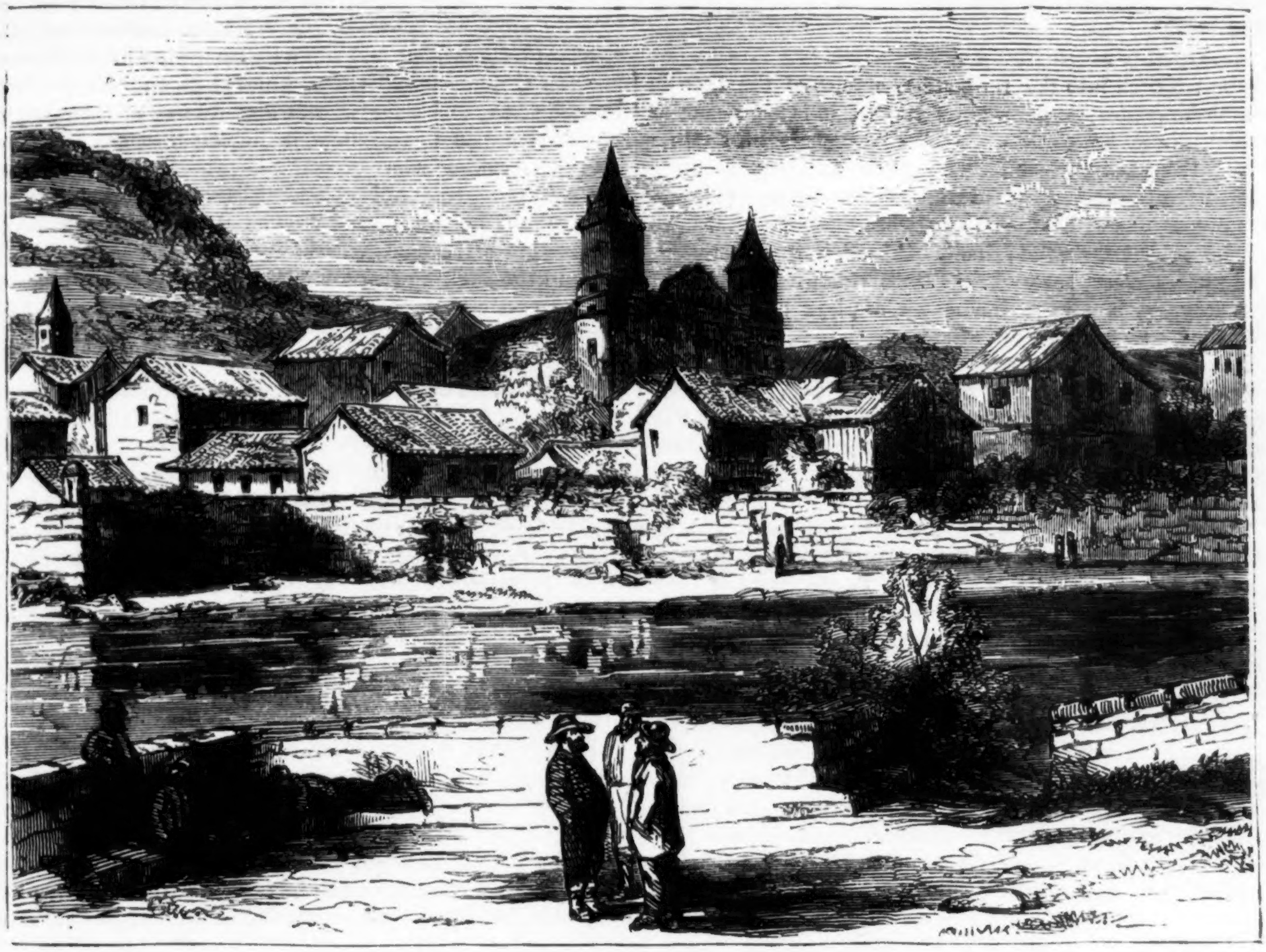
PORT SAID, ON THE SUEZ CANAL.

Meissonier is not a man of any grandeur or sublimity of genius, and he has apparently no tenderness—a defect he shares with Gérôme; but his keen observation, and ready, accurate hand, have made him king of his own realm in art; and his work will never diminish in money value, because such work must be always excessively rare.



KANTARAH STATION, ON THE SUEZ CANAL—THE RESTAURANT FOR TRAVELERS.

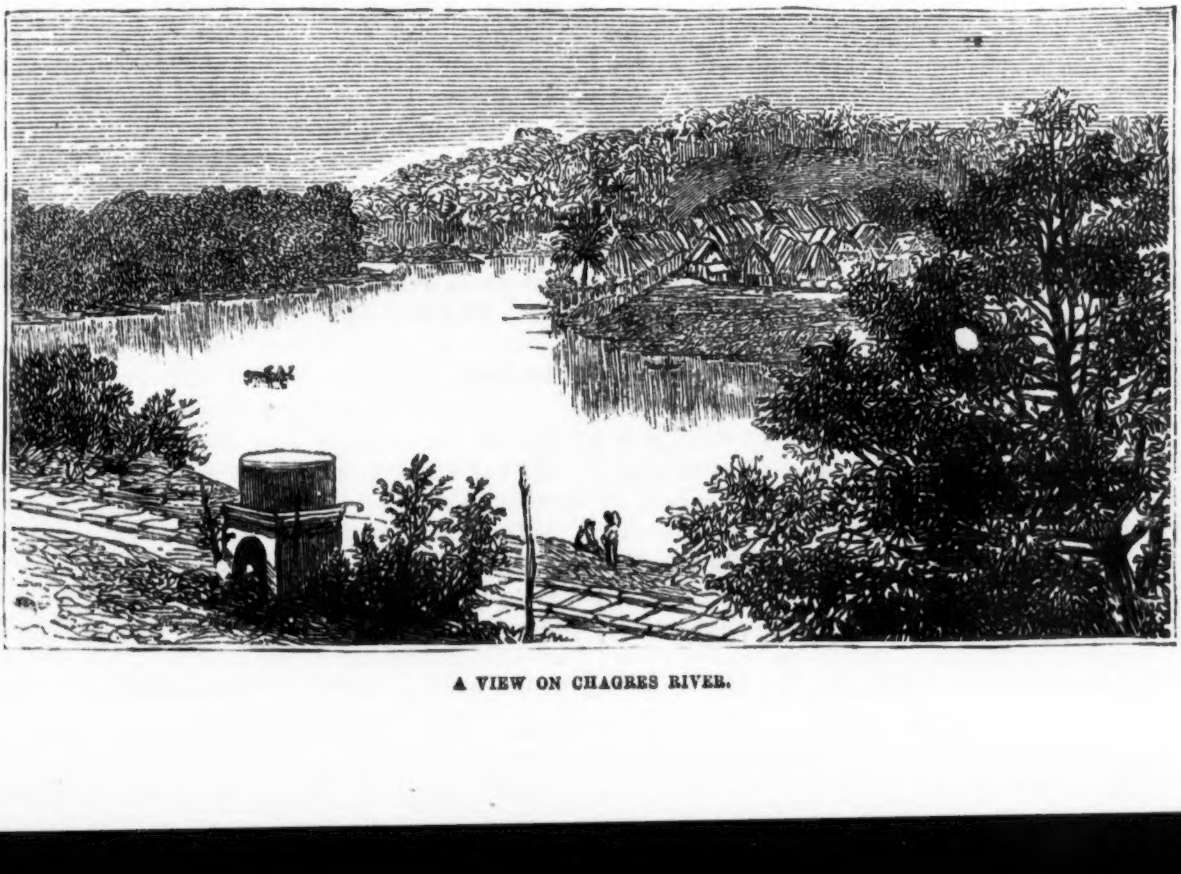
Meissonier is, perhaps, the most popular artist of our time. If he has a picture at the Salon, the crowd first ascertain where it is, and the obstruction is such that it is not always easy to approach it. When his works make part of a public sale, all who occupy themselves with painting rush to the Hotel Drouot. His reputation is world-wide, and volumes could be filled with articles which the reviews and journals have consecrated to him. Edward About has given, *en résumé*, with his usual spirit, the causes which have determined this prodigious success. "He made his *début*," says he, "by some microscopic



PANAMA.

pictures; one was obliged to examine them when near by; it was only then that we perceived Meissonier. The most severe critics, magnifying glass in hand, acknowledged that no one drew better than he; that his figures were irreproachable, and his draperies perfect; that his Liliputian personages wanted neither form nor dignity nor elegance. He painted true gentlemen, as distinguished as Lanzan and as slight as scarabei; he stowed fifty French guards, very lifelike and very stirring, on a canvas where two cockchafers would be too crowded. He surmounted so successfully the enormous difficulties he imposed on himself, that he was soon at ease in the narrowest frame."

Meissonier has painted, in truth, some subjects with several figures, and even some battles, but he oftener makes pictures with a single figure, and he knows how to captivate the attention with scenes so simply conceived, that a written description could give no idea of them, and it is



A VIEW ON CHAGRES RIVER.

absolutely necessary to see them in order to understand their value.

One quality which Meissonier possesses in a rare degree, is the research into the intimate character of the time in which he makes his personages move. It is not a man of to-day whom he clothes with the vestments of another time; there is a perfect accord between the physiognomy, the carriage, the costume of the person represented, and the accessories with which he enriches his picture. Above all, he never forgets the principal subject in the decoration, and whatever the charm of the details which make a part of the scene, it is always the man who plays the principal part, and who first attracts attention.

Meissonier has found many imitators among our young artists, who think to follow the master in painting microscopic canvases with minute care; but he has kept for himself the secret of interesting by insignificant subjects, and by painting, largely, pictures which may be seen through a glass.

The etchings of Meissonier are few, but the proofs of them are singularly rare. Save the "Smoker," there is scarcely a cabinet that offers them to the curiosity of amateurs. They are engraved with an extremely fine point—one would almost say with the point of a needle. But the effect is large; hence the niceness of the detail loses itself in the mass, and renders, with most astonishing skill, the appearance of everything, the epidermis of each object.

Meissonier's works are numerous, and are to be found in the best modern art galleries in Europe and in this country. He first exhibited, in 1836, "The Little Messenger." In the Luxembourg are "Napoleon III. at Solferino," on wood, and "The Emperor Surrounded by his Staff," also on wood. "La Partie de Boules" is regarded as a *chef-d'œuvre*. "A Dream" (1855) was purchased by the Emperor Napoleon for 20,000 francs, and presented to Prince Albert, who, by-the-way, could never be accused of refusing anything. The "Cavalry Charge" (1867) was purchased by Mr. Probasco, of Cincinnati, who paid over 150,000 francs for it. At the Johnston sale, New York, 1876, the "Soldiers at Cards," from the Demidoff collection, painted in 1860, sold for $11,500, and "Maréchal Saxe and his Staff" (1866) for $8,000. At the Leathan sale, New York, 1878, "The Amused Cavalier," 7¼ by 5 inches, sold for $3,100.

In *L'Art*, January, 1876, there is an article devoted to Meissonier's picture called "1807," which was purchased by the late A. T. Stewart for over 300,000 francs. It is said that the artist worked on it for fifteen years, and as regards size it is the most important of his works. At the Salon of 1877 Meissonier exhibited a portrait of Dumas; small figure, about a foot in height, sitting on a chair, with the legs crossed and the hands folded on the edge of a table which is covered with books and papers. He has executed some illustrations for books, such as "Les Français Peints par eux-mêmes," "La Comédie Humaine," and, in company with François and Daugbigny, an edition of "Paul and Virginia." The following list gives the titles of his principal etchings: "The Holy Table," "The Violin," "Preparations for the Duel," "Signor Annibale," "Monsieur Polichinelle, etc." At the sale of Wertheimer in Paris, 1861, a small panel, 27 by 21 centimetres, painted in 1858, representing German cavalrymen in a large *salon* playing cards, smoking, etc., brought 28,000 francs. At the Lehon sale in Paris, 1861, "The Painter at his Easel" sold for 11,200 francs. At the London sale, 1872, "The Sentinel," sold for $4,800.

Meissonier is small in stature, but has a fine head and a presence of marked individuality. He is a person of most active and industrious habits, rarely leaving his work unless to hunt, ride, or row upon the adjoining river. He is the severest critic of his own works, often erasing the result of weeks of elaborate labor, and rarely satisfying himself. He has two children—a daughter married to an officer in the French army, and a son who is already known as an able artist. He has several notable pupils, Edouard Détaille being the coming man.

We illustrate one of Meissonier's most remarkable pictures, "A Duel Prevented." The details in this *chef-d'œuvre* are assiduously cared for, while the pose of every actor in the exciting scene is absolutely true to the life.

A BATTLE FOR LIFE.

By O. W. Holmes.

MR. BERNARD staid in his room a short time before setting out for his evening walk. His eye fell upon the Bible his mother had given him when he left home, and he opened it in the New Testament at a venture. It happened that the first words he read were these: "Lest, coming suddenly, he find you sleeping." In the state of mind in which he was at the moment, the text startled him. It was like a supernatural warning. He was not going to expose himself to any particular danger this evening; a walk in a quiet village was as free from risk as Helen Darley or his own mother could ask; yet he had an unaccountable feeling of apprehension, without any definite object.

At this moment he remembered the old doctor's counsel, which he had sometimes neglected, and, blushing at the feeling which led him to do it, he took the pistol his suspicious old friend had forced upon him, which he had put away loaded, and thrusting it into his pocket, set out upon his walk.

The moon was shining at intervals, for the night was partially clouded. There seemed to be nobody stirring, though his attention was unusually awake, and he could hear the whirr of the bats overhead, and the pulsating croak of the frogs in the distant pools and marshes. Presently he detected the sound of hoofs at some distance, and, looking forward, saw a horseman coming in his direction. The moon was under a cloud at the moment, and he could only observe that the horse and his rider looked like a single dark object, and that they were moving along at an easy pace.

Mr. Bernard was really ashamed of himself when he found his hand on the butt of his pistol. When the horseman was within a hundred and fifty yards of him, the moon shone out suddenly and revealed each of them to the other. The rider paused for a moment, as if carefully surveying the pedestrian, then suddenly put his horse to the full gallop, and dashed toward him, rising at the same instant in his stirrups and swinging something round his head—what, Mr. Bernard could not make out.

It was a strange manœuvre—so strange and threatening in aspect that the young man forgot his nervousness in an instant, cocked his pistol, and waited to see what mischief all this meant. He did not wait long. As the rider came rushing toward him he made a rapid motion, and something leaped five-and-twenty feet through the air in Mr. Bernard's direction. In an instant he felt a ring, as of a rope or thong, settle upon his shoulders. There was no time to think; he would be lost in another second. He raised his pistol and fired—not at the rider, but at the horse. His aim was true; the mustang gave one bound and fell lifeless, shot through the head. The lasso was fastened to his saddle, and his last bound threw Mr. Bernard violently to the earth, where he lay motionless, as if stunned.

In the meantime Dick Venner, who had been dashed down with his horse, was trying to extricate himself, one of his legs being held fast under the animal, the long spur on his boot having caught in the saddle-cloth. He found, however, that he could do nothing with his right arm, his shoulder having been in some way injured in his fall. But his Southern blood was up, and as he saw Mr. Bernard move as if he was coming to his senses, he struggled violently to free himself.

"I'll have the dog yet," he said; "only let me get at him with the knife!"

He had just succeeded in extricating his imprisoned leg, and was ready to spring to his feet, when he was caught firmly by the throat, and looking up, saw a clumsy, barbed weapon, commonly known as a hay-fork, within an inch of his breast.

"Hold on there! What'n thunder 'r' y' abaout, y' darned Portagee?" said a voice with a decided nasal tone in it, but sharp and resolute.

Dick looked from the weapon to the person who held it, and saw a sturdy, plain man standing over him, with his teeth clinched, and his aspect that of one all ready for mischief.

"Lay still, naow!" said Abel Stebbins, the doctor's man; "'f y' don't, I'll stick ye, 'z sure 'z y' 'r' alive! I been aafter ye f'r a week, 'n' I got y' naow! I knowed I'd ketch ye at some darned trick or 'nother 'fore I'd done 'ith ye!"

Dick lay perfectly still, feeling that he was crippled and helpless, thinking all the time with the Yankee half of his mind what to do about it. He saw Mr. Bernard lift his head, and look around him. He would get his senses again in a few minutes, very probably, and then he, Mr. Richard Venner, would be done for.

"Let me up! let me up!" he cried, in a low, hurried voice; "I'll give you a hundred dollars in gold to let me go! The man ain't hurt; don't you see him stirring? He'll come to himself in two minutes. Let me up! I'll give you a hundred and fifty dollars in gold, now, here on the spot, and the watch out of my pocket; take it yourself, with your own hands!"

"I'll see y' darned fust! Ketch me lett'n' go!" was Abel's emphatic answer. "Yeou lay still, 'n' wait till that man comes tew."

He kept the hayfork ready for action at the slightest sign of resistance.

Mr. Bernard, in the meantime, had been getting first his senses, and then some few of his scattered wits a little together.

"What is it?" he said. "Who's hurt? What's happened?"

"Come along here 'z quick 'z y' ken," Abel answered, "'n' haalp me fix this fellah. Y' been hurt y'rself, 'n' the' 's murder come pooty nigh happenin'."

Mr. Bernard heard the answer, but presently stared about and asked again, "Who's hurt? What's happened?"

"Y' 'r hurt y'rself, I tell ye," said Abel; "'n' the' 's b[illegible] murder, pooty nigh."

Mr. Bernard felt something about his neck, and putting his hands up, found the loop of the lasso, which he loosened, but did not think to slip over his head, in the confusion of his perceptions and thoughts. It was a wonder that it had not choked him, but he had fallen forward so as to slacken it.

By this time he was getting some notion of what he was about, and presently began looking round for his pistol, which had fallen. He found it lying near him, cocked it mechanically, and walked somewhat unsteadily toward the two men, who were keeping their position as still as if they were performing in a tableau.

"Quick, neow!" said Abel, who had heard the click of cocking the pistol, and saw that he held it in his hand, as he came toward him. "Gi' me that pistil, and yeou fetch that 'ere rope layin' there. I'll have this here fellah fixed 'n less 'n two minutes."

Mr. Bernard did as Abel said, stupidly and mechanically, for he was but half right as yet. Abel pointed the pistol at Dick's head.

"Naow hold up y'r hands, yeou fellah," he said, "'n' keep 'em up, while this man puts the rope raound y'r wrists."

Dick felt himself helpless, and, rather than have his disabled arm roughly dealt with, held up his hands. Mr. Bernard did as Abel said; he was in a purely passive state, and obeyed orders like a child. Abel then secured the rope in a most thorough and satisfactory complication of twists and knots.

"Naow get up, will ye?" he said; and the unfortunate Dick rose to his feet.

"Who's hurt? What's happened?" asked poor Mr. Bernard again, his memory having been completely jarred out of him for the time.

"Come, look here naow, yeou, don' stan' aaskin' questions over 'n' over; 't beats all! ha'nt I tol' y' a dozen times?"

As Abel spoke, he turned and looked at Mr. Bernard.

"Hullo! What 'n thunder's that 'ere raoun' y'r neck? Ketched ye 'ith a slippernoose, hey? Wal, if that ain't the craowner! Hol' on a minute, Cap'n, 'n' I'll show you what that 'ere halter's good for."

Abel slipped the noose over Mr. Bernard's head, and put it round the neck of the miserable Dick Venner, who made no sign of resistance—whether on account of the pain he was in, or from mere helplessness, or because he was waiting for some unguarded moment to escape—since resistance seemed of no use.

"I'm go'n' to kerry y' home," said Abel; "th' o' doctor, he's got a gre't cur'osity t' see ye. Jes' step along naow—off that way, will ye!—'n' I'll hol' on t' the bridle, f' fear y' sh'd run away."

He took hold of the leather thong, but found that it was fastened at the other end to the saddle. This was too much for Abel.

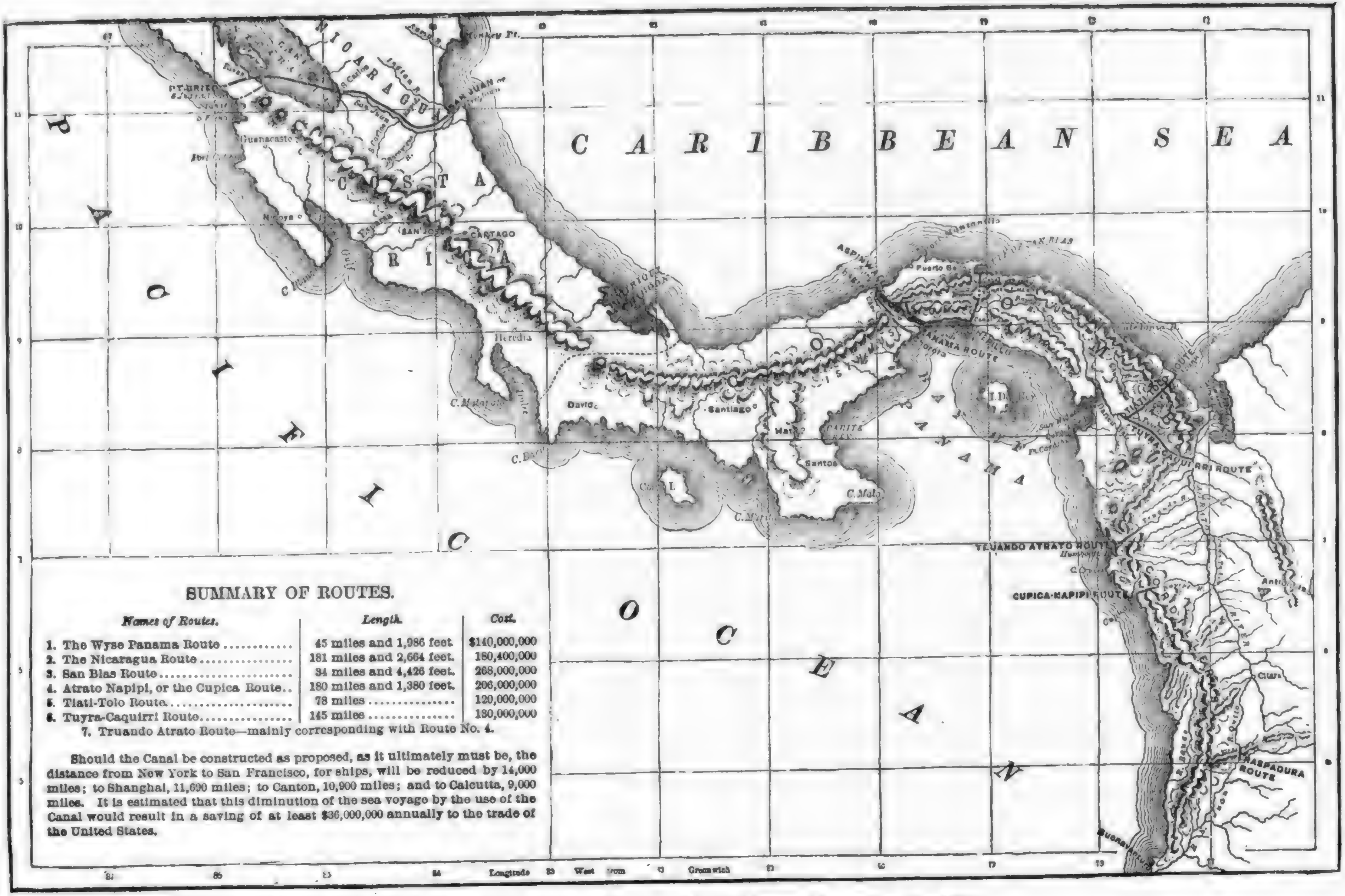
"Wal, naow, yeou *be* a pooty chap t' hev raound! A fellah's neck in a slippernoose at one eend of a halter, 'n' a hoss on th' full spring at t'other eend!"

He looked at him from head to foot, as a naturalist inspects a new specimen. His clothes had suffered in his fall, especially on the leg which had been caught under the horse.

"Hullo! look o' there naow! What's that 'ere stickin' aout o' y'r boot?"

It was nothing but the handle of an ugly knife, which Abel instantly relieved him of.

The party now took up the line of march for old Doctor Kittredge's house, Abel carrying the pistol and knife, and Mr. Bernard walking in silence, still half-stunned, holding the hay-fork which Abel had thrust into his hand. It was all a dream to him as yet. He remembered the horseman riding at him, and his firing the pistol; but whether he


CARIBBEAN SEA
PACIFIC OCEAN
NICARAGUA
COSTA RICA
SAN JUAN
Monkey Pt.
Guanacaste
Nicoya
SAN JOSE
CARTAGO
Heredia
C. Blanco
C. Matapalo
Dulce
David
Santiago
Santos
C. Mala
PANAMA
ASPINWALL
Puerto Bello
SAN BLAS
PANAMA ROUTE
TUYRA-CAQUIRRI ROUTE
TRUANDO ATRATO ROUTE
CUPICA-NAPIPI ROUTE
RASPADURA ROUTE
Buenaventura
Antioquia
Longitude West from Greenwich

SUMMARY OF ROUTES.

Names of Routes.	*Length.*	*Cost.*
1. The Wyse Panama Route	45 miles and 1,986 feet.	$140,000,000
2. The Nicaragua Route	181 miles and 2,664 feet.	180,400,000
3. San Blas Route	34 miles and 4,426 feet.	268,000,000
4. Atrato Napipi, or the Cupica Route..	180 miles and 1,380 feet.	206,000,000
5. Tiati-Tolo Route	78 miles	120,000,000
6. Tuyra-Caquirri Route.................	145 miles	130,000,000

7. Truando Atrato Route—mainly corresponding with Route No. 4.

Should the Canal be constructed as proposed, as it ultimately must be, the distance from New York to San Francisco, for ships, will be reduced by 14,000 miles; to Shanghai, 11,690 miles; to Canton, 10,900 miles; and to Calcutta, 9,000 miles. It is estimated that this diminution of the sea voyage by the use of the Canal would result in a saving of at least $36,000,000 annually to the trade of the United States.

MAP OF THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA, SHOWING THE VARIOUS PROPOSED ROUTES.—SEE PAGE 514.

was alive, and these walls around him belonged to the village of Rockland, or whether he had passed the dark river, and was in a suburb of New Jerusalem, he could not as yet have told.

They were in the street where the doctor's house was situated.

"I guess I'll fire off one o' these here berrils," said Abel.

He fired.

Presently there was a noise of opening windows, and the nocturnal head-dresses of Rockland flowered out of them like so many developments of the night-blooming cereus. White cotton caps and red bandana handkerchiefs were the prevailing forms of efflorescence. The main point was that the village was waked up. The old doctor always waked easily, from long habit, and was the first among those who looked out to see what had happened.

"Why, Abel!" he called out, "what have you there? And what's all this noise about?"

"We've ketched the Portagee!" Abel answered, as laconically as the Hero of Lake Erie in his famous dispatch. "Go in there, you fellah!"

The prisoner was marched into the house, and the doctor, who had bewitched his clothes upon him in a way that would have been miraculous in anybody but a physician, was down in a presentable form as soon as if it had been a child in a fit that he was sent for.

"Richard Venner!" the doctor exclaimed. "What is the meaning of all this? Mr. Langdon, has anything happened to you?"

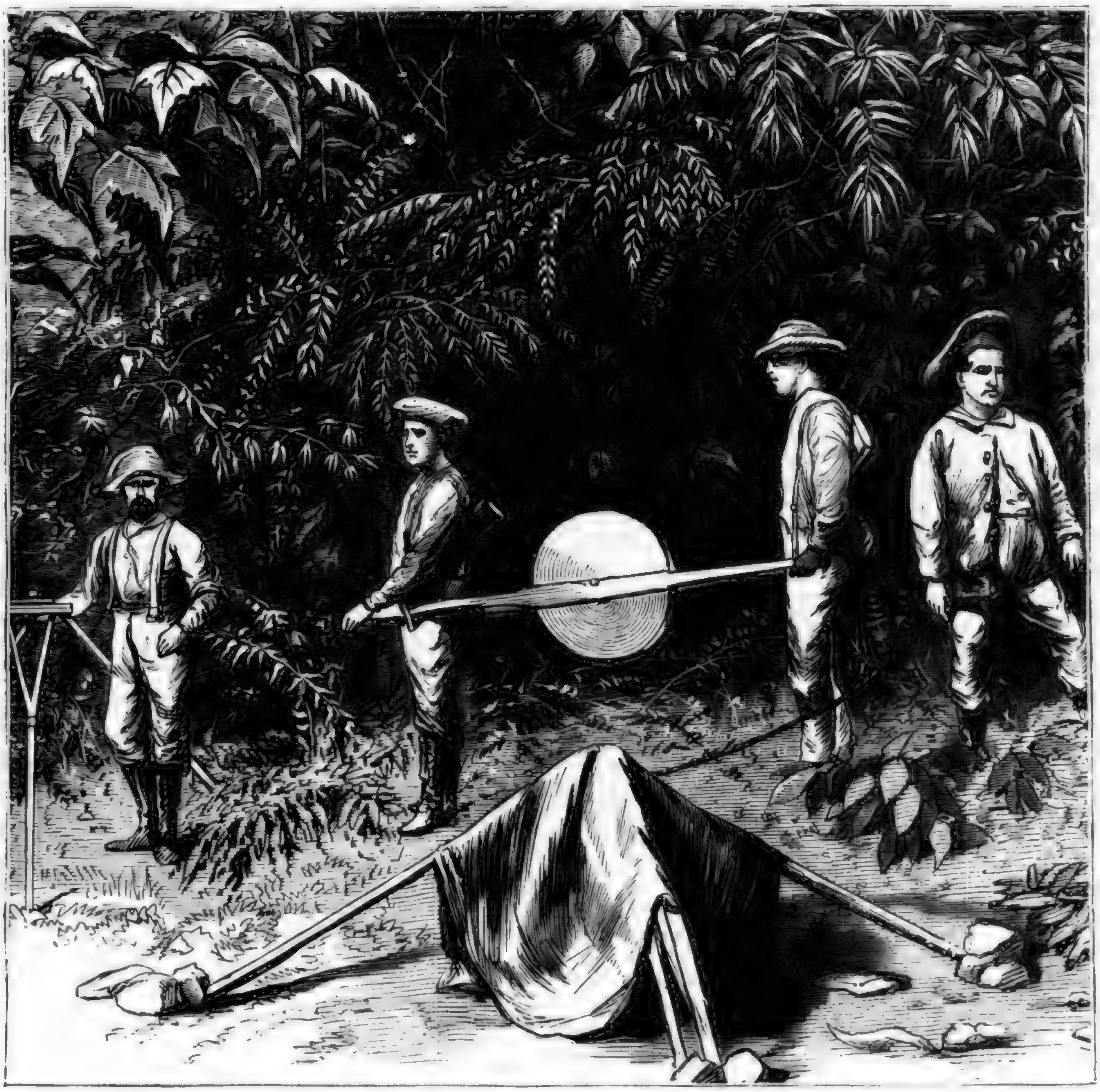
Mr. Bernard put his hand to his head.

"My mind is confused," he said. "I've had a fall. Oh, yes!—wait a minute, and it will all come back to me."

"Sit down, sit down," the doctor said. "Abel will tell me about it. Slight concussion of the brain. Can't remember very well for an hour or two—will come right by to-morrow."

"Been stunded," Abel said. "He can't tell nothin'."

Abel then proceeded to give a Napoleonic bulletin of the recent combat of cavalry and infantry and its results—none slain, one captured.



TELEGRAPH CORPS OF UNITED STATES CANAL SURVEYING EXPEDITION AT SUCUBITI RIVER.

XUM

The doctor looked at the prisoner through his spectacles.

"What's the matter with your shoulder, Venner?"

Dick answered, sullenly, that he didn't know—fell on it when his horse came down. The doctor examined it as carefully as he could through his clothes.

"Out of joint. Untie his hands, Abel."

By this time a small alarm had spread among the neighbors, and there was a circle around Dick, who glared about on the assembled honest people like a hawk with a broken wing.

When the doctor said, "Untie his hands," the circle widened perceptibly.

"Isn't it a leetle rash to give him the use of his hands? I see there's females and children standin' near."

This was the remark of our old friend, Deacon Soper, who retired from the front row as he spoke, behind a respectable-looking, but somewhat hastily dressed, person of the defenseless sex, the female help of a neighboring household, accompanied by a boy, whose unsmoothed shock of hair looked like a last year's crow's-nest.

But Abel untied his hands, in spite of the deacon's considerate remonstrance.

"Now," said the doctor, "the first thing is to put the joint back."

"Stop," said Deacon Soper, "stop a minute. Don't you think it will be safer—for the women folks—just to wait till mornin', afore you put that j'int into the socket?"

Colonel Sprowle, who had been called by a special messenger, spoke up at this moment.

"Let the women-folks and the deacons go home, if they're scared, and put the fellah's j'int in as quick as you like. I'll resk him, j'int in or out."

"I want one of you to go straight down to Dudley Venner's with a message," the doctor said. "I will have the young man's shoulder in quick enough."

"Don't send that message!" said Dick, in a hoarse voice. "Do what you like with my arm, but don't send that message! Let me go; I can walk, and I'll be off from this place. There's nobody hurt but myself. Hang the shoulder!—let me go! You shall never hear of me again!" Mr. Bernard came forward.

"My friends," he said, "*I* am not injured—seriously, at least. Nobody need complain against this man, if I don't. The doctor will treat him like a human being, at any rate; and then, if he will go, let him. There are too many witnesses against him here for him to want to stay."

The doctor, in the meantime, without saying a word to all this, had got a towel round the shoulder and chest and another round the arm, and had the bone replaced in a very few minutes.

"Abel, put Cassia into the new chaise," he said, quietly. "My friends and neighbors, leave this young man to me."

"Colonel Sprowle, you're a justice of the peace," said Deacon Soper, "and you know what the law says in cases like this. I a'n't so clear that it won't have to come afore the grand jury, whether we will or no."

"I guess we'll set that j'int to-morrow morning," said Colonel Sprowle; which made a laugh at the deacon's expense, and virtually settled the question.

"Now trust this young man in my care," said the old doctor, "and go home and finish your naps. I knew him when he was a boy, and I'll answer for it, he won't trouble you any more. The Dudley blood makes folks proud, I can tell you, whatever else they are."

The good people so respected and believed in the doctor that they left the prisoner with him.

Presently, Cassia, the fast Morgan mare, came up to the front-door, with the wheels of the new, light chaise flashing behind her in the moonlight. The doctor drove Dick forty miles at a stretch that night, out of the limits of the State.

"Do you want money?" he said, before he left him.

Dick told him the secret of his golden belt.

"Where shall I send your trunk after you from your uncle's?"

Dick gave him a direction to a seaport town to which he himself was going, to take passage for a port in South America.

"Good-by, Richard," said the doctor. "Try to learn something from to-night's lesson."

The Southern impulses in Dick's wild blood overcame him, and he kissed the old doctor on both cheeks, crying as only the children of the sun can cry, after the first hours in the dewy morning of life. So Dick Venner disappears from this story.

An hour after dawn, Cassia pointed her fine ears homeward, and struck into her square, honest trot, as if she had not been doing anything more than her duty during her four hours' stretch of the last night.

Abel was not in the habit of questioning the doctor's decisions.

"It's all right," he said to Mr. Bernard. "The fellah's Squire Venner's relation, anyhaow. Don't you want to wait here, jest a little while, till I come back? The' 's a consid'able nice saddle 'n' bridle on a dead hoss that's layin' daown there in the road, 'n' I guess the' ain't no use in lettin' on 'em spile, so I'll jest step aout 'n' fetch 'em along. I kind o' calc'late 't won't pay to take the cretur's shoes 'n' hide off to-night, 'n' the' won't be much iron on that hoss's hoofs an haour after daylight, I'll bate ye a quarter."

"I'll walk along with you," said Mr. Bernard; "I feel as if I could get along well enough now."

So they set off together. There was a little crowd round the dead mustang already, principally consisting of neighbors who had adjourned from the doctor's house to see the scene of the late adventure. In addition to these, however, the assembly was honored by the presence of Mr. Principal Silas Peckham, who had been called from his slumbers by a message that Master Langdon was shot through the head by a highway robber, but had learned a true version of the story by this time. His voice was at that moment heard above the rest—sharp, but thin, like bad cider-vinegar.

"I take charge of that property, I say. Master Langdon's actin' under my orders, and I claim the hoss and all that's on him. Hiram! jest slip off that saddle and bridle, and carry 'em up to the Institoot, and bring down a pair of pinchers and a file—and—stop—fetch a pair of shears, too; there's hoss-hair enough in that mane and tail to stuff a bolster with."

"You let that hoss alone!" spoke up Colonel Sprowle. "When a fellah goes out huntin' and shoots a squirrel, do you think he's go'n' to let another fellah pick him up and kerry him off? Not if he's got a double-berril gun, and t'other berril ha'n't been fired off yet! I should like to see the mahn that'll take off that saddle 'n' bridle, excep' the one th't hez a fair right to the whole concern!"

Hiram was from one of the lean streaks in New Hampshire, and, not being overfed in Mr. Silas Peckham's kitchen, was somewhat wanting in stamina, as well as in stomach, for so doubtful an enterprise as undertaking to carry out his employer's orders in the face of the colonel's defiance.

Just then Mr. Bernard and Abel came up together.

"Here they be," said the colonel. "Stan' back, gentlemen!"

Mr. Bernard, who was pale, and still a little confused, but gradually becoming more like himself, stood and looked in silence for a moment.

All his thoughts seemed to be clearing themselves in this interval. He took in the whole series of incidents: his own frightful risk; the strange, instinctive, nay, Providential, impulse which had led him so suddenly to do the only thing which could possibly have saved him; the sudden appearance of the doctor's man, but for which he might yet have been lost; and the discomfiture and capture of his dangerous enemy.

It was all past now, and a feeling of pity rose in Mr. Bernard's heart.

"He loved that horse, no doubt," he said, "and no wonder. A beautiful, wild-looking creature! Take off those things that are on him, Abel, and have them carried to Mr. Dudley Venner's. If he does not want them, you may keep them yourself, for all I have to say. One thing more. I hope nobody will lift his hand against this noble creature to mutilate him in any way. After you have taken off the saddle and bridle, Abel, bury him just as he is. Under that old beech-tree will be a good place. You'll see to it, won't you, Abel?"

Abel nodded assent, and Mr. Bernard returned to the Institute, threw himself in his clothes on the bed, and slept like one who is heavy with wine.

Following Mr. Bernard's wishes, Abel at once took off the high-peaked saddle and the richly ornamented bridle from the mustang. Then, with the aid of two or three others, he removed him to the place indicated. Spades and shovels were soon procured, and before the moon had set, the wild horse of the Pampas was at rest under the turf, at the wayside in the far village among the hills of New England.

RUBIES.

The ruby is so called from the redness which commonly characterizes this exquisite gem. Like the sapphire and the Oriental topaz, it belongs to the class styled corundum, the members of which are alike in composition, though different in color and in quality. The true ruby, or red sapphire, is said to be the most valuable gem, when of large size, good color, and free from fault, so that it exceeds even the diamond in value. It is harder than any other known substance except the diamond, which alone among precious stones it will not cut. It is susceptible of electricity by friction, and retains it for some hours; it also possesses double refraction in a slight degree. Occasionally specimens are asteriated, as in case of what is known as star sapphires. Though it cannot be fused by itself, in combination with a flux it may be melted into a clear glass. Its colors are carmine, cochineal, or pigeon's blood, and rosebud, often with a play of violet.

The finest rubies are found in Ava, Siam and Pegu; others are found in India, Ceylon, Brazil, Australia, Borneo, Sumatra, and some places on the Continent of Europe. The Burmese mines have long been famous. The working of them is a royal monopoly, and the king has, among other titles, that of Lord of the Rubies. The Brazilian ruby is declared to be a pink topaz, inferior to the true ruby, yellow in its natural state, and colored artificially. It is, unfortunately, beyond the power of ordinary characters to pronounce any critical opinion upon rubies, except as regards their appearance, size and color, the best being that known as pigeon's blood, which is a pure, deep, rich red, quite free from blue or yellow.

The rare occurrence of the desired vivid pigeon's-blood color in a ruby of any size causes the price to increase in an even greater proportion than the diamond. After all, perhaps, it may be truly said of rubies in general that when they exceed one carat in weight no definite price can be given as a guide to the purchaser.

When a perfect ruby of five carats is brought into the market, a sum several times as great as that offered for a diamond of the same weight will be bid for it; if it reaches seven carats, it is almost invaluable.

Yet rubies of much greater size are in existence. An Indian prince had one of near twenty-four carats, and it was bought for 156 pounds' weight of gold. Catherine of Russia had in her crown a ruby as large as a pigeon's egg; and there is said to be one in Paris which weighed 106½ carats. That of Catherine appears to be still in the Russian treasury. Others might be mentioned, especially that among the French crown jewels, which is cut into the form of a dragon with outspread wings. The first specimens, of course, are the monopoly of princes and persons with princely fortunes. Even these may, nevertheless, be sometimes deceived, for we are told that two large stones shown as rubies among Her Majesty's jewels at the Exhibition of 1862 are simply spinels, and therefore neither rare nor precious.

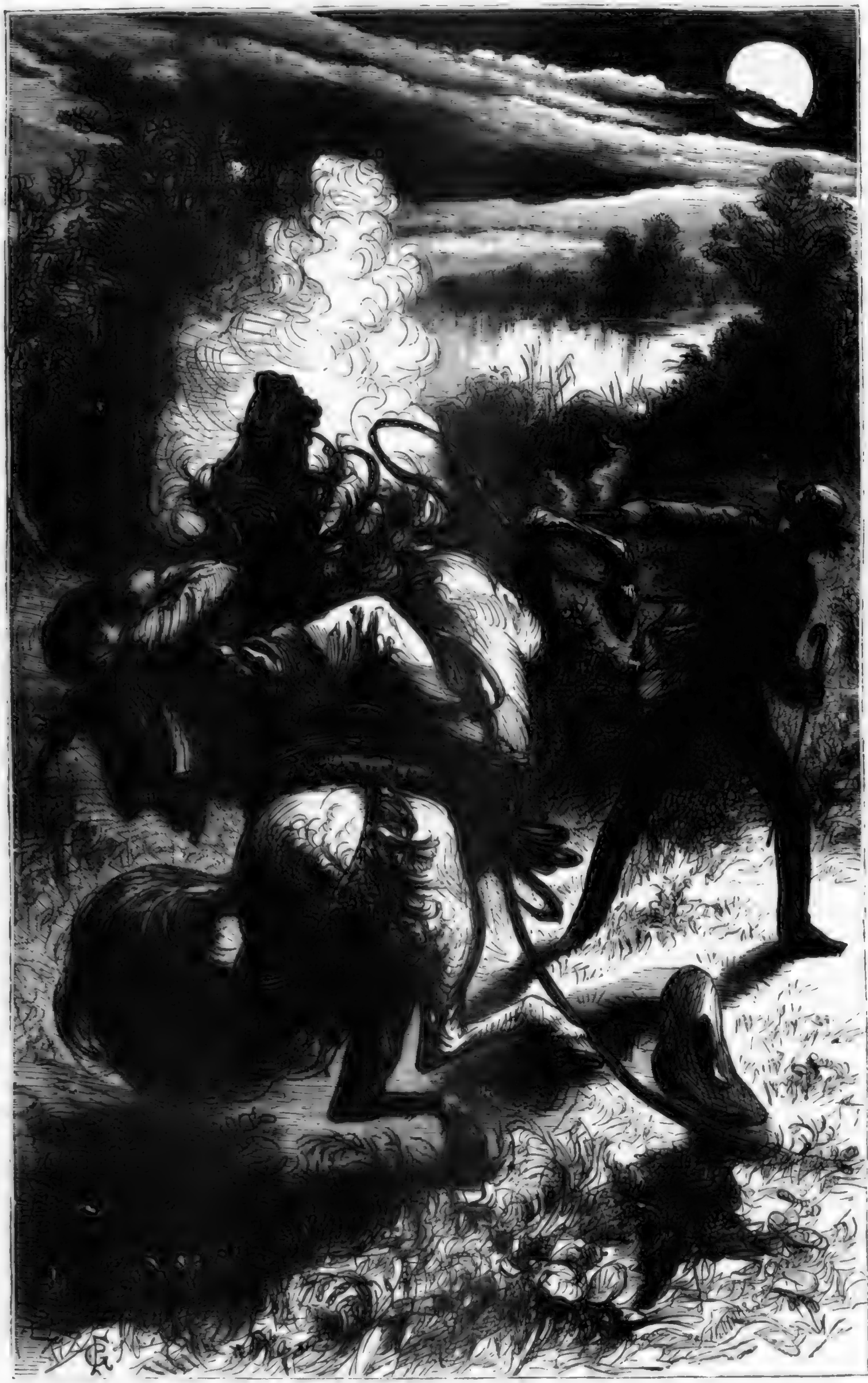
TOILETS OF ANTIQUITY.

Certain prized records have come down to us descriptive of the toilets of matrons in antiquity. One of these chronicles is entitled "Employment of a Sabine Lady's Morning." It is a wonderful production, introducing us to every accessory of female attire, and teaching the way they were put on before the time when those full-figured Sabines were so roughly handled by Roman warriors. The writer leads the reader to the lady's bedside, and through her earliest ablutions to the completion of her toilet—a fact or finale she announced by spitting on a mirror which one of her attendants handed to her.

The ceremonial observed for the adornment of a Roman patrician was no less minute than the care lavished on her person in order to enhance beauty with regard to form and color. The extreme simplicity of the Roman and Greek costume dispensed with *recherché* otherwise than in the matter of headdress and graceful draping, but the embellishment of the human face has always charmed the female mind. In countries where dress styles had a permanent cut, women were well versed in the elaboration of cosmetics, and directed to the preservation of their skins the arts now resorted to, mostly, for fascination by means of dress. No wonder that a whole morning was devoted to the toilet.

Ladies who, in our days, uphold the uniformity of costume in antiquity should consider what a loss of time permanent cuts will cause, and no longer maintain that the women of Rome or Greece were wiser than ourselves. Many who are weary of the whims of *La Mode* are not only urging reputed fashion-writers to advocate a return to the peplum, etc., but are suggesting that literary ladies are the proper persons to set this example, by adopting the antique costume themselves.

In captivity, elephants have been known to sleep for months standing up, and in some menageries the keepers infer that the animal is ill if it lies down during the night. In fact, its legs support it so well that one sportsman printed an account of his firing at an elephant over and over again, and at last, coming up to it, found that it had died standing up.



A BATTLE FOR LIFE.—"HE RAISED HIS PISTOL AND FIRED."—SEE PAGE 522.

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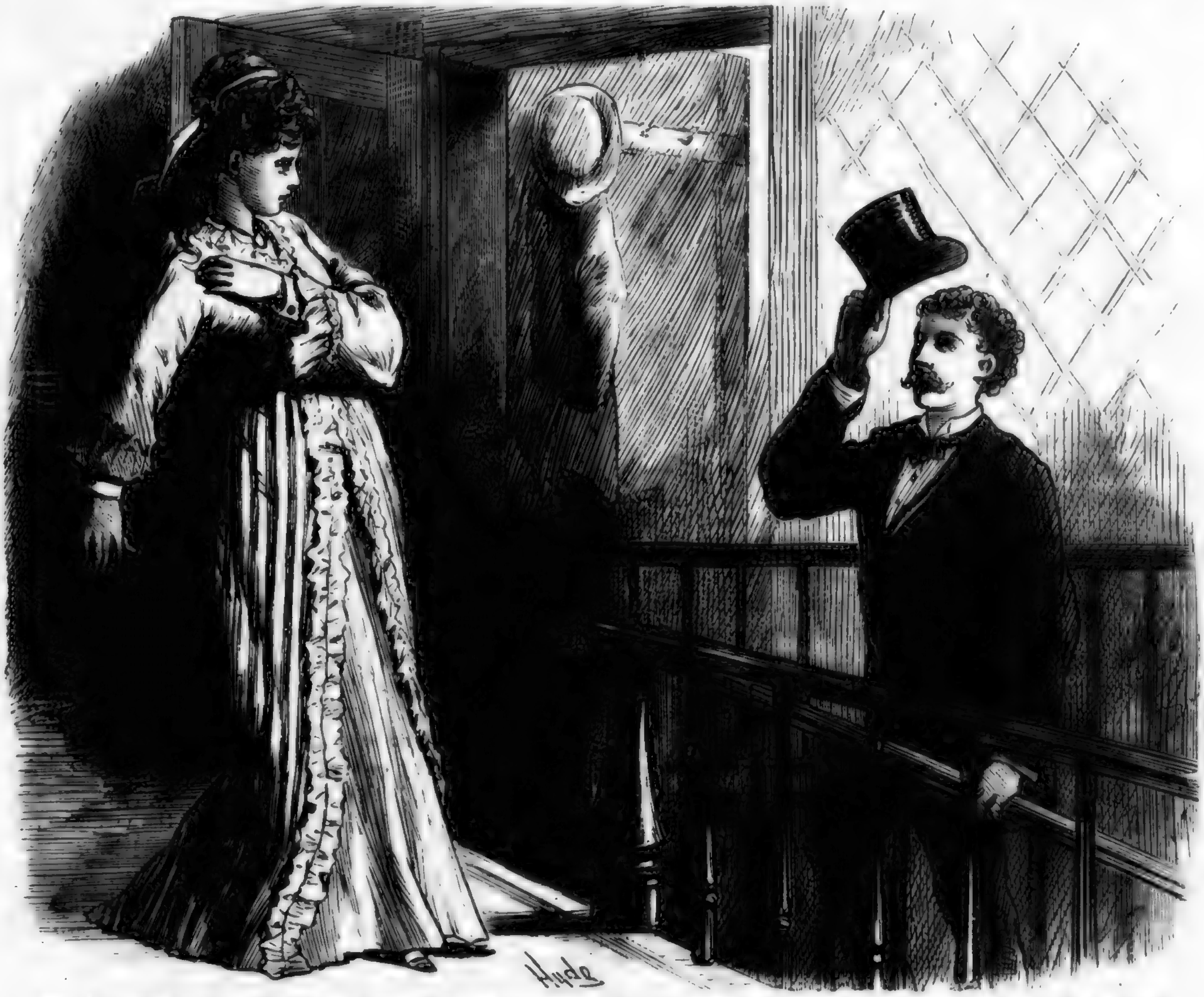

MRS. M'LAREN'S BOARDER.—"I STOOD THERE SPEECHLESS, WHEN I HEARD A FOOTSTEP, AND IN ANOTHER INSTANT THE MURDERER STOOD BEFORE ME."

MRS. McLAREN'S BOARDER.

NOT that she had but one; no, she had many. I was one, my Uncle Dick was another; but the lodger whom I have in my mind's eye in connection with the title of my tale was a gentleman, young and comely, whose advent created a stir in my serenity.

One afternoon, while I was gazing out of my window, I beheld a large van pulling up before the door, laden with seven large trunks, a capacious clothes-basket with a cover, a bundle of swords and canes, and several hat-boxes. These articles were all safely deposited within the mansion. Surely, I thought, not all the property of the one masculine whom I knew our worthy landlady was expecting to occupy the room next my own (third story front), but I was much mistaken; the entire collection of miscellaneous luggage was ere long imported to the neighboring apartment, much —very much—to my astonishment; but I, of course, forbore either to make remarks or ask questions.

At dinner, I beheld the proprietor of all this array—comely, as I remarked above, tall, his finely developed figure displayed to admirable advantage in a gray tweed suit; dark-brown eyes and beautiful white teeth, showing, now and then, under his thick, amber mustache.

Immediately I was devoured, both with interest and curiosity, in the newcomer. I had no chance to view him other than for the brief hour of dinner, for immediately thereafter, donning a shining beaver, and toying with an ivory-handled cane, Mr. Duane lit a cigar and sauntered forth. Late at night I heard him return and enter his room. His customs were strange, I thought, at first; he appeared very late in the mornings for breakfast, walked forth at about half-past ten or eleven, usually armed not only with cane and cigar, but also a light roll, either manuscript or pamphlets, I could not determine which. He always came home about three, but regularly passed his evenings abroad.

Now and then a mysterious boy appeared, and bore off the clothes-basket, apparently bursting and running over with parti-colored wearing apparel, and occasionally the point of a rapier gave zest to the arrangement. The basket was, however, always returned by the same boy, sometimes full, sometimes empty.

The occupation of Mr. Duane, while at home, I could vouch for as being studious. He seemed to devote his entire muscle and lung to elocutionary exercises; and the nature of his selections roamed anywhere from Shakespeare down to nameless authors of the nineteenth century. I finally concluded, after an argument with Uncle Dick, that he was a young lawyer, or, rather, that he hoped and aspired to fame in the practice of the law. After expressing this belief to Mrs. McLaren, she coincided with me entirely, adding, "He is of a very fine family in New Orleans—very fine; and, oh yes, of course, a-studying for the bar!"

The mystery was solved—at least the mystery of elocutionary exercise at any and every hour of the day and night; but the boy, the seven trunks, the parti-colored garments, and the collection of fire and side arms! Wait and hope! I should yet find out. Certainly, he was marvelously

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fine-looking, and I could readily comprehend his being a scion of an aristocratic house, for he had a very thoroughbred air.

Once Mr. Duane was lured into the parlor. It was of a Sunday evening, which was, in point of fact, the only night that he ever spent in the house, no matter what the elements or the attractions within doors. He was invited to sing by a maiden of certain years, and replied, somewhat strangely, I thought, that "he'd never learned; that sort of thing never came in his line at all, and——"

At which point Mrs. McLaren hastily called the young aspirant for legal honors to her side to look at photographs of departed McLarens.

What it all denoted, I was at a loss to conjecture; but upon one subject I was positive, and that was an unconquerable curiosity in my neighbor. Daily, as I watched him go forth with his little portfolio, a bundle of yellowish-brown pamphlets, I yearned to know more of him; it was irresistible; fight as I would against it, I took a frightful interest in this new boarder, who, beyond a steady habit he had of looking at me fixedly, now and then, and blushing like a girl whenever I caught the turn of his eyes, evidently took no interest in me. We never talked to each other, scarcely spoke, only a polite, profound bow, whenever I chanced to meet him, as I occasionally did in the street, swinging along in his lazy, graceful Southern fashion. But, notwithstanding his lack of interest in me, mine grew willfully and wonderfully strong in him, and refused to be crushed, either by other society or those rules of propriety for the guidance of a young maiden's heart and thoughts which my dear old uncle, aided and abetted by my worthy spinster aunt, Matilda, had instilled into my breast since earliest childhood.

I would think of young lawyers, and brown eyes, and seven trunks, and an uncompromising adherence to one gray tweed suit, whether it was proper, or whether it was not.

One day, in about the middle of the eighth week of this object of interest's residence in the Maison McLaren, I was lying prone upon my lounge, afflicted with a most frightful headache. The door was standing partly open, in such a way that I could see out, but no person passing see in, for the heat from the furnace was almost suffocating me from my register, and I feared an incursion of neuralgia from without should I open the window.

There came a ring at the bell—no unusual sound, of course, but I noticed it, because every small sound almost drove me distracted. The ring was repeated with violence several times, and presently I discerned a clear, correct feminine voice inquire: "Is Mr. Duane at home?"

Upon receiving an affirmative reply, and the attendant question, "What name?" this woman's clear voice replied, "Miss Delaplaine; but never mind; what room?—third floor front, I believe, ain't it?" she asked, briskly. "I'll go right up; you needn't mind," with which comforting assurance to Bridget's weary limbs, Miss Delaplaine bounded up the stairs with a sprightly step, and presently brushed past my door on her way.

She was a tall, dark, pretty girl, with a great many curls floating down her back, a little pink rabagas hat set jauntily on her head, a perfectly irreproachable gray silk suit, an ungloved hand, with a variety of rings and a roll of something in it. Upon reaching my neighbor's door, she tapped lightly, and on receiving an invitation from the other side to "Come in," turned the knob, and sang out:

"Hello, Duane! how are you, old boy? I got so fidgety over this hateful thing, I thought I must go over it once again with you before night, so——"

Here Miss Delaplaine's speech was cut short by her host's voice, which I could hear distinctly enough through the thin partition dividing the apartments.

"Don't bawl so, Lillie, for Heaven's sake! Shut the door, can't you?"

The portal banged—whether urged thereto by host or guest I could not say; but it might as well have been open, so far as I was concerned.

Firstly, I heard Mr. Duane's voice, in a very slow, drawling sort of tone:

"I haven't looked at the thing yet; I've been so busy about other matters."

"Not looked at it!" responded Miss Delaplaine, in accents of surprise. "Why, you'll break down, sure; and if you do, I'll never forgive you, nor get over it, either. You know the whole business is new to me, anyway, and I don't see how you can act so meanly, Duane!"

Miss Delaplaine spoke in a key that was piteous to hear. Her host replied, languidly:

"Oh, I'm an awfully quick study. Don't worry, please. Just sit down there and amuse yourself for a few minutes, while I get ready. That's a darling," added Mr. Duane, in a sweet and lightsome manner.

This brief dialogue was succeeded by a silence of a quarter of an hour or so.

"What could it mean?" I asked myself, again and again. "Engaged? But even so, how strange to come and visit her betrothed in so social and peculiar a style! Cousins? I never visited my cousins of the opposite gender in their boarding-houses, nor did any of my acquaintances. A friend, simply? Well, no; further off than ever. 'That's a darling!'" rang in my ears like a sort of knell. "Engaged," I repeated to myself, of course; "but how very odd! I should not think Mr. Harold Duane the sort of man who would fancy such a fiery, free-and-easy young lady to convert into Mrs. H. Duane; but there is no telling," I argued. "She certainly is a trifle rapid, but then she is very pretty, and probably very worthy and lovely."

My explanatory soliloquy with reference to Miss Lillie Delaplaine was here interrupted by that young lady's soprano voice carroling melodiously a couplet of some song relating to "my love," and "stars," and "wars," and "my love" again, for a refrain. This display of her quality of lung was hastily put a stop to by him whom I now forced myself to consider the vocalist's intended husband, in these terms:

"Oh, leave that squalling. You'll rouse the house! There!" and I heard a bang upon the table. "O. K., my dear. Yours obediently."

"Get up," replied Miss Lillie, irrelevantly.

"What, 'biz' and all?" inquired her host, in somewhat of a languid tone. "I am very tired."

"Of course; that was principally what I got in the fidgets over. Come. Oh, colonel, is that you?"

Mr. Duane's affianced spoke in tones of accentuated and silvery surprise, and I waited eagerly for the response of some individual who, I thought, must have entered the next room through the medium of the window, or else rendered himself invisible while passing my door. But no third voice made itself heard. Mr. Duane's own organ answered in tones of delicious gallantry:

"'Tis I, Mademoiselle Estelle; and how beautiful, how charming you look! Why do you wander in this wild and unfrequented region, where you are exposed to——"

A scream from Miss Lillie Estelle (I presume the latter to be a middle name), smothered by some means by Mr. Duane, interrupted this speech. A terrific bang against the wall, either one of the two falling upon the floor with a resounding crash—Miss Lillie Estelle, I surmise, from what succeeds—Mr., or, rather, Colonel Duane's voice betokening a terrible anguish of spirit as he spoke.

"My beloved, look up and speak to me, Estelle; he is dead! You now have not an enemy upon the earth, nor I a rival or an opponent. Look upon me, beloved, with those beautiful eyes, and say that you will live for me!"

Decidedly, this was growing peculiar. Ought I to have heard? Ought I not to get up and make a racket, or leave my room altogether? No, I could not; my head throbbed wildly, and I could not help hearing; if Mr. Duane chose to go through with scenes with his *fiancée*, he might; I should not move.

This train of thought was interrupted by a low moan from the young lady; and, fed by reflection and a vigorous fancy, I rapidly concluded that the "colonel," although a mute, was probably Miss Delaplaine's guardian, had eluded my observation in gaining the next room, and in attempting to coerce his ward into a final separation from her lover, had met with an untimely end at the hands of her disapproved suitor.

But how account for the strange language they had used in conversing—the peculiar allusions to "wild and unfrequented regions?" Alas! I was fearfully bewildered, and almost feared I had suddenly gone insane. However, whether insane or not, the sense of hearing, or its perverted semblance, was still mine.

The low moan over, Mr. Duane exclaimed, in tones of horror:

"Behold him dead, and by this hand—for thee!"

Again a moan, and a brief silence, which I occupied in picturing the corpse, which I was now sure was lying stiff and stark in the next room, and of the accuracy of my instinctive abhorrence for the collection of arms I had noted in the strange boarder's luggage. Murder! I thought, my brain fairly reeling—murder! It must have been with a poniard or a dirk. I had heard no report, and the "colonel" had never spoken a word.

Of course I ought—I must get up and alarm the house; but my limbs refuse to support me. A dim and terrible fear possesses my soul, and I lie still upon the lounge, petrified with horror. Presently I again distinguish sounds issuing from the fatal apartment, indistinct at first, but finally clearer. Quite clearly Miss Lillie Estelle Delaplaine's voice sounds out lively and cheerful as a six-dollar music-box:

"Say, Duane, think I'll look well in a wedding-dress?"

"Suppose so," says the other, laconically. "Don't daub your face up with too much paint, though; and, look here, Lil, don't lean too heavily on me, because I haven't got over that brilliant tumble of mine from the flies yet. It hurts like the deuce every day."

"All right," sang out the lively Lillie. "Come on; now for the next. That's light—you might as well sit down, if you like. You do look tired, Duane. Say, I do declare, you look as though you were soft on somebody. Who is it? Quite romantic. You aren't near as lively as when you first came on from New Orleans."

My Heaven! I saw it all. They were going to be married that night. In the very face of the corpse of the murdered colonel, this girl had the coolness to ask him how he thought "she'd look in her wedding-dress?" And he! what must he be? A man certainly could not *love* the girl whom, about to marry, he advised in a careless voice not to "paint her face too much," and not to "lean upon his arm too heavily."

There were more low murmurings, probably, I judged, relative to the disposition of the body of the murdered man, and then Miss Lillie Estelle's voice, quivering with a passionate tenderness, ejaculated:

"Swear to me that I am your first and only love?"

"Oh, no," rang out Mr. Duane's clear, sweet voice, adding, with a low, rippling laugh, "not by a hundred!"

I could stand this no longer. I rose by a tremendous effort, slammed my door, bolted it with trembling fingers, and flew to open the window for a breath of air, and sank down upon my knees, gaining a little strength and relief from the fresh November breeze.

In less than ten minutes I beheld Miss Delaplaine emerge from the house. She glanced up at the window of her intended husband's room, kissed her hand playfully, and sang out in a melodious little voice:

"Ta-ta; be round at seven, sure;" and, shaking her silken skirts airily, the future Mrs. H. Duane was soon lost to view around the corner of —— Street, presently succeeded by Mr. Duane, who, however, meandered in the opposite direction.

Revived by the cool air, I arose and hastily unbolted the door, preparatory to going below to announce the tragedy to Mrs. McLaren, and declare to her at one and the same time that no human power would induce me to sleep another night in the third story of her house. My uncle, of course, had not as yet returned from his business, so I could not rush to him first.

Opening the door, I peeped cautiously out. Horrors! Mr. Duane's door stood wide open, and, almost unconsciously, I gazed in, expecting to behold, with frozen eyes, the "colonel's" corpse laid out upon a blood-stained carpet. Nothing of the sort! No "colonel," no corpse, no blood; nothing at all different from the usual aspect of my neighbor's apartment presented to my daily vision as I passed in and out. What had they done with it—up the chimney? There was none. In the closet? No; the door of that receptacle stood open, and within it, as sole occupants, were a Spring overcoat, a Panama hat, and three or four pairs of boots.

I stood there, speechless, glaring, in a white wrapper and long, disheveled hair, when I heard a footstep, and in another instant the murderer stood before me in the hallway.

In rather a gasping voice I ejaculated, somewhat unnecessarily:

"I thought—you were out, Mr. Duane!" and then bitterly regretted having spoken at all.

What business had I thinking about him, in or out, the wretched criminal?

"I did step out to get a cigar," he replied, smiling. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he inquired, civilly. "You look alarmed."

"I am, for I—I thought you'd been killing somebody."

It was a wild thing to say to a man with whom one had never exchanged a hundred words, and who, in all murderous probability, would thank you harshly for your information; but he received it obligingly enough, as he laughed and answered:

"Oh, I'm sorry we disturbed you. Miss Delaplaine, our leading lady, is rather lively, even over her rehearsals. I did my best to keep her quiet, for I was afraid all the while that we were annoying you. Please forgive me?" he asked, bending two repentant brown eyes upon me. "I—she shan't come here again for any new piece."

"Oh, certainly," I responded, in a maze of bewilderment, and with the best grace I could command. "Please forgive me my rudeness and my frightful suspicions. I really thought you had been murdering a colonel or somebody."

He laughed heartily, and with a hundred assurances of future good behavior, and the brightest, sweetest smile in the world under his golden mustache, disappeared in the

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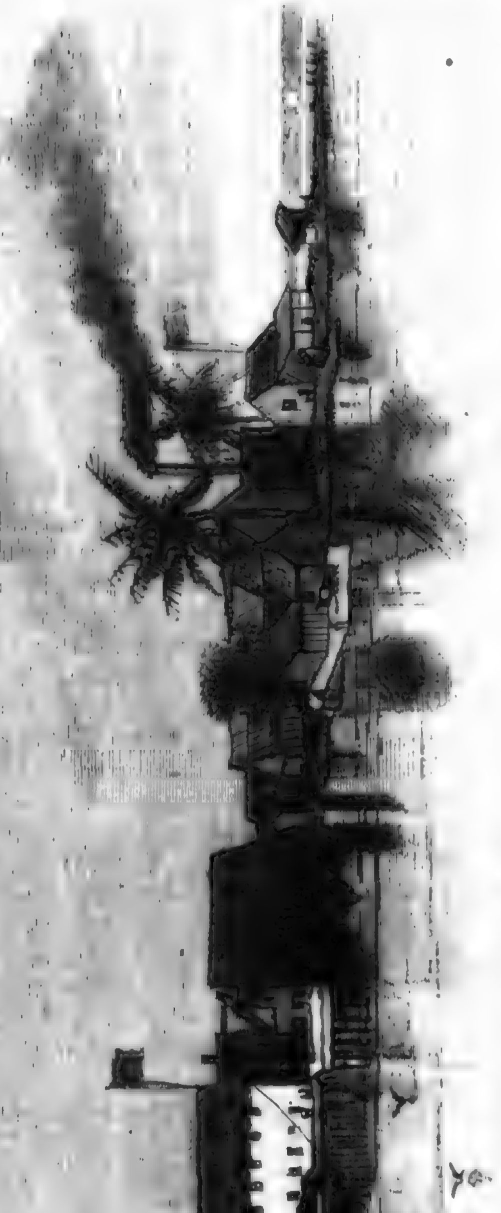


A RAILROAD JAUNT IN COSTA RICA.—VIEW OF PORT LIMON.

recesses of the apartment for which he paid the worthy Mrs. McLaren fourteen dollars per week.

I? Oh, I flew to my landlady, not with a tale of crime, but for information.

"An actor!" she said.

Ah, now I saw it all! But why had she never divulged the nature of her boarder's calling, but rather induced the belief in another, if not a holier calling. He, as I remembered now, had never evinced any disposition to make a secret of his belonging to the "profession."

Well, Mrs. McLaren explained, now that she had to, that when the supposititious law-student engaged the room, she knew not his occupation. A few days later she became acquainted with it, and yet feared to let her other boarders into the secret, knowing full well that their virtuous and well-regulated souls would recoil from the idea of a play-actor beneath the same roof with themselves. All of them were people who would as soon think of entering a theatre as undertaking a trip to Africa in a paper boat. Mr. Duane's fourteen dollars a week were dear to the heart of the Widow McLaren, and, besides, he was "such a gentleman! such a fine family! such unexceptionable references," that she hadn't the heart to tell him she required the room.

An actor! This, then, was the reason for elocutionary exercises, days at home and nights abroad; collections of fire and side-arms, wigs, and last—by no means least—Miss Lillie (without the Estelle this time) Delaplaine's call. The seven trunks, of course, contained his wardrobe—theatrical, not civilian. The visits of the mysterious boy were simply occasions for carrying forth those costumes required by Mr. Duane in the play then running, and to return those not in use. The morning promenades, armed with pamphlets (alas! containing "parts," not "briefs"), simply eleven o'clock calls to rehearsal. Strange that no one ever saw his name in the papers, or his face behind the footlights! But, dear me, he was, of course, no star, and then the name? Well, the new boarder, Mr. Harold Duane, was a law-student, and any other Mr. Harold Duane announced as fulfilling the *rôle* of hero in drama, comedy, or farce, could certainly not be connected with him. Again, none of the virtuous dwellers beneath the roof of the McLaren ever darkened the door of a temple of the drama with their presence. I was fresh from the island of Cuba, and knew no more of theatrical belongings than of Hindoo.

Of course, now that the secret was out, all attempts at legal dissimulation on the part of the worthy widow were at an end. That evening, when the subject of this discussion was probably repeating his love-making of the morning to "Mademoiselle Estelle," the anti-histrionic corps of his fellow-boarders were holding solemn conclave over the horrors of the situation, in the parlor. Though present, I was not of their inclination. I had always adored in secret that profession of which the sometime law-student was a member; but the result of this court of investigation was that either Mr. Duane must leave, or they, the judges, would; one of the two—whichever seemed better to the mind of Mrs. McLaren.

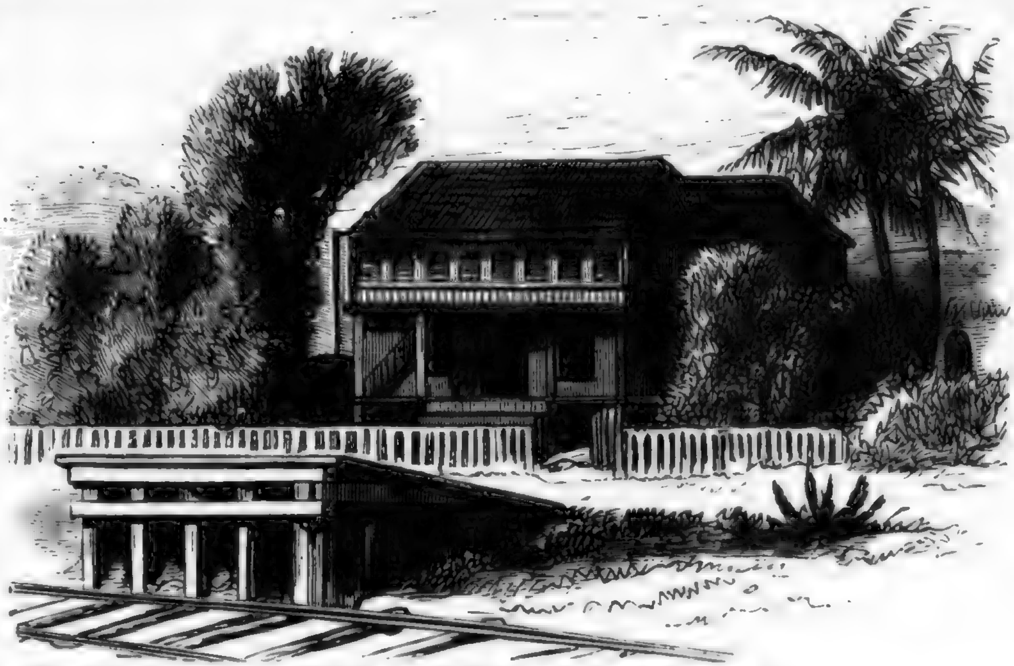
As may readily be imagined, the arithmetical problem of a weekly deficit in the receipts of fourteen dollars, or ten or twelve times that sum, was quickly solved in the brain of the widow.

The next morning the dramatic and hitherto mysterious boarder was duly informed of the perils and necessities of the situation.

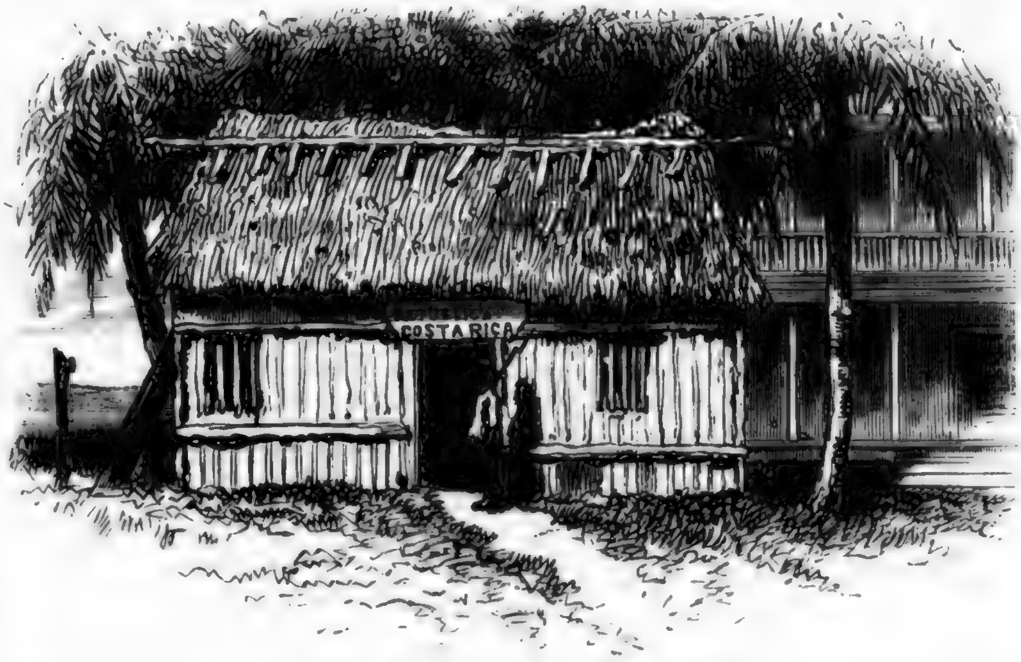
Poor fellow! he had fully believed all along that every one was perfectly aware of his business, and seemed to be rather confounded at the whole proceeding. However, he appeared quite regardless of the tribulations of moving, and watched (I did, too, from the vantage-ground of my casement) the loading of the seven trunks, etc., with a becoming calm.

But, if the virtuous dozen were in danger while Mr. Duane, whilom lawyer, present actor, slept beneath the same roof with them, they were not very much better off when he dreamed his dreams out, six blocks off. Mr. Duane got a trick of coming round frightfully often, and, after a while nearly every day; and finally—well, we've laughed a great many times together over his "engagement," engendered in my fertile imagination, with Miss Lillie Delaplaine, who, it seems, is the wife of a Mr. Roberts, and mamma of three little Robertses.

"No intention in the world of running away with Lillie," said Mr. Duane to me, the other day; "but in spite of fifty-nine uncles and Aunt Matildas in Havana, I shall tell you, and very soon, too, Mercedes, my little darling, how you look in a wedding-dress."



COMPANY'S HOSPITAL AND STORE, PORT LIMON.



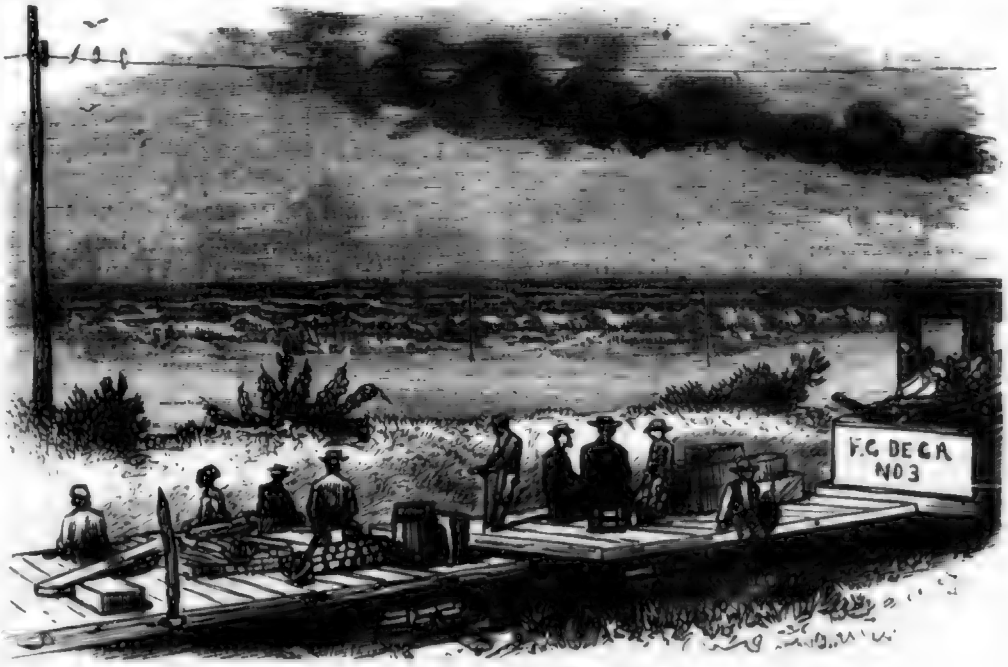
JAIL, AND MECHANICS' QUARTERS, PORT LIMON.

A RAILROAD JAUNT IN COSTA RICA.

By Alfred Trumble.

It is my purpose to write of a famous trip I once had over a certain portion of the Costa Rican Railroad, the proposed route now building between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. I have done a good deal of traveling in my time—have climbed Mont Blanc; been carried by Persian slaves over Khivan deserts; have broiled in China, and frozen in Iceland; have loitered along the Boulevards in Paris, and walked down Fleet Street in London; have shot buffaloes on the Western plains, and seen bull-fights in Madrid; have skated on Russian ice, and slumbered in Havanese hammocks—have been everywhere, in fact, but never enjoyed a trip so thoroughly as the one of which I shall tell.

Perhaps it was because I was in pleasant company—I do



ROAD ALONG THE BEACH, FROM MOIN.

not doubt that it was. Such an element has a great deal to do with the success of a trip, whether it be a steamboat ride to Harlem or a voyage to the moon. We have no authentic data of the latter voyage as yet, but the proposition holds true in any case.

The way I came to go to Costa Rica was in this wise: You see, I was at Kingston, Jamaica, some months ago, on commercial business; and one morning, after my business was attended to, and I had exhausted the pleasures of the town—a dreary place at the best—I came to the conclusion that I was horribly bored. I longed for excitement, and, had the opportunity offered, I believe I would have tackled a guerilla expedition to Cuba. But, luckily, I had no such chance, or I might have been shot by Spanish muskets, instead of living to write these lines.

One hot morning—Heaven, wasn't it hot!—and the identical morning that I found *ennui* had claimed me for its own, I strolled into the billiard-room of my hotel, wondering what I should do to kill time; for it was part of my commission to be in Jamaica again in a month or so, and I had no particular desire to return to the States.

A very gentlemanly fellow, dressed in spotless linen, with a broad Panama hat shading his handsome face, was quietly knocking the balls about upon one of the tables, in default of having any one to contend with. Soon as he saw me, he asked me to play. I played, and he beat me. That's how I met the doctor.

He lived at the hotel, and when the game was over I asked him up to my room. Over a bottle of wine we discussed the situation. I found that he also was weary of the inanimate existence at Kingston, and ripe for any scheme that had a ripple of excitement about it. Furthermore, he had lots of money, and nothing to do but to spend it.

It was just at the second glass that the inspiration struck me. I remembered the skipper of the trading schooner between Kingston and Port Limon, Costa Rica—his vessel was then in port, loading with stores for the railroad company—who had asked me, during an evening that we had spent together, to take a run over with him. Want of a thoroughly congenial companion had deterred me, but now was the time. Rapidly I unfolded my scheme, and then said:

"Will you go?"

The doctor's decision was worthy of Napoleon.

"I will. But where is Port Limon, and what is there to see when you get there?"

"Port Limon," I replied, "is situated on what is known as Blanco Point. It is the eastern terminus of the railroad now being built across Costa Rica. Blanco Point is some sixty miles south of Greytown. The village consists of twenty or thirty frame and stone buildings belonging to the company that owns the road. There are also any quantity of thatched huts, occupied by the Chinese and negro laborers."

"Bravo!" shouted the doctor. "You talk like an Atlas. Who gave you all this brave information?"

"The captain," I replied. "But I know more. Shall I go on?"

"Certainly."

And the doctor threw himself back on the lounge with a fresh cigar.

"Well, then, five years ago there was but one house where Port Limon stands, and that was occupied by a German trader. The railroad has called the village into existence."

"Strange things, railroads," drawled the doctor. "They make villages and cities while they are building, and kill off the inhabitants when they are built."

"No interruptions. This railroad is to connect Port Limon, on the Caribbean Sea, with Punta Arenas, on the Pacific Ocean. It was begun by General Fremont, abandoned by him, and taken up by Henry Meigs Keith, a nephew of the South American railroad man. Then the Government took hold, and are building it as rapidly as they can. Money was raised by selling bonds, principally in England. In two years the Atlantic division—one hundred and sixty miles—from Port Limon to the capital, San Jose, will be completed. The Pacific division——"

"Hold, enough!" cried the doctor. "Let's wait until we get there."

* * * * * * *

Just one week after our resolve, we took our traps on board the schooner. She was a "three-master," neatly built, and capable of speed. The cargo consisted of machinery for the road, and stores and provisions for the settlement. There were two other passengers—a Yankee named Wilkins, and his wife, to whom Captain Walters, a sunburnt mariner of English birth, introduced us. The crew consisted of some eight or nine Jamaica negroes.

It is not my purpose to dwell upon the trip. We were twelve days *en route*, which were agreeably passed in reading novels, smoking cigars, and playing cards. We found Wilkins a droll sort of a chap, who could tell a capital story. His wife, a pretty little woman, sang for us occasionally, and the doctor contributed to the entertainment by narrating some wonderful tales of his adventures. He had traveled all over the world, and had been almost everywhere, he said, except Costa Rica.

On the thirteenth day out we sighted Grape Key, an islet that interposes its high and densely wooded bulk between Port Limon and the violence of the northeast wind. This protection makes the harbor one of the safest on the coast.

It was a charming morning, and, early as it was, even Mrs. Wilkins was on deck, seated on a camp-chair aft, enjoying the scene. The sky and sea were of a dazzling blue. There was a stiff, steady breeze blowing, that sent the schooner bounding through the water, tossing it aside from the prow in glittering, gem-like showers.

As we passed by the islet, and saw the flat, straggling town in the distance, the captain called my attention to the dense flocks of gulls and boobies hovering about us.

"The island," said he, pointing to it, "is alive with them. They breed among the rocks."

"What hut is that?" I asked, pointing to a shed visible upon the extreme southern point.

"That's the ranche occupied by the negro fishermen who come over from the mainland to catch turtles. Just beyond that grove, and near the centre of the islet, is a clearing where they bury all white men who die at the port."

"Are there many graves there, captain?" asked Mrs. Wilkins, who had heard the remark.

"A good many, madam. You see, Port Limon is not the healthiest place in the world, and between the fever and whisky, these men, who are forced to work all day in the hot sun, die off pretty rapidly."

"It's sad to think that they must be buried so far away from home and friends. Perhaps those lying there have anxious wives awaiting their return."

And a tear glistened in the pretty blue eyes of Mrs. Wilkins.

"And perhaps they ran away from them to better their condition," drawled Wilkins, who had sauntered up to where we stood.

"Wilkins, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What will these gentlemen think?"

XUM

As she spoke, however, the charming blush that suffused her face, and the merry laugh of Wilkins, told us that, so far as this couple were concerned, the chain that bound them to each other was one of roses, and that their conversation was but the most pleasant of badinage.

By this time we were abreast of the town, and so near that we could distinguish people upon the quay. The schooner came around, her snowy wings were furled, and the anchor sank with a splash and rattle to its muddy bed. A boat was lowered, and we, the passengers, together with the captain, embarked for the town. In ten minutes more we were on *terra firma.* The captain went to the company's office; Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins to a friend's residence; while the doctor and I got tolerable quarters at the only restaurant in the place.

The accompanying sketch of the town was made several days after our arrival, and gives, I flatter myself, a correct idea of the place.

We did very little the first week except wandering around and getting introduced to the people it was desirable to know. Perhaps a few extracts from my notebook will be of interest to the American reader. Though in a great part statistical, they will be found full of interest to those who care to know anything of the people, the incidents and the surroundings of this hitherto the most unexplored of the three or four civilized lands which lie near us, almost at our very elbows.

The machinists and skilled mechanics of all sorts, who are almost without exception Americans, are provided by the company with commodious quarters in an extensive two-storied building facing the sea. They number in all perhaps a hundred.

The commissariat is on an immense scale, as beseems a business on which the entire settlement for fifty miles of the country toward the interior depends for food.

The restaurant is also an offshoot of the commissariat, and the slaughter-house is quite an important item, as in it is killed all the fresh meat consumed on the road, of course with the exception of game. Three oxen and several hogs are killed every week; while game, in the shape of venison, peccary meat, and rabbits and squirrels in innumerable quantities, with, in the season, green turtle and fish, contribute to lend variety to the *carte.*

There is an alcalde here, with a string of subordinates, all native Costa Ricans, as long as the tail of a kite. The dignity of the powers that rule is upheld, too, by a squad of twenty miserable, fever-cursed, hungry-looking, ragged soldiers, who loaf about all day, eating boiled rice and red peppers, which seem to be about the only food they ever get. These fellows are armed with old regulation muskets, with sword-bayonets as large as scythe-blades, rusted fast to the barrels. I once caught a fellow trying to cut a stick of wood with one of them, and the jar made the gun go off. It killed a dog, and the soldier was so scared by the report that it almost finished him, also. I send you a faithful portrait of the noble warrior, whom I thus caught in repose and sketched.

The Government appropriation for the support of these heroes is twelve cents a day per man. They are quartered in the old jail, of which I furnish a sketch.

They are better off than such offenders as are unlucky enough to get into the calaboose, though, for *they* get nothing to eat at all. They are usually kept in confinement until they are ready to die of starvation, and then let go till they become healthy enough to endure another dose. An Indian servant of a friend of mine was locked up there once, and he abstained even from stealing a drink out of his master's private brandy-bottle when he was released, so salutary had been the lesson.

The Government building is a large one—two stories high, with high-ceiled, cool rooms, and great galleries in front. Here the court is held. It is also the post-office, and residence of the attachés of the alcalde. That gentleman himself lives in a little cottage facing the harbor, from which he can see the vessels coming in in time to go off and dine with a strange captain before he gets a chance to be warned against him by the people ashore.

But the best idea of our section of the road itself will be conveyed, I think, by the reproduction of a personal experience of the trip over it. The distances which I shall give are those of the surveyors, and are correct, of course.

There were four of us—the doctor and myself, besides Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkins, "are we to ride in cars, and be dragged by a locomotive? Why, I thought we were to have llamas, or alpacas, or merinoes, or chamois, or some sort of sure-footed goats, or some nice, pleasant, companionable donkeys, at least; but now nothing but a wretched, whistling, screaming, dirty, dusty, oily, evil-smelling engine, and a lot of cars without even any tops or sides to them! It—is—too—too—too—bad."

Whether a pout, a sulk, or a flood of tears would have been the result, cannot now be stated. Certain it is, that a few words from the doctor as to the certainty of seeing llamas by the score, a well-intentioned remark of Mr. Wilkins about his being able even then to espy some alpacas in the dim distance, with a few well-chosen sentences of my own concerning the possibility of seeing merinoes even then, if we only had a telescope long enough, soon restored the little lady to her accustomed equanimity.

At six in the morning, long before the heat had begun to be perceptible, we started on our journey. Truly we were an odd-looking party. The engine was one of those built exclusively for strength and use, without the slightest regard to elegance or beauty. The cars were merely ordinary flat freight-trucks, with no canopies, no seats, no comforts of any sort. The boxes and barrels containing stores and provisions, together with some sawed lumber which chanced to be at hand, were soon, with a Yankee ingenuity which completely astounded our Costa Rican friends, thrown together in some sort of improvised seats, so that the passengers, if not comfortable, were at least safe, and free from any danger of being pitched overboard.

Whites and colored folks, negroes, Chinamen, and other "off-color" people, were all compelled to ride on the same flat car, in a proximity most unpleasant to some of the party. The accompanying sketch will give you an idea of our "style."

So long as the sun is below the treetops, on an early trip like ours, one cannot desire a more pleasant experience. When it once gets high enough to shine directly down on one, however, the pleasure is rather mixed.

Soon, however, leaving the scattered laborers' huts behind, we rattled along through a forest of trees, the smallest of which is two hundred feet high, and branchless for half that height. On the stems, orchids, with leaves as thick as the thigh of a stout man, unfold their brilliant red or yellow or blue flowers to such straggling rays of sunlight as manage to penetrate the dense foliage above. About their roots starts almost impenetrable brush, overgrown with a curious vine having scarlet leaves, and broad-leaved wild plantains and gigantic ferns. Depending from the branches are seen vines of colossal size, intertwined with each other like immense serpents.

Mrs. Wilkins experienced a desire for some beautiful crimson blossoms with black spots in them, whereupon the obliging W. was about to leap off and get some, when one of the negroes casually remarked:

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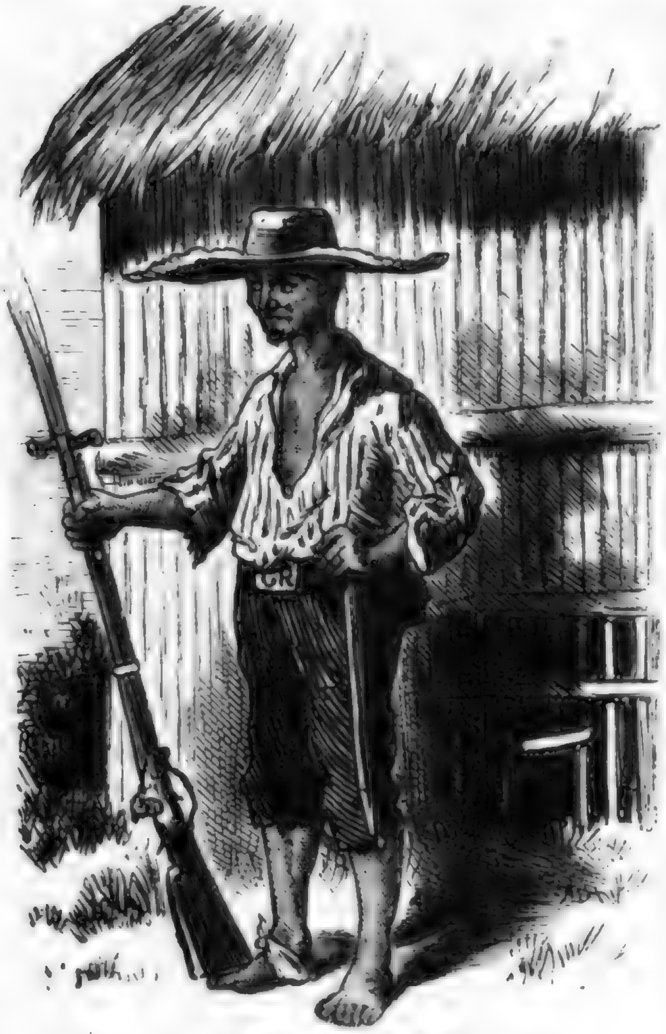


A COSTA RICA SOLDIER.

"Dem is de toad-blows. Make de warts come on yer hands bigger nor oranges."

Whereupon Mrs. W. said, "Never mind, Wilkins," and the train didn't stop for blossoms.

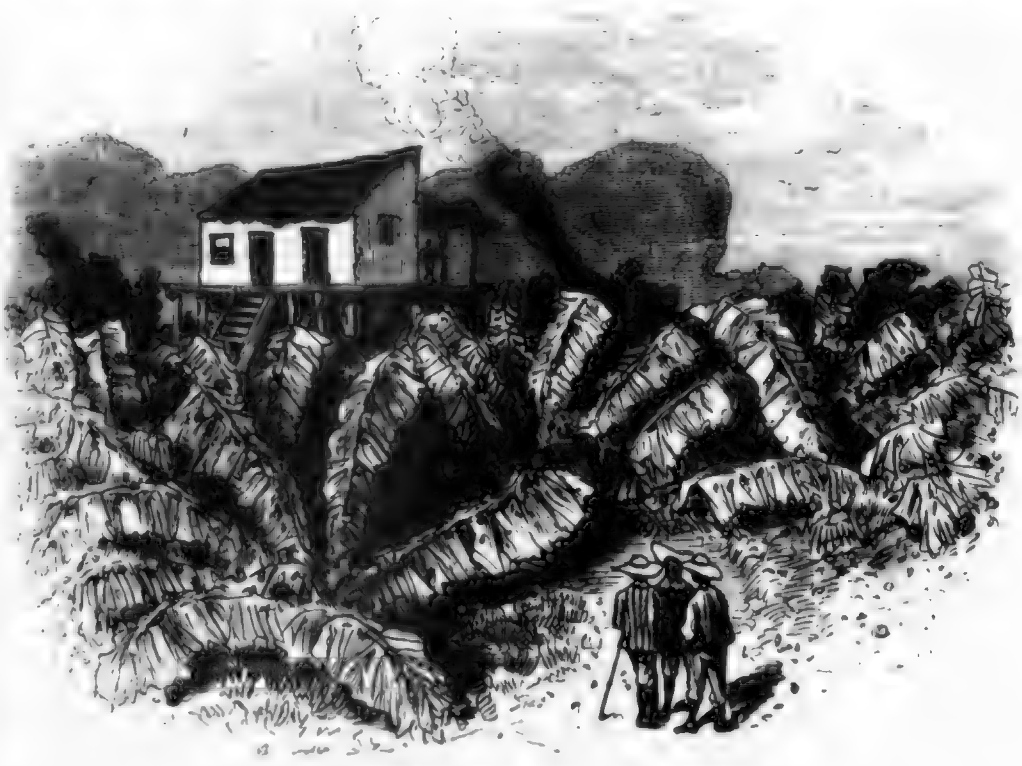
Soon a new sensation arises, in the shape of game of various sorts, kinds, sizes and varieties. Now a long-bodied rabbit, almost as big as a dog, scuttles into the covert from his half-finished dinner of a toothsome sarsaparilla-root. One of the negroes taps me on the shoulder, and points. By Jove! it's a wildcat, sitting on a felled tree, calmly eying the approaching train. I try a shot at her with my revolver, but she gets up slowly, as if in contempt of my want of skill, and makes her way leisurely into the thicket. They are not at all uncommon.

Now the locomotive shrieks a warning whistle for Camp 1. This camp is famous as the scene of a riot on the part of the Chinese laborers, which at one time threatened the safety of the entire community. A strong gang of Chinamen had been brought from Aspinwall, and were employed here, to the number of three hundred, under a camp-master named Dallas, an American, and a most fearless man. The supply of opium—the sale of which the Company had been compelled to sanction, on finding how worse than useless it was to endeavor to oppose the Celestials in their use of the drug—had been so reduced that there was barely a sufficient quantity in camp for hospital use, so the steward refused making any further sales until the arrival of a fresh supply. This move exasperated the Chinamen so that they struck work and assaulted the steward, who happened to be in camp at the time. The man was badly beaten, and Dallas, in endeavoring to rescue him, shot and killed one of his assailants. The infuriated Celestials then turned on Dallas. He fled to the house, a frame building built on a platform at an elevation of several feet from the ground. Here he and his companion, an Englishman named Roberts, entrenched themselves, and kept their assailants at bay till dark, when they managed to escape into the woods. In the meantime the news of the outbreak had reached Limon, and every one was on the *qui vive*, armed, in anticipation of trouble. The appearance of the fugitives, and their explanation of the affair, only added to the excitement. But the Chinamen, satisfied with their victory, disbanded, after ransacking the house for the coveted drug. Several of their number had been killed. After that they were scattered about, a few in each gang, over the entire road. The lesson which their combined action had taught rendered the Company too wise ever to employ them in one body again.

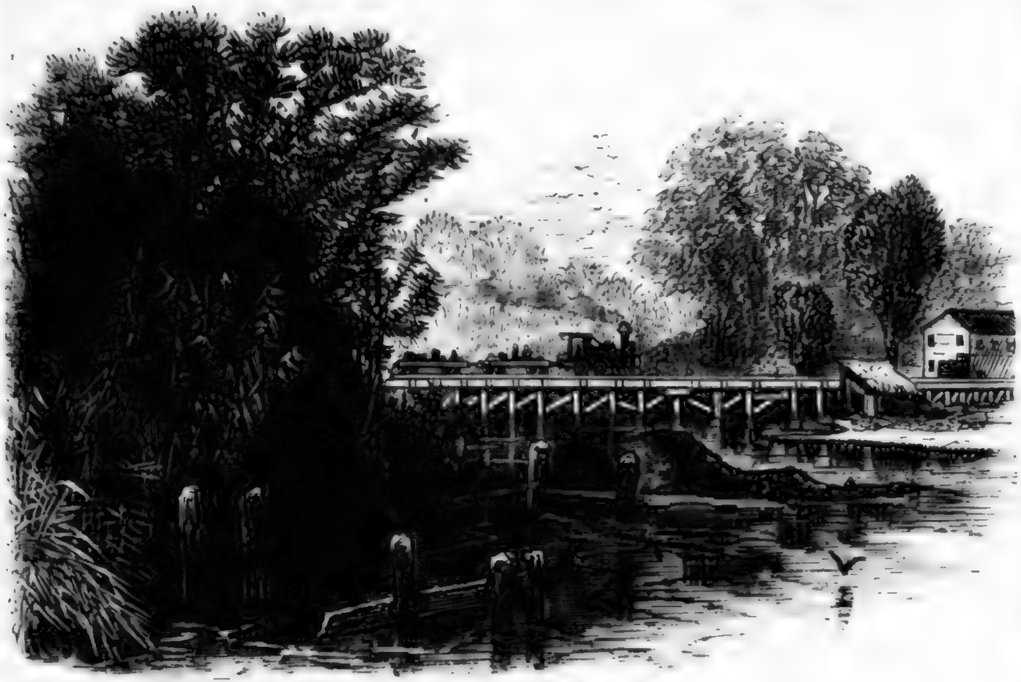
From Camp 1 we strain up a steep grade, in the course of which we make a curve almost at right angles to the deep cut. Here two walls of clay rise to the height of almost a hundred feet on either side of one of the bluffs, crowned with the large, barn-like quarters of the laborers employed on the section.

Passing a small swamp of half a mile in length, bright-green with its dense, fresh growth, we once more enter the forest, and whistle an alarm for Chinaman's Cut. This cut is not nearly as deep as the last described, although much longer. The earth excavated here has been used to fill up a deep gorge near by, over which the track passes.

Chinaman's Cut is a famous place for monkey-shooting, and many a black congo or chattering white-face has



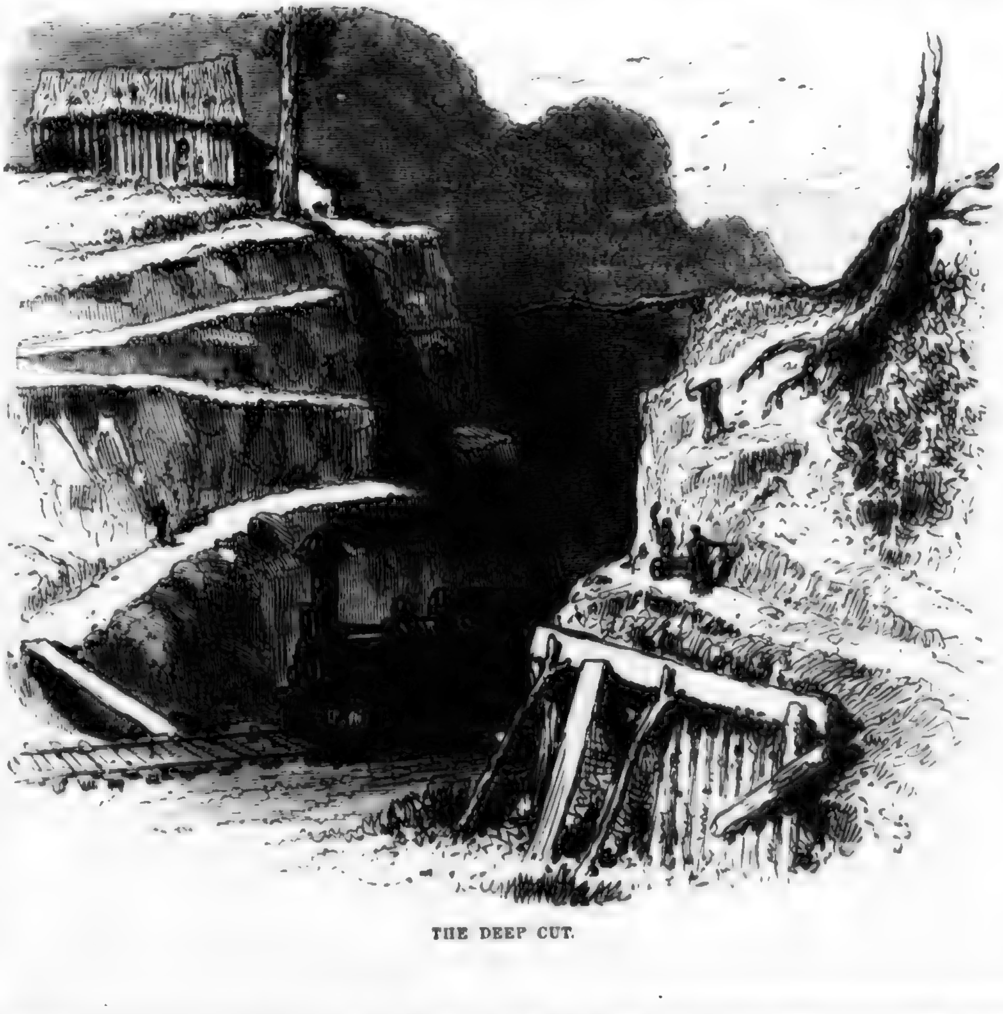
KEITH'S FARM, NEAR PORT LIMON.



BRIDGE OVER THE MOIN.

fallen within sound of the laborers' voices, singing at their work upon the road. There is a tree which bears a peculiar yellow blossom of which the monkeys are very fond, and wherever these trees are in bloom, one is sure to find Jocko gorging himself. I suppose that is the reason there were always so many apes about Chinaman's Cut.

The forest begins to lighten after passing Chinaman's Cut, and of a sudden the train bursts out in sight of the sea, and thunders over the trestle-bridge across Moin River, with the strong sea-breeze caressing the cheeks of the hot and dusty travelers on the flat cars with a grateful coolness. The station of Moin is just beyond the bridge, the platform being directly in front of a neat frame building, the company's hospital and store.



THE DEEP CUT.

Moin is a Spanish village of at most a dozen houses, and was, before the railroad instilled the present active life into the surrounding solitude, a sort of penal settlement to which political offenders from the interior were sent. It could only be reached at that time by a ten days' journey over an Indian trail through the forest, and was merely a trading-post with the Blanco Indians. Mr. Nanno once spent a considerable period in exile at this place, which is now a station on the road over which he exercises almost unlimited control.

From Moin we go bowling along the beach. There is a quarter of a mile of breakers all along here, and in one place they beat savagely at the carcass of a ship, which must have been a very strong one to stand the rough usage it has met with since it came ashore.

The next stopping-place to Moin is Loftus Camp. Here, in the shade of a row of cocoanut-palms, whose foliage rustles in the sea-breeze playing through it, we take in water from a dripping tank, which looks so fresh and inviting in contrast with the ferocious white heat of the sun that one almost envies the naked coolie boy, whose business it is to pump the reservoir full. There is a great white hospital-tent here, in the shade of which some fever-stricken men eye us with, no doubt, a mental comparison between their parched throats and throbbing temples and our robust health outside. On the porch of the neat little cottage in which Mr. Loftus, the contractor, lives, a lady is swinging in a hammock. She salutes politely, looking up from her book. It is Mrs. Loftus, one of the negroes tells me.

The great, rough building where the laborers sleep is quiet. From one little window in the end a cadaverous black face, with eyes as big as saucers, stares at the train—a sick man, whom his comrades, now at work further up the line, have left behind. A lean native, with a bright, new bandana under his broad-brimmed straw hat, strokes his long goatee, and comments on the new-fangled style of travel to his sallow wife, who, wrapped up, in spite of the heat, in her gaudy-striped blanket, puffs a long, slender cigar.

On the beach, a native car with log wheels is plodding slowly along on the hard sand within the wash of the breakers, loaded with vegetables for the camp at Matina, eighteen miles away. The patient oxen seem to like the feeling of the water washing their legs with every breaker. Their master loiters along beside them, occasionally cracking his rawhide whip.

Far out at sea, a canoe with a ragged sail, dyed scarlet with some Indian tan-pit, is running down the coast. A flight of gulls are hovering over a spot where a school of fish are playing. Far, far away (seventy miles by the maps), hovering over all, rise the blue Cordilleras, piercing the dazzling, cloudless sky, with their graceful outlines in strong relief. The atmosphere through which one sees them is quivering with heat, like the air over a hot stove.

Once more we move on, Mrs. Wilkins heaving one last fearful sigh as the smoking beauty fades in the distance. The doctor, who has just awakened to the possibility of game being concealed in the jungle which we are leaving behind, now regrets that we are not going to stay a little longer, while I am only too glad to obey, even away out here, the mandatory request of the metropolitan policeman to "move on."

The heat is terrible, and notwithstanding the proximity of the waving trees on the one hand and the broad ocean on the other, we find little relief in the way of favoring breezes from either side. Fans would be the order of the day were anybody enterprising enough to use them. Poor Wilkins tries, for the relief of Mrs. W., but the effort makes him manifestly so very much warmer that his better-half begs him to desist, saying that his furnace-like face only broils her till she feels cooked to the bone.

We have left Loftus's now, and are running through this furnace heat, with alternating forest and swamp on one side, and a sea on the other. The thunder of breakers is in our ears. Now and then we pass ranches where such of the laborers as do not wish to sleep in the common quarters find shelter at night. Before one of these a pretty mulatto girl is cooking some mess in a filthy iron pot over a fire. She is not overburdened with modesty, for her dress is begun and completed with a single very necessary article of attire, and she stands with that raised almost to her waist, following our rapid progress with her great fiery, Southern eyes.

A party of men gallop past us on the beach, going toward Moin. Their mules are dusty and blown, and the men themselves are not particularly fresh, to judge from the short glimpse we get of them as we whirl past. It is the bi-monthly courier from San José, and his escort, with the mail. He has made his 160 miles in three days.

I am still watching a party of negroes putting up the wire of the telegraph, under the superintendence of a man on a mangy old mule, when the arches of the forest again echo the noise of our progress. This forest is under water, and is the commencement of the great swamp, which extends for twelve miles on either side of the Matina River. Another whistle, and we come to a stop at the end of the track. A gang of several hundred men is at work here, grading and laying sleepers, and the axes of the woodmen, who are cutting down trees and clearing the road ahead, ring musically through the woods.

There is a donkey-engine and a pile-driver at work, and a swarm of people ashore are busy pointing and shoeing piles, and dragging them to the place where they are required. The river is low, as it ever is in the dry season, but still fully half a mile wide. On the further bank two or three tents gleam white. It is the engineers' camp, from which they are staking off the road in advance of the construction.

There is quite a village of huts and ranches clustered about the bridge. Before one of them, an old negro with a wooden leg is cutting a boa-constrictor of twelve feet in length into sections, which he is distributing among the men.

"Wowla, him make good soup, Buckra!" one of them says, laughing at my serious inspection of the scene.

"My dear Mrs. Wilkins," said I, "do try a slice; it looks white and toothsome—quite as much so as your favorite Fulton Market eels."

But the little lady had more self-control than her great-grandmother Eve, for she refused to be tempted by the serpent, although he was cut up into small pieces, and the meat was as delicate and dainty in its looks as a chicken. I said something about not having any apples to offer her, to which she replied that it would be of no use, for she had always heard that Adam was a most superbly handsome man, and if she was going to sit down to a pomological feast with a snake and a man, the latter, at least, must be as handsome as Adam, and not——

Here I withdrew out of hearing. I feared she was going to say something uncomplimentary, if not absolutely disrespectful, and I never like to hear ladies make such remarks. She thought she had settled me. She was in error. Had I chosen, I could—but, to go on with my story.

The ranche we now approached at once awakened the admiration and the regret of the doctor. There were so many spoils of the chaise hanging about, and the good medico was so certain that if he had only had his gun-case open when we were in the jungle, he could have made some valuable additions. There could be no doubt about its belonging to hunters, for its walls were festooned with peltries of all sorts. Otter and sealskins, pumas, wild cats, and deer-hides were hanging all about. The collection of otter-skins I noticed to be especially valuable. These animals, which the Indians and negroes call "water dogs," are common on all Central American rivers.

We threw ourselves upon the charity of Captain Dick Taylor, the "boss," by whom we were cordially received. His hotel was not very elaborate, and no one in the world would ever mistake it for the Fifth Avenue; but then it was the best there was, for it was the only one. Wilkins, who had a mortal dread of panthers, wanted to get back to the train, but his pretty spouse was so tired that she declared she would not move a step until morning, and when Wilkins insisted, she stamped her dainty foot in a manner which left no room for further argument.

Mr. Taylor promised to sling extra hammocks for us, and comforted Wilkins by telling him that placards should be put on the front and rear of the ranche, warning the panthers off the premises, at which remark Mrs. W. laughed till she cried, and then mended matters graciously by kissing Wilkins on the nose.

The evening was hot and uncomfortable at first, but we got through it as best we could. The doctor told a fearful yarn about a tiger which ate a man in India, for the especial benefit of Wilkins, who enjoyed it in a clammy and ghastly manner which was perfectly ludicrous. During the recital he kept close to his wife, who at last said to him:

"Wilkins!"

"Well, dear?"

"What would you do if a horrid panther should come and carry me off?"

"Pity the panther."

"Oh, you brute!"

But we all laughed at this wit of Wilkins, for we knew under what difficulties it was evolved.

Mrs. W. sang a few songs for us as the evening deepened into night. She had a sweet, tremulous voice, that sounded doubly pleasant in that barbaric place. The songs were of the old, old style, than which none more delicious have ever been written, and touched the hearts of the listeners. The scene around us added materially to the effect. There was the blazing splendor of the tropical sky, the heavily scented air, the dark jungle about us, and the rude, open ranche in which we were gathered, with one little American lady, her winsome face upturned in the soft splendor of the moon, singing the ballads of our far-away native land.

When she had finished, and the last note had died upon the sighing breeze, there was a pause for a moment, broken at last by Wilkins, who proposed that we retire. The doctor and I pleaded the indulgence of another cigar with Mr. Taylor, and bade them good-night.

In good time we too retired, and were soon sound asleep. The breeze swept through the ranche, and gently rocked the hammocks with its fairy hands. All was quiet as the grave. Up above, the stars burned like tapers about the celestial altar—burned thus until the morning rang up the curtain of the east and admitted the gray couriers of the sun, who came anon flaming in the gorgeous attire which he dons only in such climes.

We were all up betimes, and after a breakfast of fruit, and the expression of our thanks to Mr. Taylor for his hospitality, sought our train and rattled toward Limon.

As we approached Port Limon we passed a plantation known as "Keith's Farm," said to be a most valuable pre-emption, and likely to make the owner rich in a few years. All, however, we could see from our perch on the cars was a little white hut, which seemed to be borne aloft as the strange fruit of certain bananas and other huge-leaved trees and shrubs, which appeared to be so proud of the wondrous things they had achieved that they were lifting it as high toward heaven as possible. In fact, it was so elevated that, for all I could see, Mrs. Wilkins's remark was entirely correct, that she was certain the poor man had to climb up two flights of stairs to get into his first-floor door, and that if his children should tumble out of the basement window they'd certainly break their necks, by reason of the height.

I append a sketch.

As all things come to an end, so did our pleasant trip, more enjoyable than it otherwise would have been by reason of the disadvantages surrounding it. With our arrival in Limon our acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins did not cease. For the week or so that the doctor and I remained in the town we were frequent visitors at their apartments, and often over a bottle of wine, and with the aid of jest and music, recalled the circumstances of our journey.

Some general reflections on the work already done on this railroad, and still contemplated, must complete this article.

Fighting every inch of their way through forest and swamp, the engineers of this great undertaking have now laid almost all of the hardest part of their work behind them. There is still some blasting, and one or two difficult grades to be completed between Paucoir and Cartago. On the Pacific Slope they have none of the obstacles to contend with which they have been compelled to master on this side, and the completion of that branch of the road is merely a question of a comparatively short time.

From San José, the main road advances eastward over a steep down grade to Cartago, fifteen miles away, which is the present limit; there are trains running, too, between San José and Alaguela, on a branch road. Work is being prosecuted at both ends of the main road, and the last rail will connect the tracks at about Paucoir.

The influence of the improvement is already very perceptible in the districts through which the road is already in running order. The only connection between San José and the outer world at present is by the diligence or the ox-cart, to Punta Arenas, where the coasting steamer of the Pacific Mail Company calls on its way to and from Acapulco, Mexico. Punta Arenas, or Sandy Point, is at the lower extremity of the Gulf of Nicoya, and is about the best harbor Costa Rica possesses on her western coast. The principal merchants are Germans. The diligence, the mail-coach of Costa Rica, is a jangling, rattling, dusty old affair, in the style of the conveyances of the same name in France. Horseback is much the more pleasant mode of traveling, and is the one usually chosen. The method of such as travel in this manner, or in the country carts, with their covers of palm branches, and their log wheels, is to camp during the day in such shady spots as are attainable, and to take the road at night. The journey from San José to Punta Arenas, when taken in this manner, is a matter of a week, by diligence of at most three days.

Vast quantities of coffee, tobacco, cocoa, sugar, hides, as well as sarsaparilla, rubber, gum-copal, etc., find their way in these carts to the coast, where they are shipped to Panama, transferred thence to Aspinwall, and then reshipped to their final destination.

The railroad, by opening communication between the interior and the Caribbean, will provide an outlet which, by its diminution of its present high prices, will encourage agriculture to an incalculable extent. The soil of the interior of Costa Rica is rich, and already swarms of speculative people are pre-empting and cultivating land along the line marked out as the course of the road. By the time through trains are running eastward their speculation will be ripe.

The Costa Ricans are by far the most industrious and energetic among the Central American people, and their country, which has been for years free from the unfortunate civil dissensions which have paralyzed industry in her sister States, is a very wealthy and prosperous one. The people are justly proud of their railroad, for they see the glorious future opening before them over the vista of its iron road. While the countries about her were crying for foreign aid, Costa Rica has helped herself, and she will soon begin to reap the substantial benefit of her energy and advanced ideas in a new and vigorous life such as her revolutionary neighbors never dream of in their wildest fancies. The land of progress, America, should give her "God speed."

WILLIE.

A young face (just seventeen she was), with bronze-brown eyes, a tangle of curly, jetty hair, brows and lashes inky black, too—pink cheeks, and a rosebud mouth. The Shelby beauty, the youngest of four girls—Wilhelmina they had named her; but everybody called her Willie.

The very servants at Shelby Lawns doted on Willie.

They were half Irish, this family. Mrs. Shelby had been a Moran, of Moran Castle. She eloped with her English husband against the parental will, and never went back. Afterward she came with her four daughters, a poor but ambitious widow, to America.

They soon, then, lived bountifully at Shelby Lawns, inheriting its roof and gardens from Saville Shelby. Whom should a Shelby leave his property to if not to his own brother's children?

XUM

A RAILROAD JAUNT IN COSTA RICA.—WATERING UP, LOFTUS CAMP.—SEE PAGE 533.

It was appropriated, the servants retained—life went on there as regularly as before Saville Shelby's death. At least, the country folk saw the great Sligo hound, Bashaw, lying at the arched gate, the old pony, Titania, brought down daily to the brook to be watered, and the smoke curling peacefully up the numerous chimneys of the mansion.

It was Willie who rode her dead uncle's pony. Di and Nel were children in the nursery. Ethelind—Ethelind was the skeleton of Shelby Lawns.

Not literally a death's-head. She was blonde, and pale and beautiful, with the beauty of patience and a peace which passes all understanding. She was the eldest daughter, you see, and she had a child; and she was separated from her husband, who was in England, because she would not live with him.

Mrs. Shelby had made the match to prevent Ethelind from marrying her wild cousin, Duke Moran.

She had lived with Miser Maurice, as he was called, three months, and then she told her mother that if she did not take her back home she should kill herself. Mrs. Shelby was frightened, and bade her come. She did not quite know until then what she had done when she gave that pure, high-bred girl to that loathsome old man.

Ethelind lay in her room, with stony eyes, until her child was born. Then she spoke and moved—for the child's sake. They all knew that—for the *child's* sake. And as she hushed him, and fed him, and watched him thrive into a rosy, sturdy boy of two, she smiled sometimes, in a wan way, and was saintly kind to all who were in any trouble. But she was never, and would never be, quite herself again.

Willie rode the dapple pony. Ethelind never went out. She sat reading her Bible behind the shades of her chamber window, while Willie galloped over the hills. And yet she was only five years older.

Mrs. Kate Shelby was proud—very lively proud, some said. But it was infallibly true, that to wean her of her pride, every drop of her heart's blood would have to be drained. She had wished that her children had been sons; yet, since they were daughters, she resolved upon their making what she termed suitable marriages. And, first of all, she considered *wealth*, then birth, then that the suitor should be a good Catholic.

She ruled them—her girls. They were pliant as wax in her hands. They never thought it possible to disobey her. But Willie—Willie was the most willful. If Mrs. Shelby indulged any, it was her. For, with her jetty hair and her brown eyes, she looked like her father, the idol of her mother's life. And then she was the beauty, too, and her proud mother had most hopes of her.

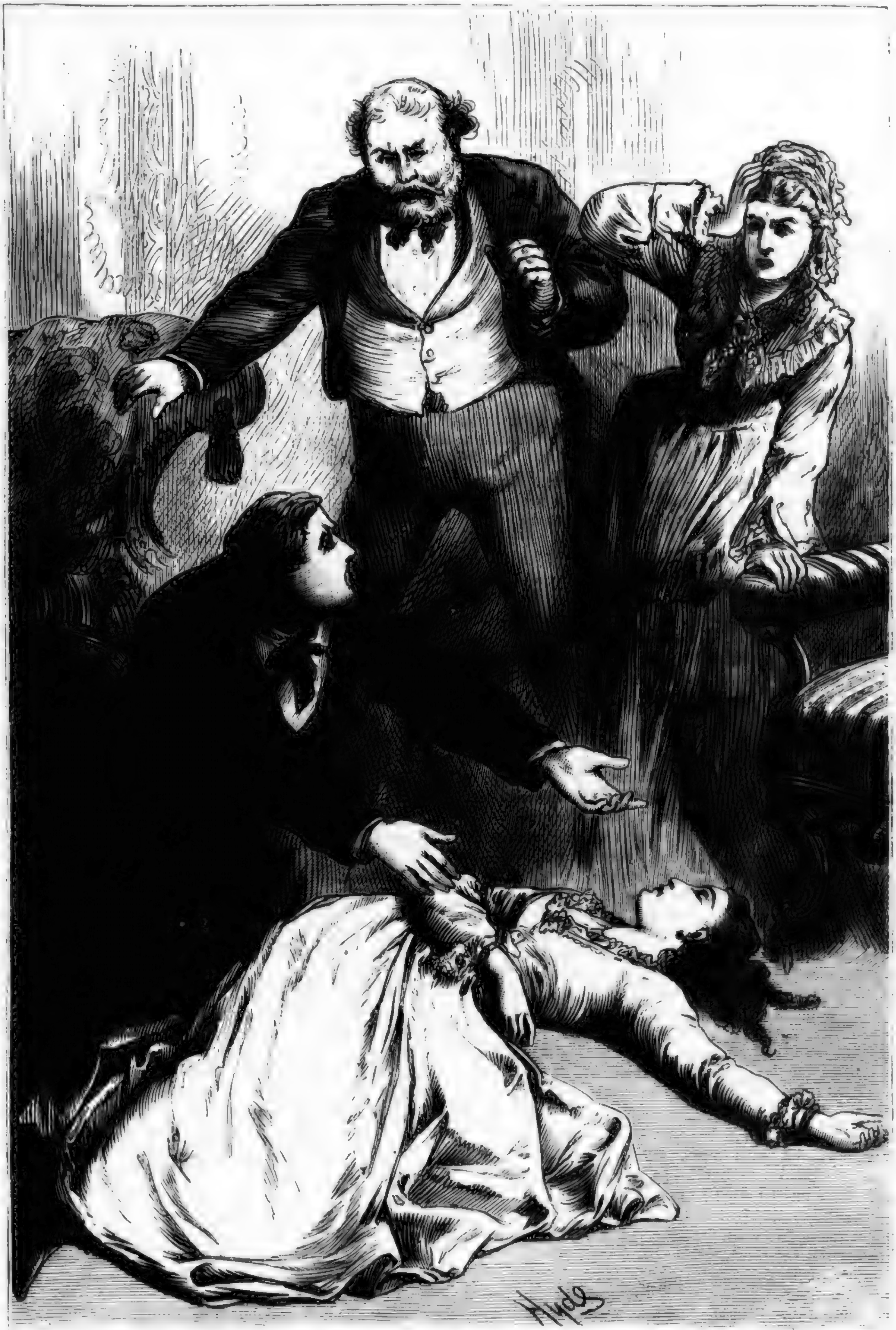
They lived quietly there; there was scarcely any one good enough to visit them.

Willie, though seventeen, yet had a governess; the twins, Diana and Helen, were in the nursery; Ethelind kept her chamber. The family met entire once a day—at dinner. Life had gone on at Shelby Lawns that way for two years.

But one Winter evening they all met in the drawing-room to hear Willie play some rare pieces she had just learned—for Willie's taste was for music—when a servant came in and said that there was a gypsy-woman below who wanted to tell ladies' fortunes.

The maid expected to be sent back with a denial, but Mrs. Shelby, lying back in a velvet chair, watching Willie at the piano, was in an indulgent mood that night.

She listened to the maid's description of "a bent old woman, with her face tied up, and a red cloak on," looked around on the interested faces about her, and said:



WILLIE.—"AT MRS. SHELBY'S FEET HE LAID HIS BURDEN, AND THE SMALL WHITE FACE FELL BACK AND SHOWED WILLIE—DEAD!"
SEE PAGE 539.

"You can let her come up, Jennie."

The little girls clapped their hands, and Willie whirled around on the music-stool, laughing, and showing her bits of white teeth.

Ethelind, knitting a purse for her mother, with her baby lying asleep across her lap, scarcely looked up.

But when the fortune-teller came in, the children were half frightened. She was large, her dark face half enveloped in a white handkerchief, and a camlet cloak swept about her broad shoulders, to the floor.

"Will the leddies have their fortunes told?" she said, with a slight Irish accent.

At the sound of the voice Ethelind dropped her knitting upon the baby's white frock. It was a strong voice, deep and mellow, not the cracked tones of age.

Then the little girls struggled with each other to give their hands. The strange figure had planted itself in one of the velvet chairs, and for a moment fixed eyes dark and burning upon Ethelind, in her quiet corner.

She rose hurriedly, and put her baby off her lap, then stood uncertain; but no one noticed her.

The fortune-teller glanced at the children's palms, muttered hurriedly a rhyme for luck, then looked into Mrs. Shelby's face.

She extended her hand—a beautiful hand—small, white and dimpled, and there were jewels shining upon it.

The fortune-teller touched the palm lightly with a supple forefinger, almost as white.

"Madame, what is spoken shall be fulfilled!"

The deep voice was louder now, making them all stare.

"Your days shall be darkened, as you have darkened another's. Your pride shall be broken, the light of your life go out in darkness. So help me, God!"

She sprang to her feet. The stranger had risen, too.

They looked into each other's eyes.

"You remember me?" he muttered, for they all saw now that it was a man.

And then he turned and strode from the room, casting a piercing glance at Willie as he passed her.

Mrs. Shelby sank back in her chair, sobbing hysterically; then they saw that Ethelind had slipped down to the carpet, and lay in a dead faint upon the floor.

The excitement lasted until midnight; was talked over at breakfast. They tried, too late, to keep it from the children and the servants that the gypsy was cousin Duke Moran in disguise—the wild, handsome young Irishman who loved Ethelind, and whom she still loved. But somehow the whole story was revealed in kitchen and nursery.

Ethelind kept her room for several days, but her mother, unusually tender, nursed her carefully, and by-and-by she was tending her baby, and going about in the same silent, uncomplaining way; and the nine days' wonder ceased.

* * * * * * *

A flowery glen, a shade of arching trees, a willful-faced young girl, a dark and reckless man.

"I would like you to tell me all the story, Duke," said Willie.

He laughed bitterly.

"There is not much to tell. I had no mother or sister; I was young and wild, but I had not sold myself to the devil, and I loved Ethie; and she was an angel, and might have made anything of me. But her mother and *your* mother was set against me because I was poor. I might have been a cutthroat, and had I *money*, she would have given her to me. *I* know Kate Shelby! But she shut her up, and never rested till she was safely married to that old hound, Maurice. Does she know the work she made of my life, I wonder? She *shall* know!"

"Duke, Duke! you frighten me when your eyes glitter so! Try and forget, since it cannot be helped. I want some cardinal blossoms. Will you lead the pony for me as you did yesterday? for I must not stay much longer. I have been from home two hours now, and if mamma suspected——"

"Yes; but she does not suspect. And you will come here every day that I ask you, little one?"

"Yes; as long as I may. Poor Duke! do you know that I dream of you at night? All the time your poor face haunts me. I forget over my embroidery, and Miss Flint makes me take it out, and I stumble in my practicing. But they must not guess, must they?"

"No; keep our secret for a time. By-and-by they *shall* know."

But Willie shook her ebon curls.

"I do not see how mamma *ever* can know, Duke."

* * * * * * *

"You *are* young, Willie, but you will be eighteen in a month; and since a girl does not have such an offer twice in a lifetime, you will marry him. So let me hear no more against it."

"But, mamma, the baron has not offered himself to *me!*"

"Very certainly not. The Germans *never* address a young lady until her guardian's consent is gained. I have accepted him for you—that is sufficient. Why, what do you mean, you willful girl, opposing your mother thus? I have spoiled you—indulged you far too much, Willie. Go to your room; remain there until you can ask my pardon, and be more obedient."

Ah, flashing young eyes! hold the little dark hands over them until you are safe in your room, Willie.

A pebble against the pane! 'Tis but a step from the balcony to the weather-beaten lattice.

Before the small foot touches the ground, a strong arm enfolds the lithe waist.

Willie is away to the rendezvous!

Mrs. Shelby's step sounds softly in the hall. She listens at the closed door.

All is silent.

"I will not disturb her to-night, little baroness," she murmurs, with a proud smile. "Let her sleep, and keep bright those eyes that have won such a prize."

* * * * * * *

It was the night before the wedding. The florid baron—a man of fifty, yellow-bearded, jovial, not objectionable, only as uncongenial to the young girl he had fallen in love with—sat with Mrs. Shelby in the drawing-room. He held a jewel-case in his hand. His good-natured face was clouded.

"Why do I never see my preddy Willie alone?" he asked, sighing.

"She is a little shy—so young, you know, dear baron. But I will send her down, and you shall clasp the pearls around her neck yourself."

Radiant—for the baron's wedding-gift, a pearl necklace, was magnificent—Mrs. Shelby flitted up the staircase.

The baron sighed vocally again, left alone in the long, rich room, full of yellow damask and old portraits.

"Ah, my preddy Willie!" he murmured, getting up and walking the floor.

It was evening. A hundred wax candles burned in the chandelier above his head. The rain tapped the high, narrow windows, hidden away in folds of gleaming damask.

It was some time before Mrs. Shelby came in. Her face was pale, her breath hurried.

"She is not in her room. I cannot find her!"

Before she had ceased speaking a window was flung up; a gust of rainy air swept through the room, extinguishing half the candles. A man stepped over the sill, bearing a drooping form in his arms.

At Mrs. Shelby's feet he laid his burden, and the small, white face fell back, and showed Willie—dead!

"I did not love her, but to-night she would have eloped with me!" said Duke Moran, in a low, terrible voice. "A hasty step—the rotten bar of a lattice caused her death. The end is the same—she is stone-dead! The light of your life has left it. Your days are darkened, as you have darkened mine. And now, farewell for ever, Kate Shelby!"

He turned on his heel, and vaulting lightly through the open window, was away through the rain and darkness.

But the wretched mother saw nothing, knew nothing, save that small, white face, framed in its ebon curls.

Ay, her pride was broken!

When she arose from her bed of terrible sickness, she sought no more worldly distinction for her daughters.

Her little girls grew up pure; each made her choice unfettered. And they were happy, and shed much sunshine on her latter days.

Through her affliction she at last learned patience and wisdom, and also—humility.

PINS AND NEEDLES.

Pins are of very ancient invention, as they were manufactured by the Egyptians in the time of the Pharaohs. Many of these useful articles were found in the tombs of her kings in the Pyramids. Some of them were of quite elaborate manufacture, and must have been costly, as they had gold heads and were from six to eight inches in length. Needles are also supposed to be of great antiquity, and their introduction to Europe is said to have taken place at the time of the Saracen invasion and conquest of Spain.

The first needles made in England were manufactured at London by a negro who came there from Spain during the reign of Queen Mary. He died without imparting the secret of his art; but it was subsequently recovered in 1565 by one Elias Growse. A century later one Christopher Greening was instrumental in establishing a factory at Long Creadon, in Buckinghamshire.

The first pins manufactured in England were made at Gloucester in 1626; but subsequently this industry was established in Birmingham, and that city is now the headquarters of the pin trade of Great Britain. The best English pins are of superior excellence, and are put up in green paper; but inferior pins are also put up in the same way, and are frequently palmed off upon the unsuspecting purchaser as the genuine production.

When pins were first made in England, the raw material passed through fourteen different processes before completion, and each of these processes employed a separate operative. The operations consisted of straightening the wire, pointing, cutting into pin-lengths, twisting wire for heads, annealing heads, stamping heads, cleaning, whitening, washing, polishing, winnowing, paper-pricking and putting in papers.

The business of pin-making was established in this country in 1812, when, in consequence of the war with Great Britain, the price rose from six cents to one dollar per paper. Invention was consequently stimulated, and pins were manufactured at Greenwich, New York, or what now constitutes that part of the metropolis in the vicinity of Christopher Street, west side. At the close of hostilities the effort was abandoned, as we could no longer compete with English cheap labor and low rates of interest. In 1820 the business was resumed at Bellevue Almshouse, but soon was again abandoned. In 1824, Lemuel Wright, of Massachusetts, invented and patented in England the first machine that made solid-headed pins; but the enterprise lacked encouragement, and it was nearly ten years subsequent before pins of his make were sold in London. Perfect pins by this process were manufactured during the revolution of a single wheel; and this machine, since considerably improved, is the one used at present in the largest manufactories in Birmingham.

Since 1824 several Americans have patented machines for making pins, but the most successful invention was the work of a Mr. Fowler. But the entire process is a mystery to the uninitiated, and the secret is carefully kept hidden from curious eyes. Most of the best American pins are made in Connecticut, after Fowler's process. In one establishment are eighty-five machines, which consume annually many tons of brass or iron wire, and turn out millions of pins. Brass pins are whitened by long boiling in copper vessels containing block tin. The process of making white iron pins is still a secret. There are eight pin-factories in the United States, with an annual production of about 7,000,000,000 pins.

Pin-papers are marked by the use of a molded piece of wood, which corresponds to those portions representing the small folds through which the holes are made for the pins to be secured. The pin-sticker, usually a girl, gathers two of the folds together, and places these between the jaws of a vice having grooves to serve as a guide for the entry of the pins. When filled, the paper is released and held up so that the eye of the expert at once detects every defective pin, and causes its removal.

Needles differ from pins in being made of steel, and having an eye for the reception of thread, a sharper point, and a highly polished body. English needles of the best makes are very elastic, the metal being suitably tempered, and the eyes all finely finished and burnished, so as not to cut the thread. A great many needles are spoiled while in process of tempering, as the steel of which they are made is apt to be variable in quality; and in a heated state, while undergoing chemical action, they are easily injured. Scouring is also a delicate operation, and needles when not properly hardened and polished are always of inferior strength, and quickly accumulate rust.

CURIOUS FACTS.

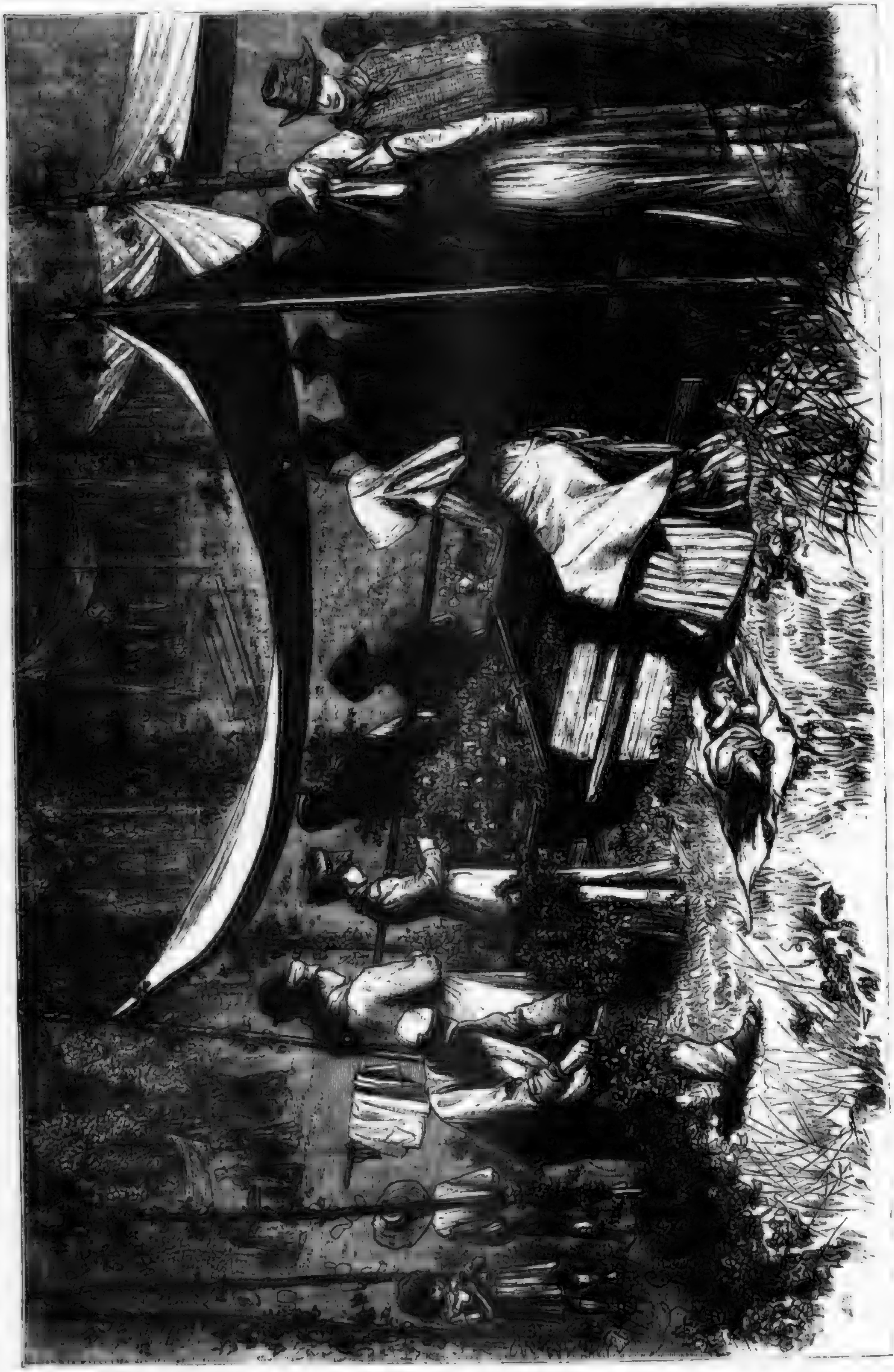
Serpents are said to obey the voice of their master. The trumpet-bird of America follows its owner like a spaniel, and the jacana acts as a guard to poultry, protecting them in the field all day from birds of prey, and escorting them home at night. In the Shetland Isles there is a gull which defends the flock from eagles; it is therefore regarded as the privileged bird.

The chamois, bounding over the mountain, are indebted for their safety in no small degree to a species of pheasants. The bird acts as the sentinel; for as soon as it gets sight of a man it whistles—upon hearing which the chamois, knowing the hunters to be near, sets off at full speed.

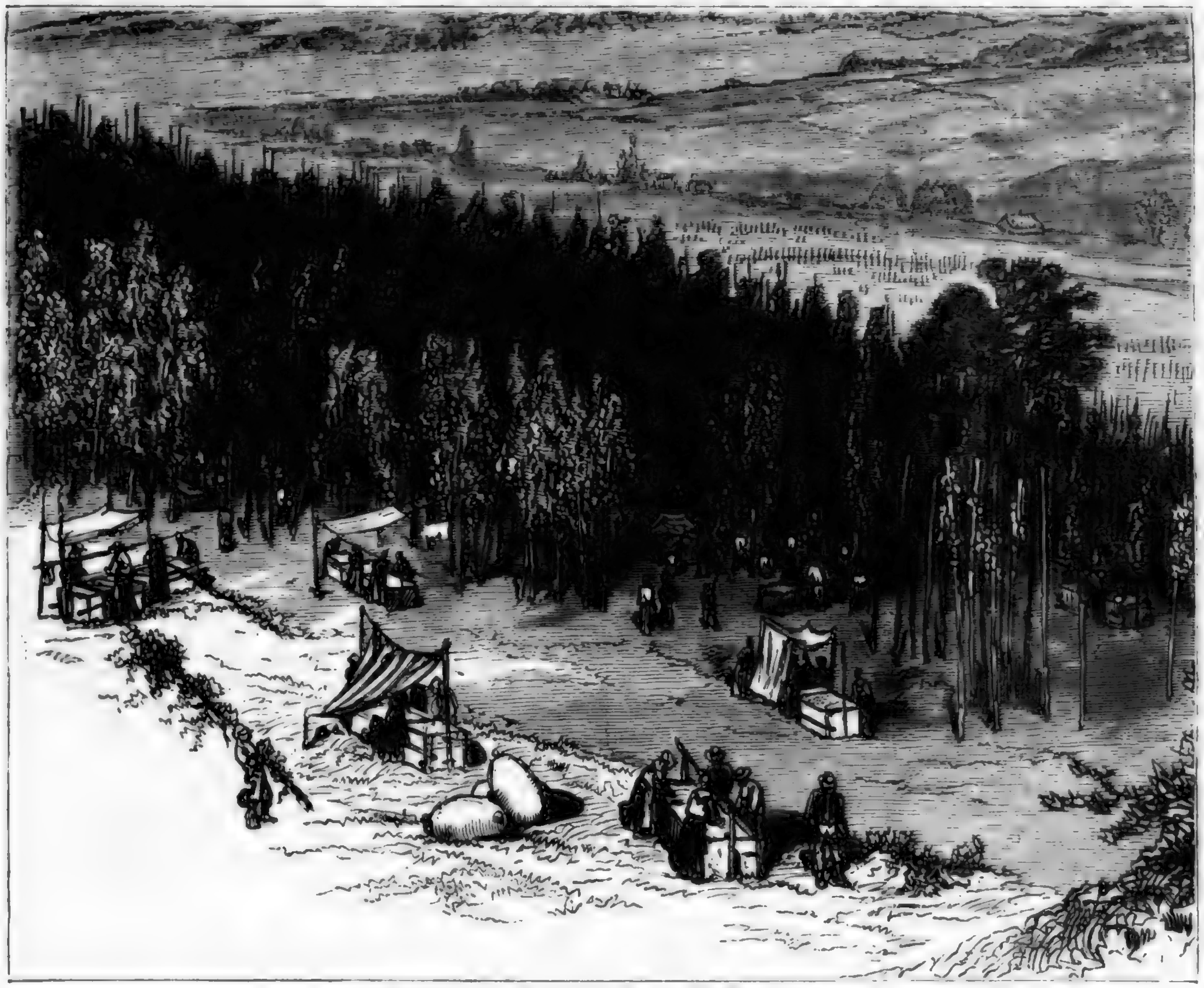
The artifices which partridges and plovers employ to delude their enemies from the nest of their young may be referred to as a case in point, as well as the adroit contrivance of the hind for the preservation of her young; for when she hears the sound of dogs she puts herself in the way of the hunter, and starts in a direction to draw them away from her fawns.

The writer already cited says, "I knew a dog that died of sorrow at the loss of his master, and a bullfinch that abstained from singing ten entire months on account of the absence of its mistress. On her return it immediately resumed its song."

XUM



SCENE IN A HOP-YARD NEAR COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.—HOP-PICKERS AT WORK.



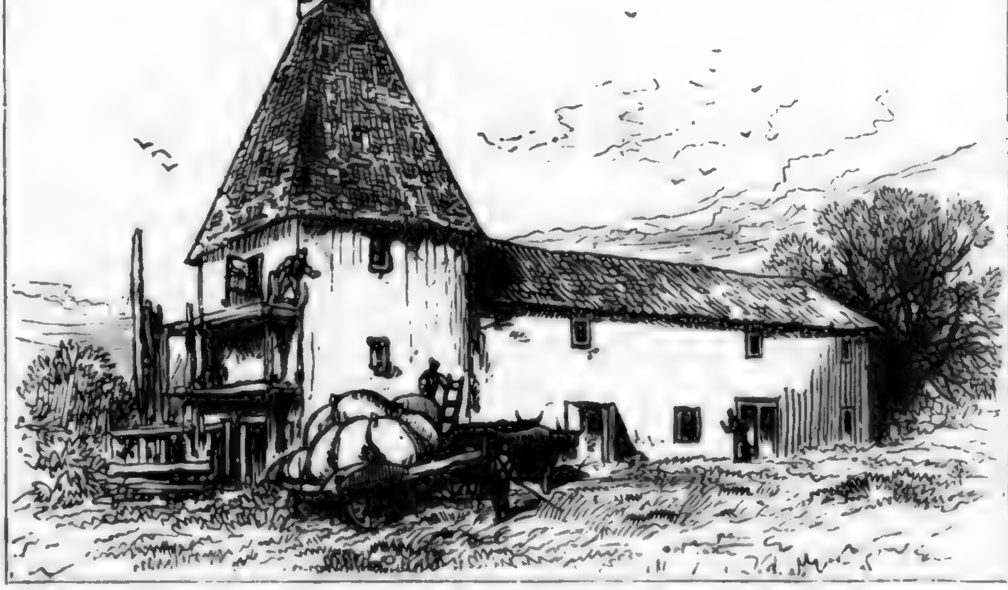
A HOP-YARD IN THE VALLEY OF THE SUSQUEHANNA, N. Y.

HOPS AND HOP CULTIVATION.

Hops have long been used in brewing drinks on the Continent of Europe, and have been cultivated in Germany as far back as the ninth century. They are believed to have been introduced into England from Flanders in the reign of Henry VIII., about the year 1524.

Previous to the importation of hops various bitter herbs were used in beer, especially the "ale hoof" or ground ivy, but so great was the prejudice against the use of hops that when they were introduced the city of London petitioned the King to prohibit their use "in regard they would spoyl the taste of drink and endanger the people," whereupon the King issued an injunction "not to put any hops or brimstone into the ale."

The bitter, aromatic taste of hops is well known, and like other vegetable bitters, they have a tonic effect upon the system, and are used in medicines. They also possess a sedative action, and are not infrequently prescribed by physicians for derangements of the digestive organs attended by nervous excitability. A narcotic property is also ascribed to the



A HOP-KILN AND DRYING-HOUSE.

odor of hops, and it is stated that the air of the buildings in which large quantities of them are stored has the power of producing sleep. Some medical men deny this virtue to the hop, while others consider that a pillow of hops is efficacious in conquering wakefulness, a remedy which became popular from its alleged success in the insanity of the mutton-eating King George III.

The hop is a vine, with a perennial root, from which spring up numerous annual shoots forming slender, flexible stems, angular and rough to the touch. These climb spirally upon trees or around poles to the height of twenty or thirty feet. The leaves are heart-shaped and three or five lobed. The flowers are very numerous; the staminate or male flowers are usually produced on different plants from the pistillate or female ones, though sometimes the pistillate plants, according to the investigations of Dr. Royle, produce a few staminate flowers.

When in blossom, the hop will be found to be a collection of very simple flowers, each consisting of a single pistil surrounded by a sort of membraneous covering. The fruit, botanically speaking, is the ripened pistil, which is a small nut that incloses a single seed. Around the fruit are found numerous yellow grains which are peculiar glands, and only produced in the pistillate plant. These grains are called *Lupulini*, and sometimes "lupuline glands" and "flowers of the hop." The lupuline is very resinous, adhesive and aromatic, and it is upon this that the peculiar odor, taste and other properties of the hop in a great measure depend. The greater or less abundance of lupuline in a sample of hops is one guide in judging of the quality, and in preparing them for market this is never lost sight of, as the lupuline varies from one-tenth to one-sixth of the weight of the hops.

Pills of lupuline for sedativeness are prepared by rubbing the powder in a warm mortar until it becomes plastic, and then working it into pills, which are given in doses of six to twelve grains.

The young shoots of the hopvine, especially in the low countries of Europe, are esteemed as an article of food. The tender shoots are taken when they first appear above ground, and are cooked and eaten like asparagus or greens. A dinner in Bavaria will consist of beer and the materials of which beer is made: barley boiled and seasoned as a vegetable, and the young sprouts of the hop, which are regarded as delicacies of the season.

The southeastern portion of England is particularly favorable for this crop, and in the county of Kent alone 35,000 acres have long been appropriated to it. Hop plantations are also found in other counties; but the production of Kent probably represents one-half of the whole amount raised in England.

The Belgian hops have a good reputation, but those of Bavaria are the best of all, the aroma being more perfectly preserved by the method of preparation in practice there.

In Belgium, when the hops are mature, the poles are pulled up with the vines hanging to them, and women and children gather the strobiles, which are immediately carried up to the kilns, called hop-oasts, in which they are dried upon a floor of wire or hair cloth at a heat not exceeding 180° Fah. Fumes of burning sulphur are admitted to the hops while drying, by which they are partially bleached. They are then packed tightly in bags or "pockets" with the aid of a press, and the parcels are made so compact that they may be cut into blocks with a knife.

The Bavarians, when the hops are ripe, cut off the plants close to the ground and leave them upon the poles to dry in the sun. This is considered to preserve the aroma, and the hops, though packed loosely in bags, have more strength and flavor than the English or Belgian. Of the American system we shall speak further on. The Bavarian beer is brewed to its highest perfection in Munich, Nuremburg and Bamburg. It is brewed in 5,500 breweries, producing, annually, 5,000,000 barrels.

Before we enter into the details connected with hop-raising, and as we have touched upon the subject of beer, a few words in connection with this popular but plebeian beverage may not be altogether inappropriate. Beer is a fermented liquor made from malted grain; in Europe most commonly from barley; but in this country from wheat as well, and in India from rice, corn, oats, peas—and other similar articles of food may be also used in its manufacture.. Hops and other bitter substances are added to improve the flavor, and to impart their peculiar properties to the liquor.

Beer, in some of its varieties, appears to be of great antiquity, and was probably discovered by the Egyptians. Tacitus notices it as being in common use with the Germans of his time. Pliny describes the *celia* and *ceria*, the beer of the Spaniards, and the *cerevisia* of the Gauls, made from almost every species of grain, and incidentally named after Ceres, the Goddess of Corn. Aristotle speaks of its intoxicating qualities, and Theophrastus very properly calls it the wine of the barley. Herodotus (450 years B.C.) stated that the Egyptians made their wines of barley.

An ancient description by Isidorus and Orosius of the process in use by the Britons and Celtic nations defines the liquor as not differing essentially from that made now: "The grain is steeped in water and made to germinate, by which its spirits are excited, and set at liberty; it is then dried and ground, after which it is infused in a certain quantity of water, which, being fermented, becomes a pleasant, warming, strengthening and intoxicating liquor."

Upon the introduction of hops into England, the German word, "*bier*," was also imported, and was used to distinguish the liquor made with hops from the more ancient beverage.

Porter was first made in England in 1730. Previous to that time the malt liquors in London were ale, beer, and "twopenny." It was customary to call for "half-and-half," or for "three threads." To avoid the necessity of drawing from two or three casks, a brewer named Harwood produced a beverage which was intended to embrace the qualities of the three liquors. It was called "entire," or the "entire butt"; and, being a strong, nourishing drink, suitable for laboring men and porters, it received at last the name of "porter."

We shall now return to the hop and its cultivation.

A wise man will count the cost, as there is more capital to be expended in the cultivation of hops before they will make returns than with almost any other crop. He will have to plant, plow, prune, manure, and nurse with care; he must provide poles for staking, bins for picking, kilns for drying, and bags for packing—before he can get any returns from the market.

There are many varieties of hops cultivated in this country, but English Cluster and Grape Hops succeed best. The Pompey Hop is very large, with long arms; but it is more injured by rust and insects than the first-mentioned, on which the hops hang in large clusters, and both are early varieties.

The situation for a hop-yard should be such that there is a free circulation of air—never by thick woods, or in a valley, where rust, blight, mold, and lice most abound. They should have plenty of sunshine, which is the surest preventive against the ills the hop is heir to. The soil should be dry in Winter, and have no water on the surface at any time. If not naturally rich enough, it can be made so by manuring. Any soil where good crops of corn or potatoes can be grown is suitable, but it should be easily worked and kept mellow, as there is much cultivation to be done. Where wheat will not grow, the soil must have lime if hops are planted. In central New York they are raised on very high land, where none but the smaller varieties of corn will grow.

The best time to plant a hop-yard, according to Mr. H. C. Collins, the prizeman, is in the Spring—as early as the ground can be worked. The ground should be plowed, and made as fine and mellow as possible; then staked off and marked out with a plow or line, and the plants set with a dibble—the surest method of insuring their lives. Corn, potatoes, or any other hoed crop, can be raised the first year with the hops. The rows should never be less than eight feet apart, and on the rich bottom lands of the West, nine or ten feet. The hills should be the same distance apart both ways, and the rows perfectly straight. It is a grievous mistake to crowd the hills, as is the case in some hop-yards.

The sets for planting are runners from old vines. Care is taken to keep the sets from *male* plants separate from the others. The hop is a *diœcious* plant—that is, having the staminate or male, and the pistillate or female, flowers on separate plants. There should be about one male hill to every eight hills, each way, or one in sixty-four, making from eight to twelve the acre. These hills are marked by a stake at planting, so that they can be distinguished at a glance. The sets are cut to two pairs of eyes each, or if very short-jointed, three pairs of eyes are left, and three to four of them are put in the hill, according to their condition. The furrow in which they are planted is made by a plow, and is from two to four inches deep, as the soil is light or heavy. If planted too deep, they will not come up well. Sets are usually sold by the bushel; two or three bushels to an acre.

When yards are planted with good fresh sets, and the planting is done early, there is but little risk of failure—large yards being often planted without the loss of a single hill. When the ground is very mellow, and with but few stones, holes are dibbled just deep enough to admit of the sets being under ground.

The cultivation for the first year consists in keeping the weeds down and the ground mellow. If good sets, planted early, are used, it pays to raise a crop the first year, and the plants are all the better for it. One stake is set in each hill, and all the vines allowed to grow upon it. This stake is about eight feet long, and set one foot in the ground. If the stake is longer than eight feet, the vines will not get to the top in season to "hop" well.

It is considered best to stake the plants, because they are then out of the way while cultivating the yard, and do not get torn off. From 200 to 400 pounds of hops to the acre are raised for the first year, with little or no cost to the grower.

The stakes are generally pieces of old hop-poles, or, what is better, of one-and-a-quarter-inch square sawed wood. Gas-tar for dipping the stakes into, which costs but a dollar a barrel, is used by careful growers. It is heated in a pan, and the whole stake soused into it. This gives a fine coat of paint to the stake, protects it from the weather, and renders it exceedingly offensive to insects—the plant-louse refusing to lay its eggs on it in the Fall.

In the Autumn of the first year, a covering of two forkfuls of coarse manure is given to the hill, and the water, which is very deleterious, drained off by means of surface drains. Cattle should never be pastured in hop-yards in the Fall, especially in young yards.

Throughout the hop region of New York, young trees, brought from Canada, have been cut for many years, for use as hop-poles. Hard-wood poles last from two to five years, the best cedar poles from five to ten. A hop-pole is from eighteen to twenty feet high.

There are string-yards, and pole-yards; and in reference to their respective claims to superiority, there always exists among hop-growers a very lively altercation. A string-yard is where the poles are placed wider apart, and the hops allowed to "string" or run along extended cords, which they do at their sweet wild will, paying a mute but very appealing tribute to the picturesque, as the graceful festoons in a string-yard vie with the caressing vines one beholds in France, Italy and Spain.

In a pole-yard, two poles a foot and a half apart are placed, and upon these crutches the hop arrives at maturity. "On the string," observed a prominent hop-grower to the writer, "the hops must get more light and air, and although that yard up the hill there is a pole-yard, I reckon I've a bigger picking in this string-yard."

"Collins's Horizontal Hop-yard" is considerably used, and it is thus described by its patentee: "There is but one stake to the hill, and this is eight or nine feet long, and set one foot in the ground. The best and cheapest stakes are one-and-a-quarter-inch square sticks, sawed at any saw-mill, left rough, and entirely coated with coal-tar. Where this plan is introduced into old yards, old poles, cut in two, are used; yet it is far better to use the square stuff above described than to cut down a tree for each stake. The outer row of stakes should be eight or ten feet outside of the outer row of vines, and where next a fence, put them on the line of it. These should be two and a half inches square, or, if round, about as large as a common hop-pole, and set a little deeper than the others. For the inside hills, round stakes, an inch through, are as good as larger ones. The tops of all the stakes are connected by a twine running across the yard both ways; it is tied to the outer stakes only, and wound once around the inner ones. Use good twine—wool or broom twine, made out of hemp or linen. At the present price of twine, it is best to raise the flax and spin it, two or three threads making a small twine that will measure about 700 feet to the pound; this is strong enough, and lighter is often used, and if tarred with good pine tar it will last several years. A kind should be used that will not weigh more than twenty-five pounds to the acre, but I like best a good home-made twine, at about fifteen pounds per acre. At the male hills, put one tall pole about eighteen feet long, so that the male vines will run up it, and the wind can blow the pollen over the yard. The string should pass these poles free, so that the wind will not break the twine."

The following is a rough estimate for preparing a hop-yard in the manner recommended by Mr. Collins: 750 feet of lumber for stakes, at $15 to $20; gas-tarring stakes, $2; 25 pounds twine, at 30 cents, $7.50; setting stakes, $1; putting on twine, 50 cents; right per acre, $10. Total cost after setting vines, $36. Cost of yard with long poles: 1,400 poles, 20 cents each, $280; sharpening, $10; setting, $7. Total cost (not including hauling), after setting vines, $297.

The hop-vine having now passed the first year of its existence, we commence with the second year. Early in the Spring the yard, so soon as it is dry enough, must be grubbed, and the *débris* hoed from the hills; this without injuring the root. All the old vines are cut off smoothly with a knife, as well as all runners—the latter must never be torn off or cut with a hoe. The hill must be examined for grubs, and all insect life destroyed.

If the stakes are in the yard, they must now be set, but if not, it is considered better to plow first. In setting, a common light crowbar is used, the set being about one

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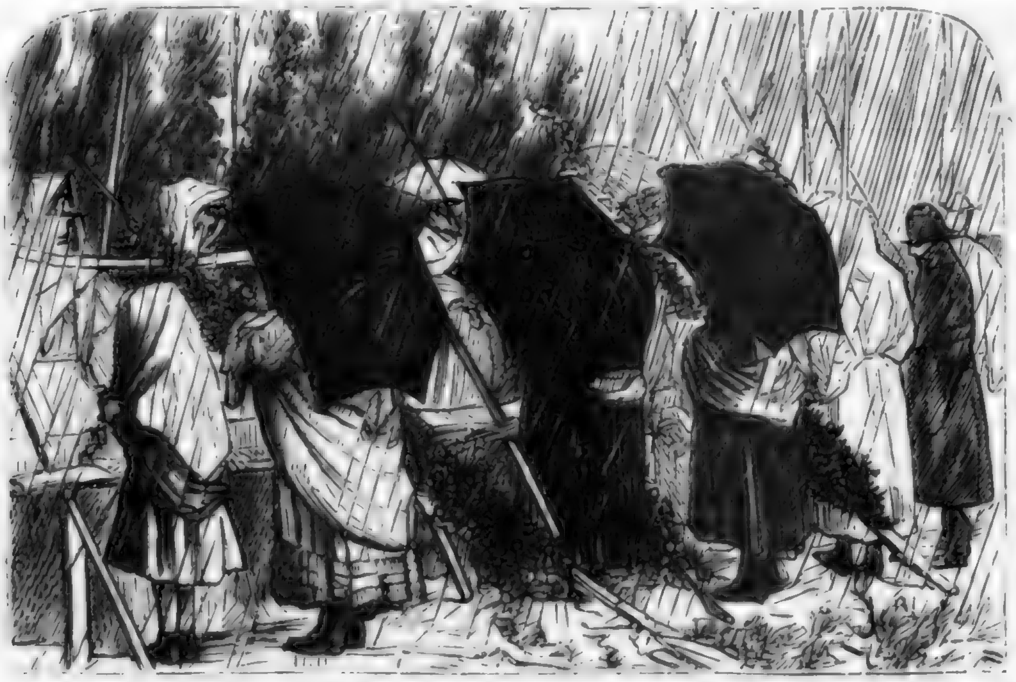
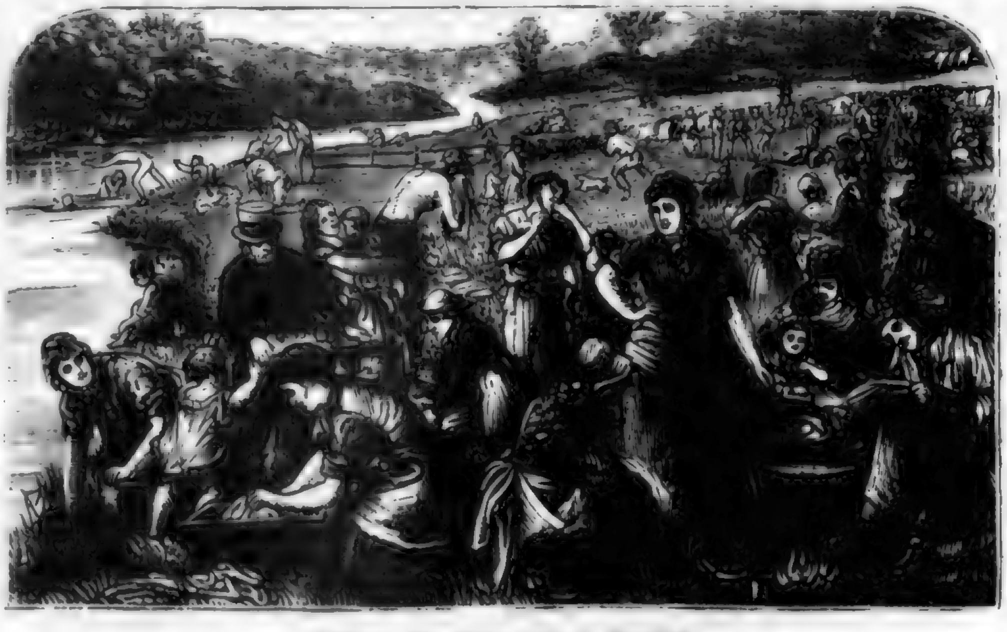


HOP-PICKERS AT WORK IN THE RAIN.

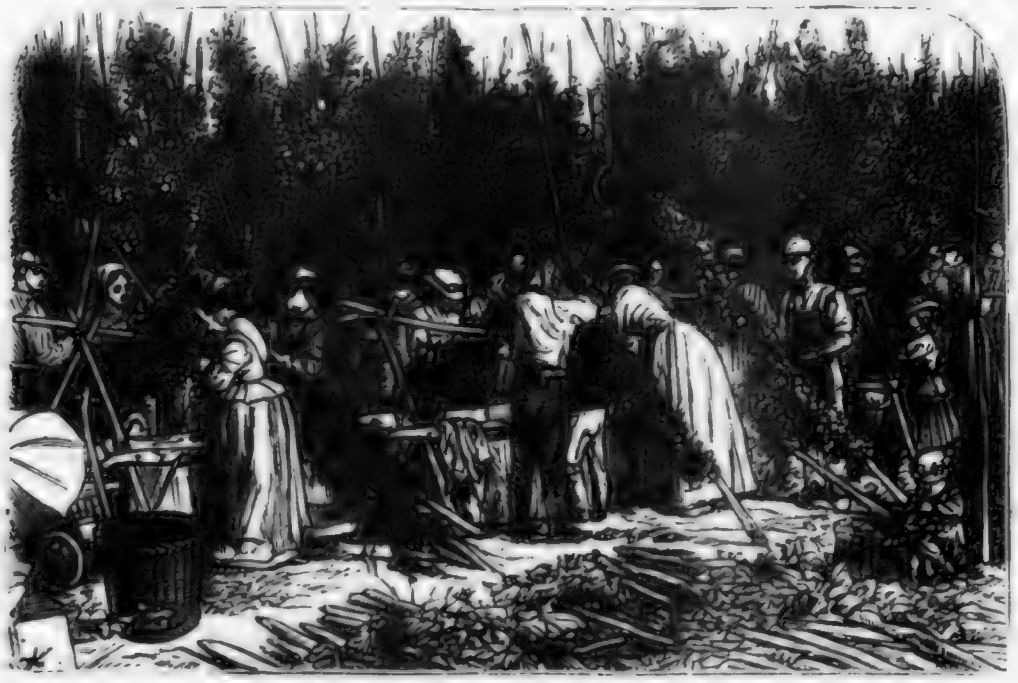
foot deep—somewhat deeper for outside hills, and nearly twice as deep for the long pole and the male hill. The yard is then plowed out, and the runners, or sets, which are only found in the second year, and worth from fifty cents to one dollar and a half per bushel, carefully taken out. They are broken as little as possible, and it is advisable not to allow them to remain lying long in the sunshine, or to be frozen while out on the ground.



KENTISH HOP-SCENE—EARLY MORNING.

It is absolutely necessary, in setting the stakes, that they should be all on the same side of the hill, so that in plowing, the horse may be guided to prevent his stepping on the crowns. When the sets are taken out, the earth is hoed back upon the hills, and the twine is adjusted. If the stakes are but seven feet high, a man can easily adjust it from the ground. while boys or girls can manipulate it from a small stool.

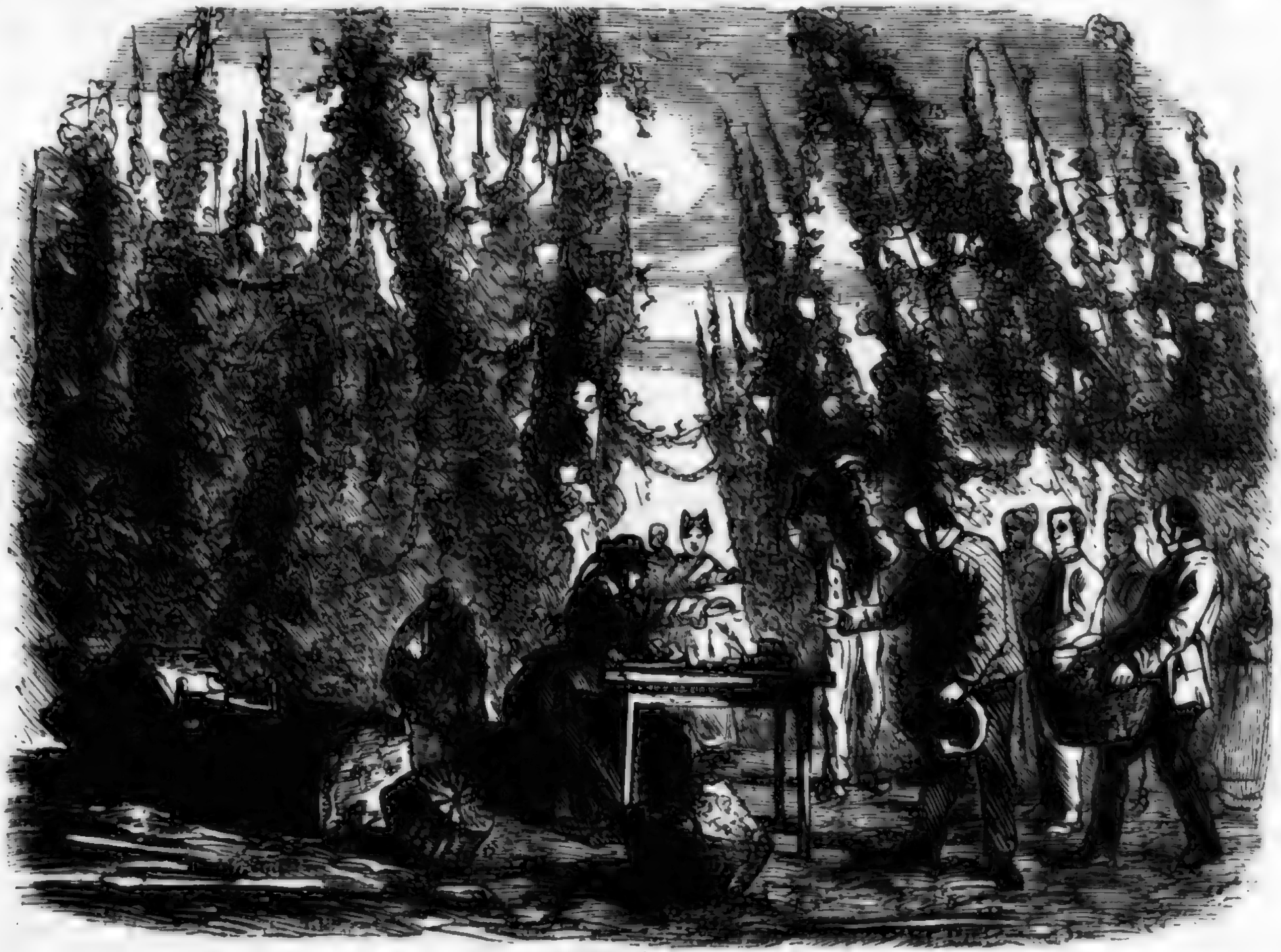
The twine is carried in a basket slung over the shoulder. It is never tied except at the end stakes, and only wound once around the others, passing the tall poles of the male hills. The stakes should all be of the same length. When the vines reach their full height, they should be tied, four to each stake, except in the outer row of hills, when five or six may be tied, so as to fill the strings to the outer row of stakes.



A KENTISH HOP-YARD.

If the vines are not adjusted round the stakes the way the sun goes, they will not run, and where they are obstreperous it is necessary to tie them with bass matting or old woolen yarn. The vines will need tying up as often as any leave the pole, but it must never be done on a cold day, or early in the morning. Whenever a vine gets its head broken off, another vine must be substituted.

When the smallest vines have gotten a good start—say of three feet—the refuse vines are buried at the foot of the stake, in two inches of soil, and in a few days the leaves rot, thereby creating manure.

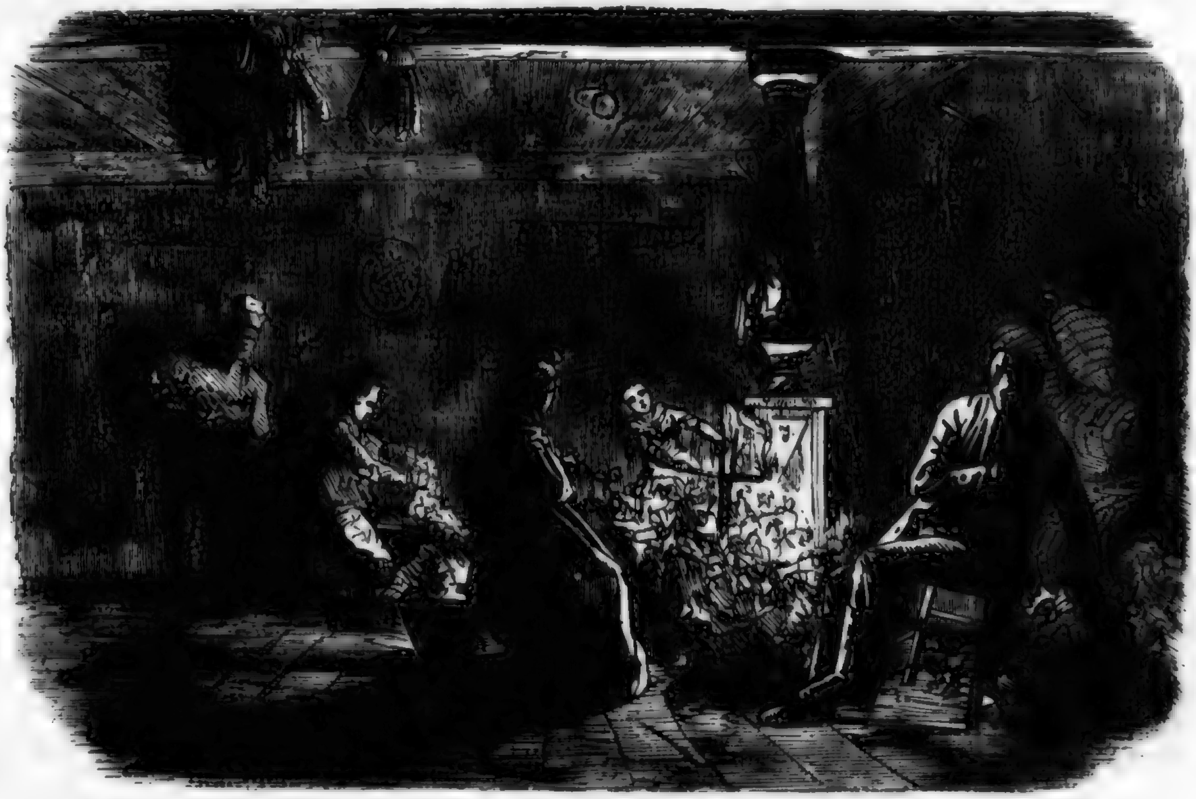


A FRENCH HOP-YARD.

and a cheaper food for the grubs than that coiling up the stake. Air-slacked lime and unleached ashes help to keep away the grubs, a pint being deposited on each hill.

When the tallest vines reach about two feet above the tops of the stakes, they are laid on the strings and loosely wound round. The vines are put on the strings while they are growing very fast, about twice a week, or when they are two or three feet long, and they are allowed to hang down about six inches. The vine having passed the first space, is allowed to run past the stake on to the string having forward vines upon it, and when it reaches the second string it is trained to hang down like an arm. These arms should never be put on the strings, but allowed to hang down and wind round each other, as they will not break by hanging, and will be more exposed to sunshine and air; and when so long as to brush the ground they are laid upon others, where they remain.

The hop is ripe when on opening it the seed is hard



BAVARIAN PICKING-HOUSE.

and of a purple color. After that it turns brown, the seeds drop out, and there is great loss both in quality and in weight. Of course, in a large yard, all the hops cannot be picked at exactly the right time. If the yard is a large one, the hops will be ripe sooner in some parts of it than in others, and should be picked first. The picking should commence when the seed begins to get hard. In horizontal yards this is about a week earlier than when long poles are used, and as there is no cutting-off of vines, they do not bleach as in the old way.

When the hops are ready for picking the growers either send for "pickers" or depend upon stray help, principally fed by that element yclept "tramp." If a grower imports help he pays the rail fare in the coming only, or sends a team, should the distance not be considerable. He boards and lodges such of his pickers as are willing to board and lodge with him; some of them, especially the tramp element, being utterly careless as to food, raiment and roof. He pays each picker thirty cents a box, and board, or fifty cents a box, without board. The board is such as would put many professional establishments in New York to the blush, both as regards the quantity and quality of the food.

The first operation in a hop-yard that is a pole-yard is the lifting of a pole. This is done by a stalwart youth, who bears his floriated and festooned burden banner-wise on his shoulder, gently depositing its laden end upon a box. A box is four feet long, two feet deep, and eighteen and one-half inches broad.

Sacks for carrying the hops to the kiln should hold about ten or twelve bushels without packing, as the hops, if pressed in, will soon heat and turn black. The bags must never be left full of hops over night. Burlaps make good cheap sacks, and once made, they last for many years. The vines are left on the strings, so as to mature the root for another crop, until they are killed by the frost; then it is best to take them down, strip them off the strings, and burn them. In this way the eggs of the plant-lice are mostly destroyed.

Where the picking is done with boxes these are made of various sizes. They are of half-inch basswood, with handles at each end. A man (or a girl) called a "box-tender," who has a large basket, knife, and light stool, pulls off the arms from the vines (they break out easily by a pull toward the root of the vine), and with the knife cuts off the end of the main vine, which hangs down. As fast as he fills his basket he empties it on the platform, thus leaving the main vine with most of its foliage intact, and preventing injurious bleeding.

The picking is rapidly and dexterously done, especially by the nimble fingers of the fairer sex, some of whom, in the true coquettishness of womanhood, indulge in the luxury of gloves, while others wear stockings—the soles being cut away—stretching halfway up the arm.

The clatter of human voices, interspersed with occasional bursts of hearty laughter, buzz and ring through the yard, while an interchange of repartee between the "boxers" seems to plant a radiant smile upon "Labor's homely face." The "box-tender" feeds the "boxers" with hops, and when the box is filled replaces it by an empty one. Each box is numbered, the corresponding number being branded on a sack, into which the contents of the box are pressed. A certain number of sacks filled, a primitive cart, drawn by patient-looking, brown-eyed oxen, lazily appears upon the scene; the cart is laden, and its freight duly borne across hill and down dale to the drying-house. This plan of numbering boxes and sacks is essential, because in this way one can drop on a box of dirty hops, that is, hops that have been loosely picked. There is great emulation amongst the pickers to have clean boxes.

Mr. Collins thus details the manner of picking:

"First, with light willow baskets, which hold three or four bushels, commence at the ripest part of the yard. Loosen the strings from the stakes, and let them drop until held by the vines; they will then be about five feet high, and can be pulled lower as wanted. A tall girl or a man can take the strings off the stakes.

"Pick clean. Put the fingers through between the hops in the bunch, instead of around it and stripping, as is often done. Put in all the hops, but none of the large leaves, and as few of the small ones as possible. Often there is no care taken to keep out small leaves, but for a prime article very few should go in, and no bunches of more than three hops should ever be allowed in the basket."

A man who has the reputation of picking his hops clean and putting them up nicely will get an extra price for them, and find quick sale when hops are low. The difference between "fancy hops" and "common sorts" is always enough to pay the whole cost of raising the crop. The best hops alone have the advantage of a foreign market.

In drying the hops, the kiln should be proportioned to the quantity of hops to be dried. It is usually divided into four rooms. The stove-room, where the fire is made, should not be less than fourteen feet high, if sixteen or eighteen feet better still, with stone or brick walls and a soft earthen floor. If the walls are of wood they must be plastered to the top of the room. At the bottom of the walls there should be six air-holes, one foot by three feet, with doors to close them tight when same becomes necessary, and if the kiln is very large the air-holes must number more than six. The stories, usually two, are large enough to take in three-feet wood, with great bars at the bottom, and very large doors; the pipes are carried once or twice across the room, as near the heat of the stove as possible, and then enter a chimney on the outside of the building. Great care is taken that the pipes do not touch the woodwork, as the prolonged heat would kindle almost any wood. The pipe is often run several feet from the building and turned up like the smokestack of a steam-boiler, in order to make a good draft. There is a door from the stove-room into the baling-room with a light of glass, so that the man who attends the drying can ascertain the condition of the fires without entering.

The drying-room is over the stove-room. It is usual to place joists across the top of the stove-room, and wooden slats, one inch by two and a half inches apart. On this open floor there is laid a carpet, generally made of flax or hemp, with small threads, twisted hard and woven loosely, so that the spaces between them are about one-sixteenth of an inch or more, allowing the air to pass through it freely. The carpet should never be of cotton.

A kiln highly recommended is that invented by Edmund Franc. Wires, like telegraph wires, put three or four inches apart, are used instead of slats, and no joists are used, but the wires are stretched tight by a nut on the end. The hops are placed on it from a movable walk—a plank two and a half feet above the carpet, supported from the rafters by wire suspension-rods—and when the hops are on, the plank is turned on edge. When the hops are dry, the carpet is rolled off by a shaft in the store-room, so that all the hops are taken off in less than five minutes, and the carpet put back ready for a new charge, without losing the heat or letting the fires go down. No sweeping is needed with this kiln, nor does any one step on the carpet.

The store-room is next to the drying-room, but the floor is from three to eight feet lower than the carpet, so as to make plenty of room to store hops in bulk until they are ready to press. It requires but one window, which should have a shutter to keep the room dark while the hops are deposited in it, as they will turn brown if exposed to the light. Under the store-room is the baling-room, which has a tight floor, and is used to bale the hops. Here the hop-press, together with any tools not in use, are stored.

The following are the directions for drying: At first picking, put on the hops not more than twelve inches deep, and start the fires. Use only dry wood, as more heat can be had from dry than green wood; and, where the stoves are large, the fires last better if large wood is used. Open all the air-holes, so there will be a good draft through the hops. When the fire is first made, the steam passes off from the hops very fast. Keep the temperature as regular as possible. About 180 degrees, or as near that as may be, with as good a current of air as you can get, will dry them rapidly. After making the second fire, take a pan of coals from the stove, and put on a quantity of sulphur. If the hops are nice, and free from rust or mold, one pound is enough for bleaching a kiln; but when very rusty, from two to five pounds are sometimes used. Put the pan in the centre of the room, and shut the door. The fire must be well made, for it cannot be mended for half an hour. When half the stems will break on bending them, the hops are dry enough. This will be in from eight to ten hours.

In using the common kiln, the doors are thrown open, the fire goes down, and the kiln is cooled for two hours, so that a man can go in to shovel off the hops, which he cannot do while it is hot. With a rake, shovel and broom, he throws the hops off upon the cooling-floor of the store-room, and sweeps the carpet off clean. He must wear shoes without nails, or he will tear the carpet.

Much of the flour, or lupuline, always falls through into the stove-room—sometimes two or three pounds from each kilnful. What falls on the stoves and pipes must be brushed off, or it will smoke the next charge. With the Franc kiln there is no sweeping. The hops are taken off when first dry, no flour falls through, and the hops are left whole; the next charge of hops is put on, and the heat is mostly saved, the fires not being allowed to go down at all. Two men have charge of the drying, where the kiln is run all the time, each working half the time. The hops should be left on the cooling-floor, where they are thrown, until the next charge is nearly done; they are then shoved back a little, to make room for more—and so on until they get into the bins at the end of the room.

When the hops have been neglected by the dryer going to sleep, or any other cause, they become too dry, which is known by their feeling harsh, and by the snapping of most of the stems. The plan adopted upon such an occurrence is to shut the air-holes, then to put a quart of salt upon a pan in the store-room, which is allowed to stand a short time, when the properties evolved seem to toughen the hops. Baling and pressing should be done in from four to six weeks; and it is a notable fact that hops handle best during rain.

When hops are high, almost any will sell; but when they are low, only the best sell readily. At two years old they are worth but half price, and are worthless at four or five years. It is advisable always to sell the first year. An average crop of hops is 1,000 pounds to the acre, though 1,700 and 1,800 pounds have been raised in New York State on trained strings.

The war-price of hops was sixty-five cents per pound. In 1866 Wisconsin yielded from 80,000 to 100,000 bales, and so "overdid it" that the culture became utterly unprofitable; the result of this over-production being that, in the year 1878, it yielded but 40,000, while the crop of the year 1879 yielded but 15,000 bales.

For brewing purposes, new hops are considered the best, but old crops are taken for ale purposes, while lager consumes the new crop. The value of this industry in the exceptionally low prices of the year 1878 is estimated at $4,000,000 for 260,000 bales. Fifteen cents per pound is the living price for the producer.

The best hops that come to New York City are those grown in New York State; the next best being raised in California, whose yield in 1879 was about 15,000 bales. England prefers her own hops first, and then ours. We attempted to supply Germany, but Hans failing to appreciate us, we do not now cast a thought upon him. All the domestic trade, and most of the export trade, is done through New York City, nearly fifty firms dealing exclusively in hops, and representing a large "pile" of the almighty dollar.

The increased consumption of lager beer, and its substitution for other beverages, has largely increased the demand for hops for brewing purposes; and although the ale manufacturers do not take so great a quantity as they used to do, the decrease is more than made up by the demand from the manufacturers of lager. It is beyond the region of controversy that the demand for the article has increased from year to year, and it is but fair to suppose that the increase will continue. Last year the low prices offered for hops discouraged many farmers from raising them this season; but now that the trade would seem to have righted itself, and the apprehension of a glutted market no longer to be entertained, we look forward to a considerable extension of hop-growing on this vast and prolific continent.

SONNET—HOAR-FROST.

By Benjamin Gough.

Hardly more beautiful are woods and trees
  In Summer's gay exuberance, than now,
Brightening at sunrise, while a gentle breeze
  Plays through the ringlets gracing Nature's brow,
And kindling radiance glows o'er hills and leas.
The short-lived glory of the glittering rime
  Illumes the weeping willow and white birch
With rich fantastic forms, and the tall lime
  Is robed in affluence, while the ivied church
Wears jewels as it rings the morning chime.
The crisp white clothing, elegantly chaste,
  Melts into diamonds exquisitely bright,
Flashing in sunshine brief—but falls in haste,
  Thawed into genial raindrops, pure as light.

"SENT TO SIBERIA."

For a century and a half no tidings which come from the North have been more familiar to the world than this. Since the days of Peter the Great it has been the doom of thousands—gentle and simple—high and low—criminals, the vilest—patriots, the loftiest—dreamers most imprudent. Every year it has been calculated that, on an average, over 10,000 Russian subjects cross the Oural Mountains on their way to this Asiatic land of bondage. In 1874, nearly 15,000 wended their way thither; and this year the number cannot be less, and may be more. The words convey to the mind of Southern Europe all that is most repulsive in penal banishment. Instinctively the imagination of the newspaper reader, whose eye catches the words in a telegram, recalls the "Exiles of Siberia." He pictures to himself long, dreary troops of "unfortunates" trudging through the snows, or perishing of hunger and cold and misery long before they reach the mines

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of the Oural or the jasper quarries of Yekaterinburg. He hears the clank of the chains and the moans of the exiles, and the crack of the Bashkir Cossack's whip, as he drives along the victims of the "Third Section of the Imperial Chancellery" to lead a cheerless existence and die a felon's death amid the desolation of Siberia.

Even in Russia there is a dread of the name which is not altogether inspired by its penal terrors, with which the refractory subjects of the Czar are only too familiar. In reality, our ideas of Siberia are, like the majority of popular impressions transmitted by tradition, altogether beside the truth. With the Winter's snows we should contrast the flower covered plains of Summer, the luxuriant cornfields and purple vineyards of Autumn. Mines there are, and very rich mines, too; but there are also noble cities, splendid mansions, and society as polished as any in Europe.

Siberia may be described as one immense plain, bounded on the south by mountains, but gradually getting lower and lower as it approaches the north, until, along the shores of the Frozen Ocean, it is one dreary flat, little raised above the level of the sea. The region to the west of the Yenisei presents one monotonous level, unbroken by hills of any sort, covered in its northwestern part by forests, though for the greater extent this province is steppe or upland plain. Much of this consists of dry sand, salt-marshes and bogs; but the Barabinskarä Steppe, between the rivers Irtish and Obi, has large birch-groves and is well suited for agriculture, while the soil of the Abakan Steppes, which lie along the river Abakan, a tributary of the Yenisei, is so rich that it requires no manure. But even where the soil is unsuited for crops, its fine pastures afford abundance of food to the countless herds of reindeer and cattle possessed by the natives.

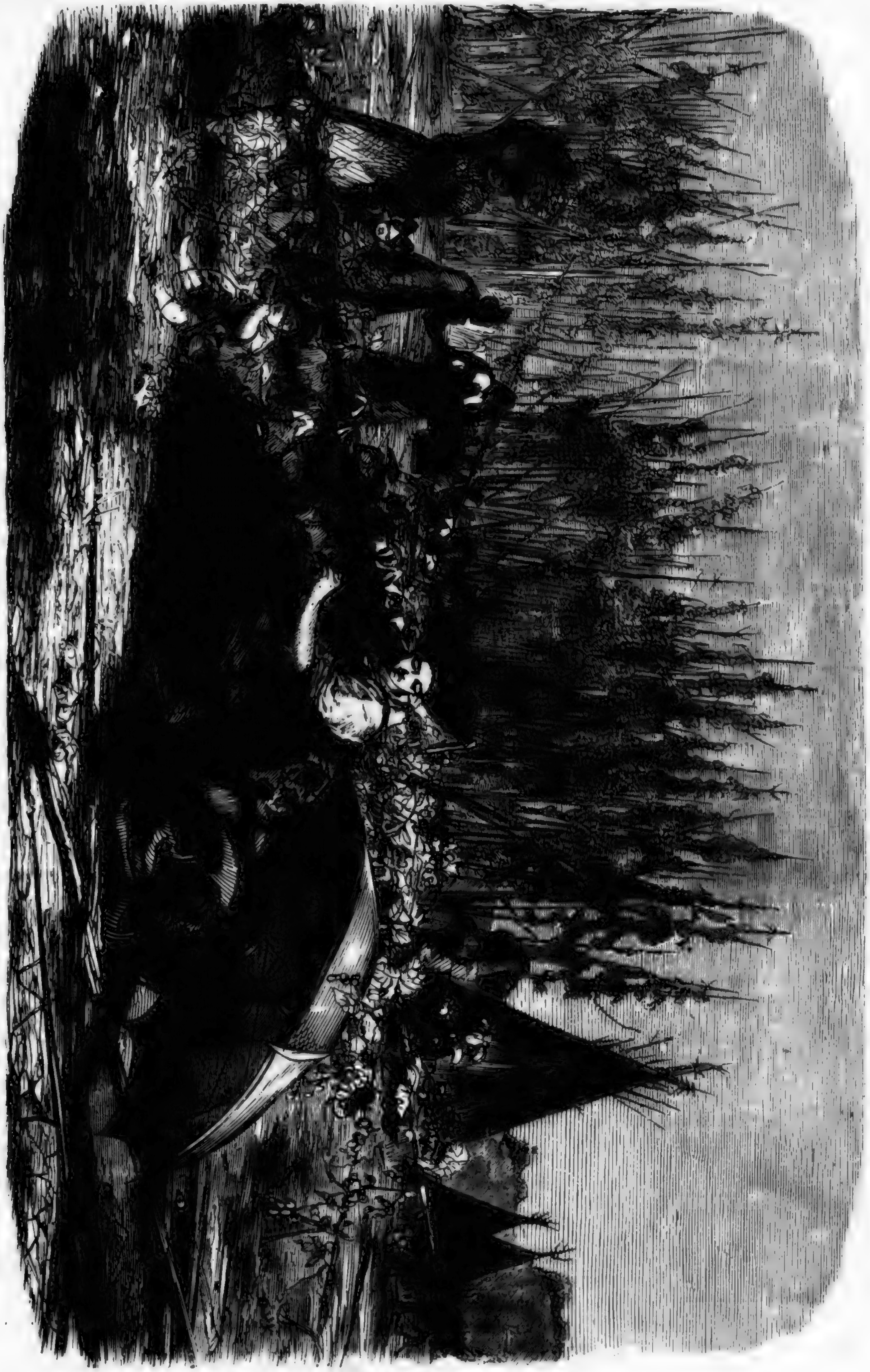
FROLICS IN A KENTISH HOP-YARD.

Eastern Siberia is more diversified, for in this part of the country the plains are intersected by offshoots of the Altai, Sagan, and Stanovoy ranges of mountains. Much of it is suited for agriculture, and the south is covered for the greater portion of its extent with magnificent forests. The northern portion, extending to the Arctic Ocean, is a dreary, moss-covered "tundra," or flat, on which, however, can be pastured at certain seasons of the year herds of reindeer, though the swarms of musquitoes which during the warm weather infest it render life almost intolerable to men; and the *œstrus*, which attacks the deer, combined with the recent disease which has broken out amongst them, is rapidly reducing the Samoyedes, Ostiaks, and other tribes from affluence to poverty.

The country, from the time it was first made known to Ivan the Terrible by Vasseli Yermak, an absconded Cossack criminal, has always had a smack of the hulks about it; and, indeed, it was selected as a penal settlement soon after the Russians had thoroughly succeeded in wresting it from the Tartar princes, mainly in order that its richness might be developed; for a country so far from his home could have but little voluntary attraction for the unenterprising serf, even supposing his lord cared to send him so far afield.

With the exception of the mines, its trades and manufactures are few and unimportant. Spirits and leather are, however, produced extensively; soap-boiling, tallow-melting and the making of stearine candles find employment for a good deal of capital; while cotton and wool are woven into coarse fabrics in some of the cities, which, like Irkutsh, Tobolsk, Tjumen, Omsk and Tomsk, have from 17,000 to 27,000 inhabitants.

The fisheries on the great rivers and lakes also afford occupation for many of the native Siberians, and at the



HOPS AND HOP CULTIVATION.—AN ALSATIAN HOP-YARD.—SEE PAGE 545.

fairs, which are periodically held, business is done with the most distant parts of Europe and Asia.

Kiakhta is the meeting-place of the Chinese and Siberian traders, and here is a school for teaching the young merchants the Chinese language. Large sums are often made by mere peasants in the gold mines, and indeed the greatest Russian fortunes have been accumulated by this means. Silver, lead, platinum, copper (especially that form called malachite), iron, coal, tin, cinnabar, zinc, bismuth, arsenic, sulphur, alum, sal-ammoniac, nitre, natron and naphtha are also found in these rich regions. The topaz, hyacinth, Siberian emerald, beryl, onyx, red and green jasper, chrysolite, red garnets, lapis lazuli, bakalite and opals exist in greater or less abundance in different parts of this region. Most of these gems are polished and cut in the country. The Russian peasant has a wonderful faculty for imitating any one. He has only, it is said, to be taken into a factory, and told to go to work—to be a blacksmith, a wood-carver, a copyist of paintings, engineer, or lapidary—and he will try his hand at the occupation selected for him. He will watch the next workman to him using his saw, chisel, or file; he will cautiously imitate him, doing little by little, nothing rashly. Next day he will show more skill, until in a few weeks he becomes a first-class workman. Hence it is that in the Graniloi Fabric the visitor is astonished to find men in no way above the rank of peasant, and who indeed may be convicts under police surveillance, executing the most beautiful carvings on jasper and porphyry vases, or engraving beryl, amethysts, topaz and emeralds, with a skill which could not be exceeded, if equaled, in Amsterdam, Paris or London.

The traveler's astonishment is still further increased when he learns that these fine-art workmen are not paid more than ninety cents per *month*, with rations of a few pounds of black bread. Even the master workmen are not paid more than $55 per annum. Yet they are perfectly content, and labor on to make fortunes for the mine-owners, who inhabit magnificent mansions, living in great state.

No Government officer is allowed to own mines; but it is very generally believed that only a mere moiety of the gems discovered and cut find their way to the Imperial exchequer or into the hands of the owners. Everybody dabbles in the business. The visitors—more frequent than formerly, but still rare—are, early after their arrival, tempted with bargains in precious stones, cut and polished. Men, women and children "dodge" the new arrival at every step with these staples, either on account of the merchants who own the mines, or of lapidaries who purchase the stones at a very low price. These stones are set in gold and silver obtained from the mines in the vicinity, though generally with less taste than is displayed in the cutting of the gems.

But though there are many free settlers in Siberia, both in town and country, as well as the native Siberian tribes, the "exiles" form the most marked portion of the population; and if we take into account them and their descendants—as well as convicts whose sentences have expired, and who have remained in the country—they form the most numerous portion of the population. No traveler can have journeyed along the post-route leading from Nijnei Novgorod over the Ourals, across Siberia by way of Tjumen, Tobolsk, Tomsk or Yeniseisk, without meeting long strings of exiles, some of whom have been on the road six, eight or ten months, and sometimes—as in the case of those destined for the settlements on the Amoor River and Kamschatka—even two years. The worst are chained, but except in the vicinity of the towns through which they may pass, great leniency is usually shown to the "unfortunates," as with kindly tolerance the exiles are styled by the country people.

The women and children—especially when they are the families of the convicts, permitted to accompany them—are usually conveyed in wagons, or, further north, in reindeer or dog-sledges; while political prisoners of rank, once they are clear of the large cities, may be seen consorting with the officers of the guard, and even sharing their meals in the block-houses along the route.

Sometimes, in passing through a fanatical village, the actual sharers in a conspiracy will be set upon, and even stoned, by the loyally ignorant peasants; but more frequently the simple-minded people will bring them presents of food and other necessaries, and ask Heaven to forgive and shelter them.

At each station on the route there are barracks for the accommodation of the prisoners. These barracks are usually outside the villages, and are surrounded by high stockades of pointed trunks of trees, over which it is impossible to climb, though the precaution is always taken of having the exiles well guarded by mounted Cossacks.

The daily march is not toilsome, and varies according to the nature of the road or the accommodation for man and beast; it is usually about fourteen or fifteen miles. Nevertheless, on the long journeys many die by the way—indeed, I have heard it affirmed by Russians well acquainted with the system, that not over four-fifths of those sent to the far North or Eastern Siberia ever reach their destination.

As soon as they arrive in Siberia, the convicts are divided into three classes. First come those condemned for the foulest crimes known to the Russian law, such as would in England entail on the criminal penal servitude for life or for a long term of years. These culprits are doomed to work in the mines, and usually have a hard lot. Such exiles are called in Siberia, *Katorshuiki*, a term no doubt derived from *káteron*, the name given to a galley by the Byzantine historians, as well as by the Greeks on the Black Sea at the present day.

Next come the *Loslannyje na roboto*, or exiles condemned for shorter periods, and for minor offenses. Vagrants at large, rogues worthy of a sterner style of punishment than imprisonment, prisoners sentenced by the criminal courts, and, in former days, serfs condemned as refractory laborers by the Government on application by the proprietors of estates on which they lived, as well as minor political offenders, who are well out of harm's way, comprise the bulk of these "unfortunates." The place they are sent to is proportioned to their turpitude; the worst offenders being dispatched furthest from the boundaries of Russia in Europe—for instance, to the shores of the Arctic Sea, and the Eastern provinces—while the lighter culprits are permitted to settle down in Western Siberia, immediately to the west of the Ourals. This class of convicts are usually condemned only for short terms, and are designed for colonists on the expiration of their term of forced labor. Even before that date they are often employed in the Government service, more like ordinary laborers than as legal slaves.

The third and highest class of exiles are the *Loslannyje na poselenye*, who are condemned for mild crimes. In fact, they are considered to have expiated their offenses as soon as they arrive in the country, and are at once established as proper colonists, sometimes in villages already existing, at another time in new ones laid out for them.

Siberian society, constituted to a great extent of such elements as these described, is very genial, and frequently refined, but not moral. Many of the convicts are political offenders, some of the highest education and nobility of character; but a vast number who have gained a certain amount of freedom, or, whose sentences being expired, have settled down in the country, are of quite another class. Actual criminals have no place left them for repentance; they are always under the jail ban. But offenders of the higher class, and especially political exiles, are rarely scowled on. Russian society is the most tolerant in the world, and since political exiles have increased, the front of their offending has ceased to be visible. They are, after a year or two, received into the best company, and in every way receive the treatment their rank and education would have entitled them to at home. It is only the worst offenders who are not allowed to be accompanied by their wives and families; and as many of them are people of rank, the balls, clubs and card-parties of Tobolsk or Tomsk are very different from what a similar social gathering chosen from the *détenus* of Port Arthur would have been.

There is, I am convinced, a great future for Siberia. The mighty rivers permeating the country on to the very confines of China, will, when the new Arctic route is thoroughly opened up, form great highways, down which the wool, beef, timber, wheat, wine and ores of Siberia, as well as the fossil ivory found on its shores, will find their way to Europe.

The discipline, which is as a rule firm without harshness, has had a good effect, for in no part of his dominions is the Czar more adored; and it is noted that the most turbulent characters become, after a few years of "Sibir," docile citizens and industrious farmers.

By-and-by a railway will penetrate the country, and with a cheaper mode of transit for its goods than sledges or pack-horses, Siberia will be properly appreciated in the world.

TO SAVE HER LIFE.

SABRINA BERTINE experienced a feeling of intense satisfaction as she reviewed the past. Her career had been brilliant—meteor-like. She could scarcely realize that she had accomplished so much in so short a time. It was like a dream to her; but that dream had been a bright and dazzling one.

With the modesty of true genius, she had thanked Heaven for the honor and profit which her indomitable will and arduous labor had brought to her; and perhaps she was right in so doing, for "Heaven helps those that help themselves!"

The swift-moving steam-car was bearing her rapidly toward her place of destination — a little village situated upon the right bank of the Hudson River—and, as the panorama of village, wood and river passed fleetly before her eyes, she forgot the companion of her journey—the loved one who sat beside her—and her thoughts lost themselves in a retrospection of the past.

She thought of the time when her parents had lived—when her father was one of the merchant-princes of New York, and she, a timid girl of seventeen, was just emerging into society. She remembered how she had been courted and flattered, and yet she could lay no claim to beauty; indeed, she was more than ordinarily plain. Her forehead was unnaturally high and protruding, her eyes large and staring, her complexion sallow, and her hair a negative color, containing no rich shades, and worn in simple bands, that might be classic, but were by no means attractive.

She was then seventeen; she was now twenty-five. In those eight years strange events had taken place. An unfortunate speculation had ruined her father. Her mother had died, crushed by this misfortune, and Sabrina had been forced to learn that sad lesson of the world's hollow friendship.

Her father had gathered together the wreck of his property, and removed to the little old homestead on the banks of the Hudson.

From this humble cottage he had started upon his life-career, an ambitious, hopeful boy, to make a fortune in the great metropolis. Success had crowned his efforts. Fortune had smiled upon him, and then juggled with him. In a day he lost what it had taken him long years to acquire.

The old homestead, which he had inherited from his father, was all that was left to him, and to this he retreated, after his sad reverses, disheartened, tired of the world and of himself. Like many another man, spoiled by early success and continuous prosperity, he had not the mental force to meet his reverses, endeavor to retrieve them, and begin the world anew. He succumbed at once to his misfortune, and abandoned the struggle.

He retired to the old homestead, to waste the balance of his life in vain repinings against cruel fortune and an ungenerous world. In his retiracy he brought with him his two daughters, Sabrina and her sister Eugenia, who was seven years younger than Sabrina; but, child as she was, she gave promise of becoming as beautiful as her elder sister was plain.

Here three years of Sabrina's life passed pleasantly enough. She had saved her piano from the auction-sale in New York of the furniture of their city residence, and with her music, her books, and the daily rambles she and Eugenia took, by the river's bank and through the woodlands, she soon ceased to regret their city home.

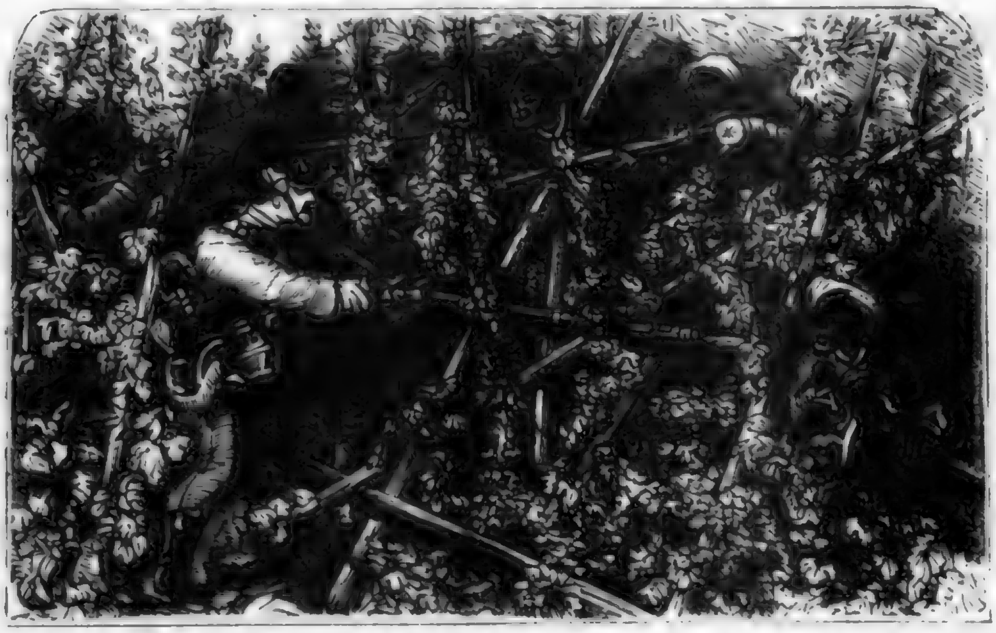
Mr. Bertine could not bring his mind to dwell contentedly upon this change in his condition. He chafed beneath it until, I verily believe, his heart broke in the struggle, and death came to his relief.

This blow fell with stunning effect upon Sabrina, but Eugenia was too young to cast much thought upon the future. Sabrina had serious cause for uneasiness. They were left two orphans, their only companion Mrs. Poynton, their nurse, who had lived in their family for twenty years, and who had followed them into exile—for Mr. Bertine had always considered his residence in the village as such.

After her father's death, all the care of their little household devolved upon Sabrina. Upon reckoning up the stock of money left by her father, she estimated that, by the most rigid economy, they could exist upon it for one year. And then—? She shuddered as this question would force itself upon her mind. The little cottage had been mortgaged by her father, and the interest of this mortgage must be duly paid, or they might lose their home—be deprived of their only shelter, and then—Heaven help them!

Many a sleepless night did Sabrina pass endeavoring to solve the dread problem of the future. What could she do? What occupation engage in that would bring in sufficient money to keep their little household? She thought of giving music-lessons, but the difficulty of obtaining pupils in that locality deterred her. She knew that the families in the neighborhood would infinitely prefer some foreign teacher, with an outlandish name, although he did not possess half her skill or knowledge.

Sabrina was an excellent pianist, but she was not so acceptable as a vocalist. There was a peculiarity in her



HOPS AND HOP CULTIVATION.—A HOP-YARD STORMED DURING THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR. SEE PAGE 545.

voice that marred the effect of her singing. Her voice was a deep alto, and when she sang a duet with Eugenia, singing the second part herself, their voices swelled in harmonious melody; but she could never sing the air—she made strange discord with it.

I need not linger over the innumerable schemes that Sabrina conceived and abandoned in this perplexing search for a vocation that would prove a source of profit to her. Accident solved this knotty problem for her. A traveling theatrical troupe came into the town to give performances. A neighbor's son, who had assisted the Thespians in the construction of their temporary stage, received a number of tickets, and good-naturedly invited Sabrina and Eugenia to attend the performance.

Eugenia was delighted at the idea, but Sabrina was adverse to attending.

"Oh, do go, now, Rina!" cried Eugenia, persuasively. "Don't you remember how you used to have private theatricals, when I was a little girl, and how nicely you used to play yourself? Everybody always said that you were the best one—your voice was so deep and strong."

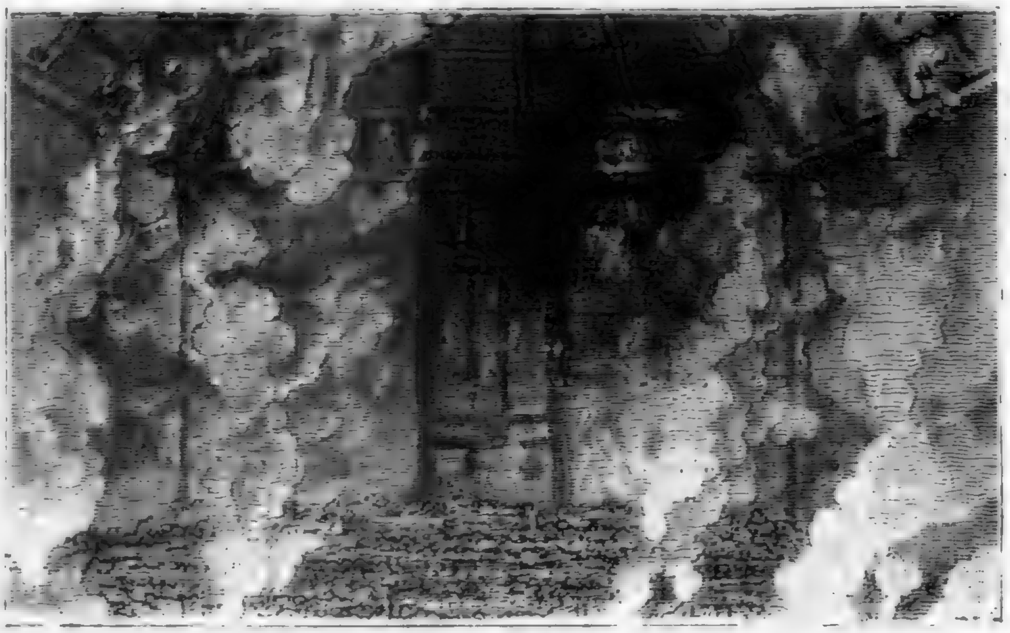
Sabrina sighed gently to herself as she reflected upon the pleasure she had once taken in those mimic scenes. There seemed little prospect now of their ever recurring again. The future opened gloomily before them.

"There are sad days before us," she thought. "Why should I deny Eugenia an innocent gratification? Let her have all the joy she can, for Sorrow dogs us like a famished wolf scenting his prey." Then she added, aloud, "Since you desire it, Eugenia, we will go."

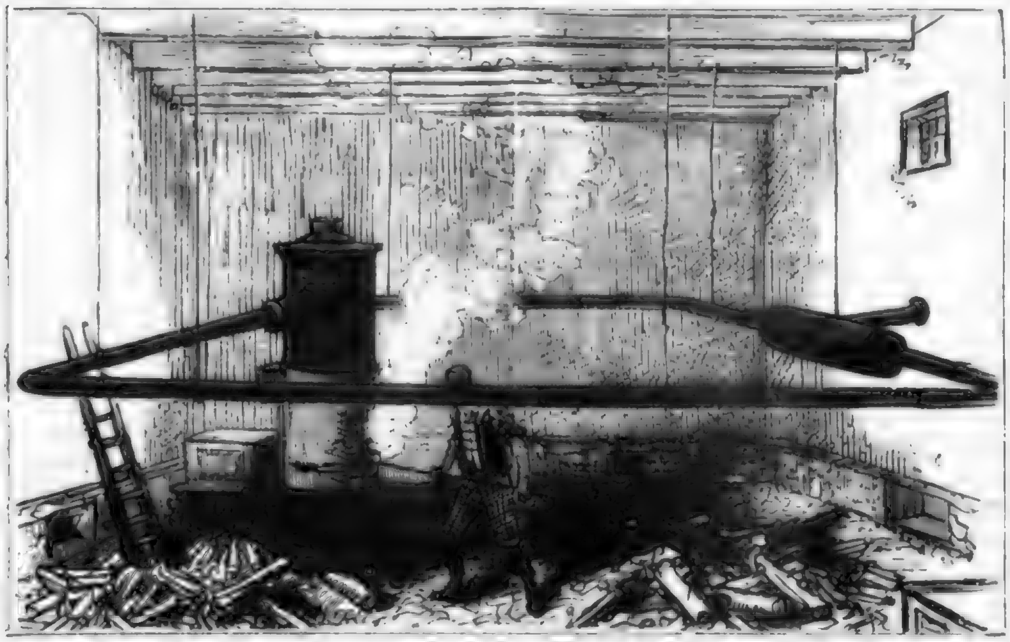
Eugenia clapped her hands delightedly.

"You are just the nicest sister that ever was!" she exclaimed. "You would do anything in the world for me."

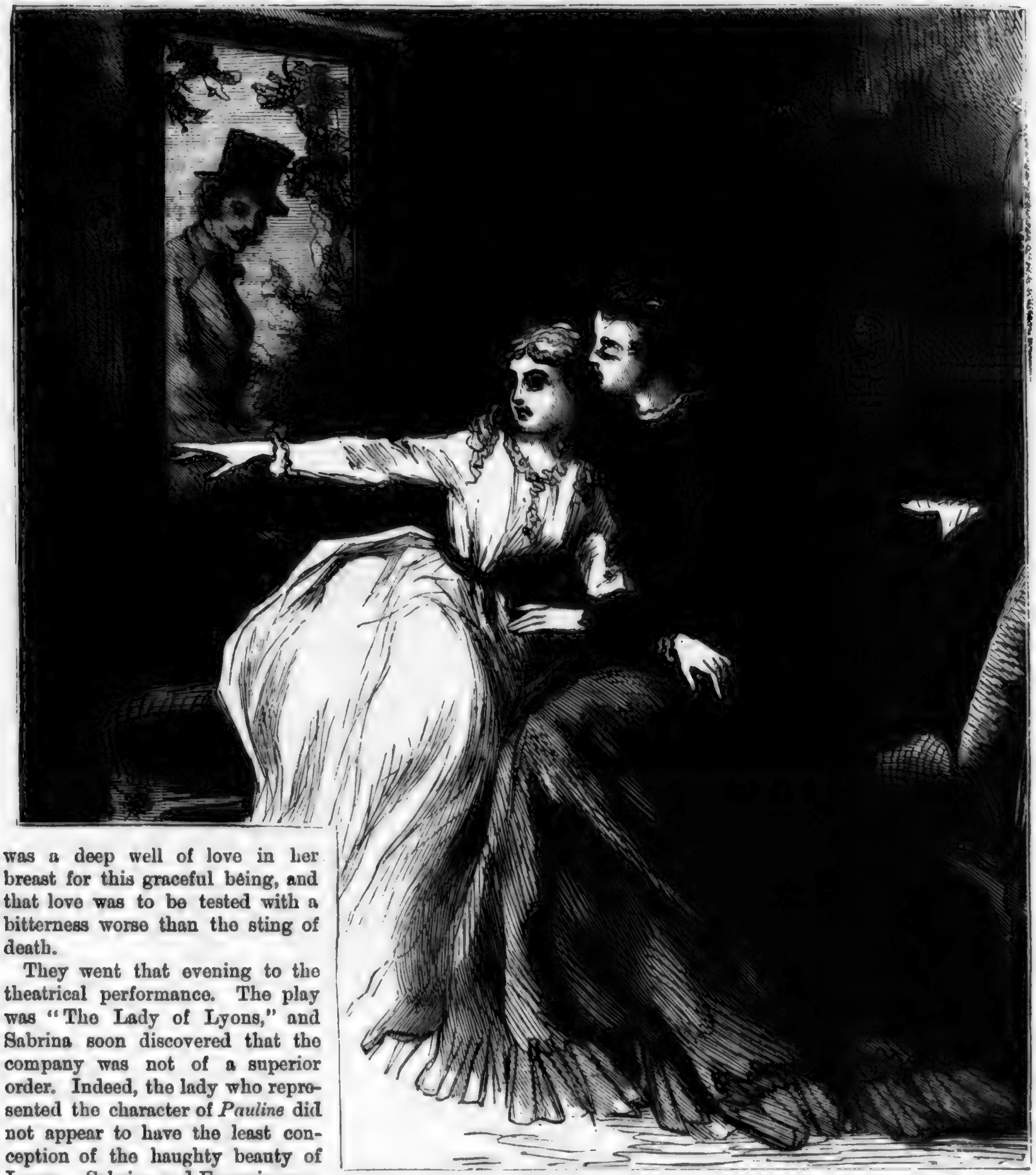
Sabrina cast an affectionate glance upon this bright-eyed, motherless girl, and she felt that it was her duty to fill that dead mother's place. There



DRYING HOPS.



FURNACE-ROOM IN DRYING-HOUSE.



TO SAVE HER LIFE.—"'I SAW HIM,' CONTINUED EUGENIA—'I SAW HIM THERE!' 'WHOM?' ASKED SABRINA, THINKING HER MIND WAS WANDERING. 'MY PRESERVER.'"

was a deep well of love in her breast for this graceful being, and that love was to be tested with a bitterness worse than the sting of death.

They went that evening to the theatrical performance. The play was "The Lady of Lyons," and Sabrina soon discovered that the company was not of a superior order. Indeed, the lady who represented the character of *Pauline* did not appear to have the least conception of the haughty beauty of Lyons. Sabrina and Eugenia commented upon the performance as they walked homeward.

"I think I could play *Pauline* better than she did," remarked Sabrina.

"I know you could!" cried Eugenia, confidently. "Why, she did not appear to know what it meant!"

Sabrina grew thoughtful, and made no further remark. Their escort left them at their cottage, and the girls entered the house.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Eugenia. "You have grown awful glum, all of a sudden."

"Oh, nothing!" answered Sabrina, shaking off the fit of abstraction that had seized upon her.

Then she gave Mrs. Poynton a vivid description of the performance. She stood in the centre of the little apartment and showed her how the actress had delivered *Pauline's* speeches, mimicking her with a fidelity that excited the greatest admiration in Eugenia, and then gave her own idea of the manner in which the speeches should have been delivered, the rich, sonorous tones of her deep voice reverberating through that little apartment with a wonderful effect.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Eugenia, with girlish admiration; "what a splendid actress you would make!"

These random words made a powerful impression upon Sabrina's mind. Here was a vocation that, amid all her schemes, had never suggested itself to her. Why should she not adopt it? She remembered the pleasure she had taken in their parlor theatricals, during the days of their affluence—the ease with which she had committed the words of the different characters she had personated to memory, and the universal praise she had always received.

She was yet to learn, however, that there is a vast difference between appearing before friends in private and appearing before a mixed multitude in public, whose judgment is not swayed by friendship.

She slept little that night, for her thoughts kept her wakeful, considering this new undertaking in all its bearings. She arose in the morning with a firm determination to pursue it; but she kept her own counsel. She wished to have an interview with the manager of the theatrical company first, and learn if he would give her the opportunity she sought.

She called upon him, and found him decidedly adverse to entertaining her proposal. She was not disheartened by this. She had foreseen that obstacles would arise in the new path she had chosen, but she was resolute to surmount them. She requested permission to recite some passages from Shakespeare to him—for the works of the great playwright were very familiar to her—and he consented, but with the air of a man whose courtesy submitted to an infliction. But when the deep tones of her voice broke upon his ear, he grew suddenly interested, and listened attentively.

"Young lady," he said, nodding his head approvingly, when she had finished, "you have the first great requisite to make an actress—a good voice; in fact, a splendid voice. There's *soul* in it!"

Sabrina smiled. She felt that she had advanced one step toward her object.

"And a good study, and a retentive memory," she returned.

"Essential qualities," he replied; "and if you were only a trifle prettier—however, that is a deficiency that artificial means can overcome, as you will soon discover, when you have learned the mysteries of a theatrical toilet."

Sabrina colored painfully. Her lack of beauty had been forced upon her notice before.

"The great Rachel was not celebrated for her good looks," she answered.

"True; but her genius made you forget her face. It is not everybody who can become a Rachel." The manager shook his head oracularly. "However," he resumed, "I have a great mind to try you; but let me point out to you first the difficulties and disappointments of the life you wish to adopt."

It is needless to follow the manager through his long dissertation. He was a veteran in the business, and had experienced all its vicissitudes. No aspirant for histrionic fame was ever yet dissuaded from that vocation by the experience of others; they hope to succeed where others have failed. It is a laudable ambition, though many come to grief in pursuing it.

Sabrina heard him patiently to the end, and then frankly stated just how she was situated. He saw that she was educated and intelligent, and as he really stood in need of another lady to complete his company, he determined to give her the opportunity she sought.

She returned home with a light heart, and told Eugenia and Mrs. Poynton what she had decided upon. Eugenia was delighted at the idea—everything that Sabrina undertook to do always appeared to be right to her; but Mrs. Poynton looked dismayed.

"You become an actress, Sabrina!" she exclaimed. "Oh, if your father was alive, what *would* he say?"

"I think he would approve my decision, under the circumstances," returned Sabrina, quietly. "But as I am left to my own guidance, I must follow it with the best light I have. If I fail at this, there will be time enough to try something else."

And so Sabrina Bertine became an actress; for she did not fail. It was a toilsome life, and there were more thorns than roses in the path she was obliged to tread; but her strong will carried her resolutely onward and upward.

In time she became the star of the company in which she had entered in so humble a capacity; and she had the pleasure of making the fortune of her manager and tutor—for he had trained her assiduously; and then he evinced his appreciation of her services by procuring her a metropolitan engagement.

Her success was complete. In five years she had gained the pinnacle of fame in her profession. And now came Love to crown it all with his sweet presence. There was one who forgot the plainness of her features in the genius that ennobled them. He was her companion now in the journey to the old homestead.

The cars stopped, and aroused her from her reverie.

"We have arrived," she said.

They left the cars together.

"Shall I get a carriage?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "It is not far; we will walk."

Side by side they proceeded through the village until they emerged upon a country road, winding beside the river, and the houses grew more scattered.

She paused, and pointed to a little brown cottage, nestling beneath the hillside.

"That is the place; that is my home!" she cried; and her voice shook tremulously.

"And a charming little home it is," he answered, looking upon it with admiring eyes.

"You must not go in with me," she continued.

"Why not?" he asked.

"I cannot introduce you now," she answered, pensively. "I brought you thus far, so that you would know the place. Go to the hotel in the village, and return in an hour. I do not know in what a condition I may find my dear sister Eugenia. Death, perchance, may have come beneath yonder humble roof, and where death abides, love should not enter."

"I trust your fears deceive you," he replied; "but I will leave you, as you wish. Should your fears prove groundless, our union must no longer be delayed; but we will celebrate it beneath that very roof. Will you not consent to this, Sabrina?"

She did not answer, but glanced archly in his face. He read her consent in those eloquent eyes, the only charm of that sad, earnest face, pressed a kiss upon the lips that spoke not, and went slowly down the road.

She followed his retreating figure with a regard that spoke the depth and fervency of her love. Well might she love him, for Varian Musgrave was framed in Nature's fairest mold, and he was hers. She had won him from a score of rivals—she who could lay no claim to beauty, whose only recommendations were her high talent and her glorious voice.

She had found time to pay many long visits to Eugenia during her theatrical career, and experienced a happiness in seeing her grow into a beautiful woman, for Eugenia was now eighteen.

The hasty summons that she had received to visit her sister had alarmed her. Eugenia was ill. It was a month before the period of her usual visit, and she had looked forward to it with much pleasure, she had such glad tidings for that little household. She was returning to it an affianced bride—the bride of Varian Musgrave, a scion of one of New York's most aristocratic families—to take them both to live with her in the elegant establishment that Varian had promised to provide for her.

And now Eugenia was ill; perhaps dying. She had set forth upon this journey immediately after receiving the summons. Varian had insisted upon accompanying her—he had acquaintances in that vicinity, he said—and she could not deny him; and so they had come together.

She crossed the road to the house, opened the little gate, and walked up the path. A man, coming from the cottage porch, met her midway. The recognition between them was mutual.

"Dr. Penrose!" she exclaimed, tremulously.

"Miss Sabrina!" returned the worthy doctor.

He appeared delighted to see her, and extended his hand to her in the most cordial manner.

"Tell me," she gasped—"Eugenia—my sister—does she still live?"

The good doctor assumed his professional gravity.

"She does," he responded, and Sabrina felt a weight lifted from her heart. "Strange case, Miss Sabrina," continued the doctor; "I cannot understand it at all. Some hidden, some insidious malady, utterly beyond my skill to determine, has seized upon her. Prepare yourself, my dear girl—it would be wrong to disguise the truth from you—Eugenia is doomed! It is beyond the power of medicine to arrest the course of the destroyer. She is wasting—literally wasting away. Life in her is like the flame of the candle which has burnt to its socket. She may linger for days, perhaps months; but the least excitement, any sudden or unusual emotion, and the light of life goes out. Bear this in mind. I will see her again this evening."

He passed her, and went out at the little gate.

Sabrina's heart sank within her, and her limbs seemed almost incapable of motion, as she stepped within the little porch. She feared to enter that abode where the shadow of the dark angel's wings seemed to shut out heaven's glorious sunlight.

"Come in, Sabrina dear," said a gentle voice; "come in—I see you!"

Sabrina was amazed. Turning in the direction from whence the voice had proceeded, she saw Eugenia standing by the window, her white face looking like a spirit's as it gleamed through the leaves of the ivy-vine.

"Come, dear," continued Eugenia. "I saw you speaking to the doctor, and would have run out to welcome you, only I am so weak to-day."

Mrs. Poynton joined them, as Sabrina entered the little parlor and clasped Eugenia's wasted form to her heart.

"So you have come!" cried Mrs. Poynton, with a glad welcome in the tones of her voice. Then she turned a commiserating glance upon Eugenia. "Poor child!" she continued. "Look at her; did you ever see such a shadow?"

Sabrina did look at her. She had ever thought Eugenia lovely, but never had her beauty seemed so great as now, when the girl clung with such a feeble grasp to life. There was something almost supernatural, unearthly, in her beauty. She was clad in simple white muslin, relieved by bows of black ribbon. Her luxuriant tresses of black hair fell in tangled curls over her high forehead, and around her neck and shoulders; her black eyes, as large and full as a doe's, beamed with a gentle look of resignation, such as an artist might portray, were he depicting one of heaven's angels. Her face was colorless—pure and white as a marble statue.

"But, good Heavens!" exclaimed Sabrina, "why is she not in bed?"

"In bed!" echoed Mrs. Poynton. "Bless me! she's never in bed except in the night-time. She isn't a bit like other sick people, but keeps about on her feet all day, instead of lying down as she ought. But, there, you talk to her while I go and make a cup of tea for you;" and the good woman bustled out of the room.

Sabrina led Eugenia to the sofa, and they sat down together, with their arms lovingly intertwined.

"Sabrina," said Eugenia, with great affection, "how I have longed for this moment! You are the dear doctor who can best minister to a malady whose seat is in the mind."

A sudden light flashed through Sabrina's brain; she twisted her arm still closer around Eugenia's slender waist.

"Eugenia, you are not happy?" she questioned, gently.

"I do not know," returned Eugenia, pensively; "but you shall tell me what I am. Did you know I met with an accident a few months ago?"

"No!" cried Sabrina, in surprise. "You never wrote me any account of it."

"I did not think it worth while," answered Eugenia, languidly.

"But what was the accident?" asked Sabrina, anxiously.

"I will tell you. I was visiting Mrs. Dunsmore in the village. A circus had advertised to perform there, and she wished me to go with her, and so I went. During the performance a terrific thunder-storm arose, and the tent was struck by lightning. A scene of the wildest dismay instantly followed. I was upon one of the top benches, and, in the confusion and affright, I was crowded from my footing, and fell——"

"Heavens!"

"Into the arms of a young man below, who generously extended them to catch me as he saw me falling."

Sabrina smiled.

"You could not have been seriously injured?" she said.

"I was not. I could not find Mrs. Dunsmore in the crowd, and so he insisted upon escorting me to her house. He promised to call upon me the next day; and so I remained with Mrs. Dunsmore, who was seriously alarmed about me, fearing I had been severely hurt. The next day he called, as he had promised. How I received him, I cannot tell, for I felt a strange embarrassment in his presence. That evening he left the village."

"Have you ever seen him since?" inquired Sabrina.

"No," sighed Eugenia; "but his countenance and gentle voice are never absent from my imagination."

"You love him?" cried Sabrina, incredulously.

She could not understand a love so wild as this appeared to be.

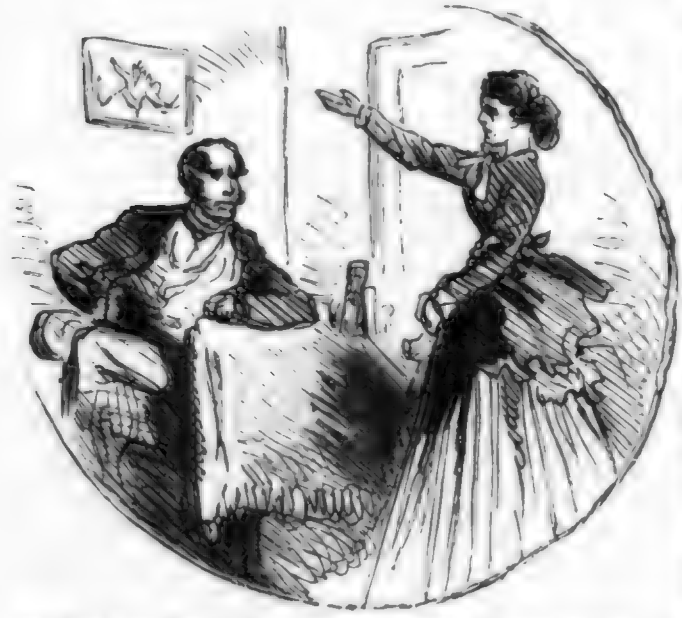
"Love! Oh, yes—love!" returned Eugenia, with enthusiasm; "but so dreamy, so wild and so hopeless! Fed by my own fancy, it grew and grew, until it has filled my whole existence. It seems as if I had swallowed a sweet poison, that gave me power to assemble all the days of my life, with all their hopes and fears, in one—a bright, eternal one of sunshine, undimmed by night or clouds!"

"Be calm!" exclaimed Sabrina, anxiously, remembering the good doctor's caution.

"Fear nothing," answered Eugenia, with a placid smile. "To speak of him revives me."

"Have you ever heard of him since?" asked Sabrina, much interested in this singular disclosure.

"No," replied Eugenia, pensively. "I fear my manner must have discouraged him; and yet he might have known——" She paused abruptly, and then resumed: "Do not laugh at my folly, Sabrina, when I tell you the mad hope which animates me. Each day I expect him to appear before me—I know not how—and each day sees that hope expire, but only to be renewed by the visions of the night. I imagine even now that he has discovered my



TO SAVE HER LIFE.—"SHE CONFRONTED HIM ALMOST FIERCELY, SAYING: 'YOU LOVE HER!'"—SEE PAGE 555.

home—that he will appear before me, here, as in my dreams—tell me his love, and claim me for his own. Ah!"

This passionate outburst terminated in a stifled scream, and Eugenia sank back, pale and breathless.

Had the fatal moment arrived?

Sabrina started to her feet in alarm, to seek the assistance of Mrs. Poynton. As she did so she beheld Varian Musgrave standing in the doorway. A faint sigh from Eugenia recalled her to her side.

"You see," she whispered to Varian, "life ebbs apace; wait a few minutes in the porch. If this is the crisis, as I fear, we shall soon know the worst."

Varian obeyed her bidding.

Eugenia raised her head, opened her eyes, and looked languidly around.

"Oh, what joy!" she murmured, in tones that seemed to grow stronger with every word she said. "My life—I feel it here again—it rushes back!"

"Eugenia, dearest, be calm!" urged Sabrina.

"I saw him," continued Eugenia—"I saw him—there!"

"Whom?" asked Sabrina, thinking her mind was wandering.

"My preserver—him!"

"Where?"

"Did you not see him? He was at the door—there!"

It flashed upon Sabrina at once. This was not the frenzy of delirium. Eugenia had seen Varian! The man she loved was her affianced husband! No wonder her heart sank within her, and strong emotion choked her utterance and prevented her from replying to her sister's question. Mrs. Poynton came in at that moment, to tell her tea was ready—a timely relief. She left Eugenia in her charge, and sought Varian in the porch.

"Varian," she asked, hurriedly, "did you save a young girl at a circus here, some few months ago?"

"Yes," he answered, surprised; "though I had almost forgotten the circumstance. I called upon her the next day. A shy little thing she was, with black hair and eyes, I think."

"Varian," returned Sabrina, "that girl is my sister. Did you not recognize her? Love for her preserver—for you—has preyed upon her life. This is her malady."

He was very much astonished to hear this.

"Sabrina, it cannot be," he responded, incredulously.

"It is. She has confessed it to me, her rival. Her heart has wasted with this passion. She lives but from hour to hour, praying heaven to send you to her. She saw you, thinks her prayer has been heard, and that you are come to claim her. To undeceive her would be to kill her. A harmless deception, which surely you will consent to, for my sake, may possibly restore her to health."

"What shall I do?" he asked, in some embarrassment.

"Say 'Yes' to everything I say," she answered.

He could not repress a smile.

"Nothing could be more simple," he responded.

They entered the parlor together.

Eugenia rose to her feet, her eyes sparkling, her bosom heaving.

"It was not my disordered brain!" she cried; "it was he!"

"Eugenia," said Sabrina, "this is Mr. Varian Musgrave, and he has come here to ask your hand in marriage."

Eugenia uttered a cry of joy.

"Is it not so, Mr. Musgrave?" exclaimed Sabrina.

"Yes," answered Varian.

Eugenia hid her blushing face in Sabrina's breast.

"And now, if you are not too much in love, let us see what Mrs. Poynton has prepared for us," resumed Sabrina, "for I confess to being inordinately hungry."

She led the trembling girl to the dining-room, and Varian followed, strangely bewildered by the part he had been called upon so unexpectedly to play.

* * * * * * *

When the doctor called in the evening, he declared the crisis passed, and the danger over.

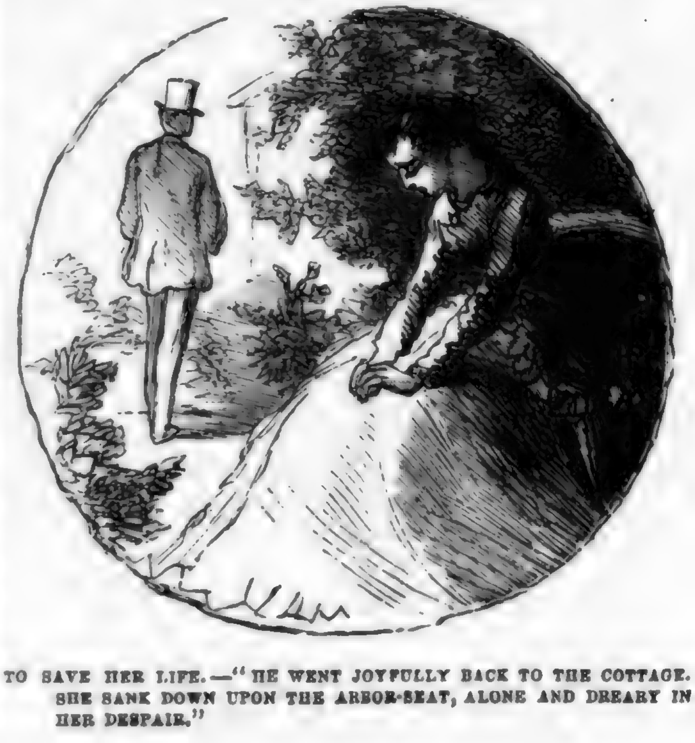
After a week's sojourn in her old home, Sabrina returned to New York to resume her professional labors. She left Varian Musgrave at the homestead, to complete by his presence the cure he had so well begun.

A month passed away, and brought the Summer vacation. She returned to the old homestead.

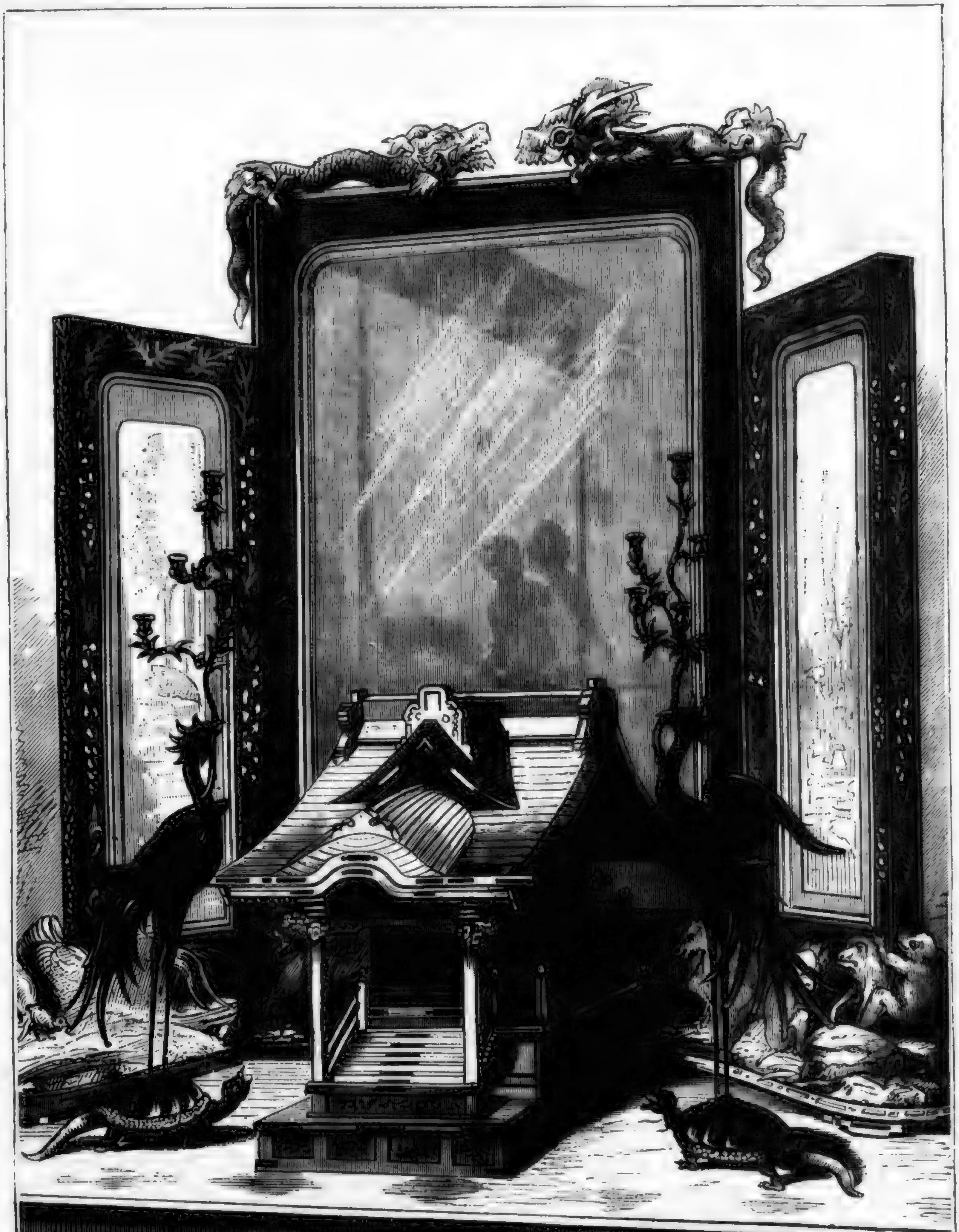
She found Varian Musgrave seated in the little arbor in the garden, tranquilly smoking a cigar. His welcome to her was not quite demonstrative enough to satisfy her exacting heart.

"Your sister is out of danger," was his first salutation.

"I know it," she answered; "but not from you. What letters you wrote me! How short—how cold!"



TO SAVE HER LIFE.—"HE WENT JOYFULLY BACK TO THE COTTAGE. SHE SANK DOWN UPON THE ARBOR-SEAT, ALONE AND DREARY IN HER DESPAIR."



THE JAPANESE ARTISAN AT HOME.—FIG. 1.—MIRROR, BRONZES, AND MODEL OF TEMPLE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

"What could I write?" he replied, extenuatingly. "She was ever by my side, speaking of you, leaning over my shoulder as I wrote. I was compelled to remain here, by your request."

"I know I condemned you, my dear Varian, to a most embarrassing position," she returned; "but, tell me, when danger no longer threatened her, and she was able to hear the intelligence, how did you manage to convey it to her?"

He cast away his cigar impatiently, and his brow grew cloudy.

"Convey it!" he echoed, confusedly. "I—I cannot conceal it, Sabrina; I have not had courage to make the avowal."

"No?" she cried, in surprise.

"No; when I determined to declare myself—to avow to her that for five weeks I had made her the dupe of an imposture, and then to unwind her arms from around my neck, and thrust her love aside, I could not do it."

She twirled her sunshade absently in her hand, while a strange uneasiness began to creep slowly into her heart.

"I can understand the painful trial you have endured for my sake," she responded. "To see that poor girl, and pursue a feigned passion—to be afraid that a word, a look, might betray you, and condemn her again to death."

"And then the confidence, the faith, the simplicity of her love!" added Varian, warmly.

She regarded him keenly, and he averted his eyes from her searching glance.

"You exaggerate, Varian," she answered, coldly. "To encourage in pity a love you cannot return, is a false feeling."

He was strangely agitated.

"I dare not think of what I have done," he returned, moodily; "and yet, to leave her thus—Sabrina, we are inflicting a cruel wrong upon your sister's heart."

"It cannot be helped now," she answered, gloomily. "It was to save her life. Heaven help me! I almost begin to fancy that the remedy was worse than the disease. Our marriage shall no longer be delayed. Did they receive my letter?" she asked, abruptly.

"Yes," he replied, absently.

Eugenia now appeared in the porch, and called to them. They went toward her, Sabrina's eyes glancing eagerly to note the change in her appearance; and it was wonderful. The bloom of health was upon her cheeks, the bright eyes sparkling with the rays of happiness, and her form, once so wasted, had developed into most exquisite proportions.

Sabrina trembled, realizing how lovely she was, when she reflected that for five weeks Varian Musgrave had been her pretended lover. What if that love should not have been all pretense?

"Tell her," she whispered in Varian's ear—"tell her at once!"

She greeted Eugenia affectionately, but lingered behind, toying restlessly with the leaves of the ivy-vine, as Varian and her sister disappeared within the cottage. An icy sensation oppressed her heart.

Presently Eugenia came out to her, with a look of dismay upon her fair, innocent face.

"Sabrina!" she exclaimed, "come in here, and just listen to this monster! Would you believe it? He wants to persuade me that our marriage is impossible!"

"Indeed!" murmured Sabrina, with emotion.

"Yes; and he really would have it so!" continued Eugenia; "but I soon convinced him of his folly. Could I exist without his love, or yours, Sabrina? And yet, I must confess that once—oh, I shall never forgive myself!—I felt—ha, ha, ha!—positively jealous!"

"Jealous!" echoed Sabrina, in surprise. "Of whom?"

"Of you."

"Of me?" responded Sabrina, with a shiver.

"Yes. As you were quitting us, a month ago, when you bade him farewell, I saw you, and you looked at him almost—I thought, at least—almost as I look."

"You—you thought so!" stammered Sabrina.

"Yes; and it haunted me so. And then I said to myself, 'Well, were it so, could I not die, and leave her to love him without remorse?'"

Sabrina stifled the emotion that swelled within her breast, and compelled the tones of her voice to assume a calmness.

"Send him to me," she said, "and let me talk to him."

She forced a smile upon her trembling lips as she turned away and retraced her steps to the little arbor.

Varian Musgrave soon joined her there.

She confronted him, almost fiercely, saying:

"You love her!"

"I—I——" he hesitated, confusedly.

"Do not attempt to deny it," she continued, "for you know you do!"

"Sabrina, hear me!" he responded. "Was it not you who forced me to receive the affectionate regards of this poor girl, whom I should never have thought of but for you? This passion which you have discovered, and I do confess, I will abjure, destroy——"

She interrupted him impatiently.

"And do you think that I would owe my happiness to her death, to your pity, and so deserve my own contempt?" she cried, impetuously. "You should know me better, Varian! I have as much self-abnegation as she, and a stronger heart to bear the trial. I resign you in her favor." She bent toward him, and kissed him tenderly. "It is the last, Varian—the 'seal upon the tomb of hope.' Take her, and God bless you both!"

He went joyfully back to the cottage.

She sank down upon the arbor-seat, alone and dreary in her despair.

"I have sacrificed my love to save her life," she murmured; "and now, in my heart, let ambition fill the vacant niche—let me think only of fame!"

THE JAPANESE ARTISAN AT HOME.

By William Elliot Griffis,

Author of "The Mikado's Empire."

Given an insular nation, secluded from the world for many centuries, a race gifted with innate love of the beautiful, with taste trained and developed by the natural glories around them, one of the fairest lands on earth, and fingers molded by nature to achieve easy mechanical tact, and one might fairly prophesy unique and splendid results in art, mechanism and decorative skill. That these conditions were found in Japan, no traveler or student of Japanese life will deny. That the results were as we have asserted, no visitor to the Japanese section at the Philadelphia Centennial, or looker-on in the Nippon court at the Paris Exposition, will hesitate to acknowledge. Even before the precious products of Europe, the fruits of the Japanese art-workers manifest at once their originality and their perfection of workmanship.

As matter of fact, in competition with many nations, the Japanese bore off the palm for excellence in mechanism and originality in design.

Having glanced at the products of Japanese art-industry as seen in the parlors and shop-windows of our own land, let us enter the Mikado's empire and call on the native

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workmen at home. As most of our readers have perhaps gained much of their knowledge of Japanese art from the exhibits at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, we shall both refresh their memories and instruct them more pleasantly if we illustrate our remarks by references to the art-works on exhibition there.

As the foundation of all art is perhaps architecture, and as that is founded on religion, let us glance at the Japanese house, or, in this case, a temple. The engraving (Fig. 1) represents an immense mirror set in a massive frame of keyaki wood carved with monkeys and dragons. The Japanese monkeys have no tails, but as the dragons have a fabulous number of yards of that caudal material, the defect of the one animal is made good by the redundancy of the other. In front of the glass are grouped two candlesticks containing five sconces held in the beak of the phœnix-bird, which rests proudly on the tortoise—symbol of longevity, and famed to live through ten milleniums. The small model of the temple represents in perfect miniature one of the many sacred edifices that nestle away amid the camphor-groves of Japan. The material used for the upper works of pagodas, shrines and palaces is the far-famed *hinoki* (sun or fire wood). It is so named because anciently—before the introduction of flint-and-steel, not to say of safety-matches—the subjects of the Mikado struck a light by the use of a fire-drill and shavings of this wood. This interesting coincidence of identical means for producing fire with the method in vogue among the North American Indians will be noted at once. This precious *hinoki* wood is generally free from knots, does not split, warp or easily decay, and has a texture like satin.

In a Japanese building, the walls are of no structural importance. Four or more solid posts support the roof, and the walls are like an envelope of paper round a sugar-loaf, and are made of thin boards. The roof is usually of massive proportions, and made purposely as heavy as the beams will bear. Indeed, the foreigner will often see mere stripling timbers used for supports, and then view with astonishment a framework of heavy logs on which the roof-slats and shingles are to be laid. Or, perhaps, many tons of soft, viscous mud are spread over the top-boards, on which many more tons of heavy, inch-thick tiles are to be jointed and laid.

"Why all this ponderous mass, that must produce top-heaviness?" one will say.

"Well, there is science in it," say the Japanese; and in this opinion, based on observation, some Americans will agree. Japan is an earthquake country, and the lively rockings which Japanese real estate must undergo, are of a kind to suggest chills and fever on a cosmic scale. Now, Japanese earthquakes come not with a prolonged swell and roll, but with a quick, sudden shock, producing a snapping motion which would quickly knock an American house "off its pins." But, given a tremendous inertia at the top with limber supports, and the shock will be over before motion is communicated to the roof; so that, while the posts are drunk with motion, the steady roof begins to sway only after the shock has passed. A brief study of the wood-cut will show how massive is the roof in comparison with the frame of the structure.

An interesting custom is noticed on the erection of a house, when the frame is up and the roof on, but the inside not finished. A platform of bamboo, roped together with heavy rice-straw twine, is erected on the roof. On this are arranged the emblems of the Shinto faith, which is the primitive national cult of the Japanese. Several wands, from which hang strips of notched, folded white paper cut in squares, are set upright, surmounted by three poles, on which is the image of the sun. More white paper, and flowing streamers of the same material. On these the good spirits are supposed to come and dwell. On the tall beams at the extreme right and left are fastened two bows and arrows, to shoot the evil spirits, or *oni*, that are supposed to hover around.

In medieval Japanese warfare, there were two kinds of arrows used. The "turnip-top," or "singing arrow," which made a musical sound as it sped through the air, was first shot by the party joining battle, to signify the beginning of a combat. The second sort had a forked blade of steel, with which a clever archer could sever a flagstaff, halyard or helmet-lacing.

In process of time, from lack of use in war, these symbols of battle became objects of conventional art, and the emblems of the carpenters' guild. The reader may discover them in Fig. 2, tied to the posts; while in Fig. 3 they may be seen again, the one wreathed in flowers, the other set in a dragon's mouth, encircled with clouds. In the centre, crossing them, is the old war-mallet with which soldiers battered down the castle-gates of the enemy, but now used to knock mortice and tenon together. Half the feathers of the arrow being removed, leads some of our people to think them keys. On the mallet are inscribed symbols of long life and prosperity.

Besides the religious emblems at the house-warming, there are the offerings to the gods, of fish, cake, rolls of rice-dough and folded paper, in urns or on ceremonial trays.

The fun most relished by the crowd which always gathers on these occasions, is the distribution of the cakes. Arrayed in festal dress of blue hempen cloth, sword in girdle, and topknot well waxed, the host mounts the stage with a huge bucketful of rice-cakes. These he laughingly throws down to his friends and neighbors below, who catch them "on the fly," or scramble good-naturedly for them. The house is then ready for finishing and occupancy.

Every dwelling of any pretension has a veranda running round two or three of the four sides. A Japanese house is cool, clean and airy in Summer, and then makes a delightful residence; but in Winter, the denizen of comfortable civilized homes longs for the air-tight, carpeted and warmed dwellings of his native land.

My memories of Japanese houses in Winter are usually accompanied by an instinctive chatter of teeth and shiver of the frame, from which, in my days of visiting, not all the politeness I could freeze myself into could preserve me. Nevertheless, the natives do not suffer severely in their own dwellings. All parts of a civilization grow together. No sooner does the snow fall and the mercury slide nearer the bulb, than the Japanese don thicker and more numerous garments. These are of silk or cotton, wadded until they are like bed-comforters. A native measures the cold, not by degrees of mercury, but by the number of garments donned. "It is one coat cool," "two coats cold," "three coats cold," etc., are common Winter expressions. As the whole body is usually covered except hands and feet, and they kneel in sitting, their garments keep their bodies and lower limbs warm, so that only their hands are exposed; and these they toast over a brazier, found in every house, and called a *hibachi* (fire-bowl). These are of wood, porcelain, clay or metal, and often highly ornamented. Some of the costly works of art represented in Fig. 6 are *hibachis*.

A glance at the costume and tools of a Japanese workman will introduce us to a frugal Mr. Denkichi, or Hachibei, or Toranosuké, or Ban, or Sahei. The wages of a skilled carpenter range from twenty-five to seventy-five cents a day, the average being about thirty-five cents; food being much cheaper in Japan than in our country.

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Whoever looks on Fig. 5, or whoever watches a Japanese on our streets, or at work (I do not mean the Chinese, who are a very different people, and not one bit "just the same"), will say "How solemn his face! Do they all look so serious always?" Yet nearly every one who sits to have his photograph taken unconsciously lets his face fall into a solemn or set expression. At home in their own country, the Japanese are a jolly, lively people, good-natured, full of fun, and with as many moods as the weather.

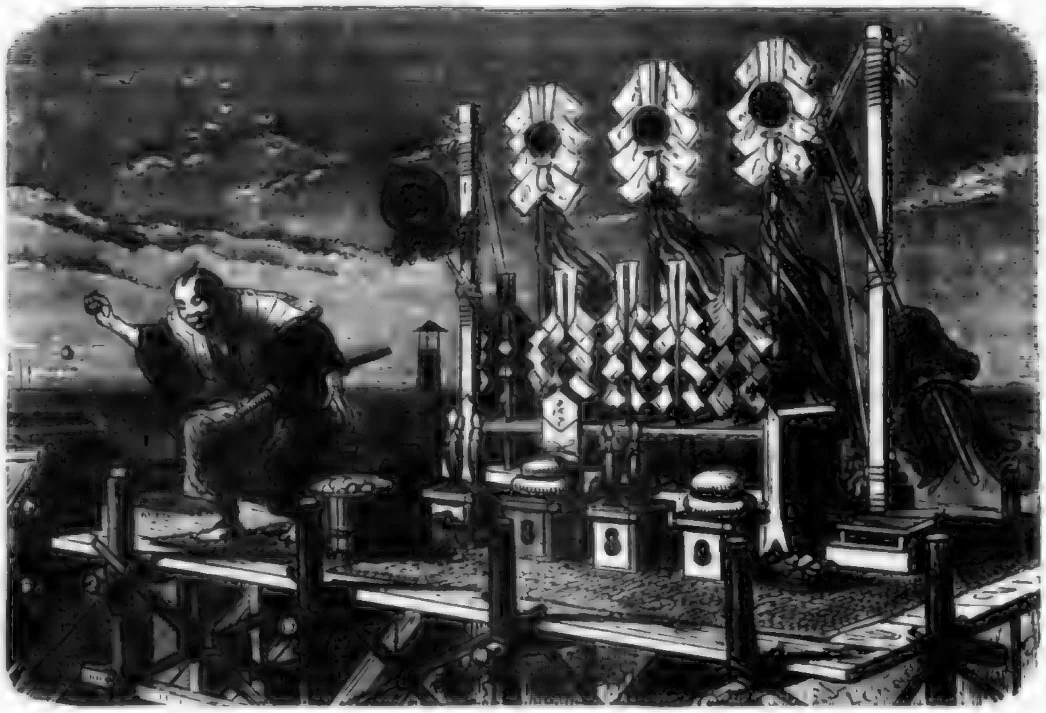

FIG. 2.—CEREMONY ON COMPLETING A HOUSE—TOSSING OUT THE CAKES.

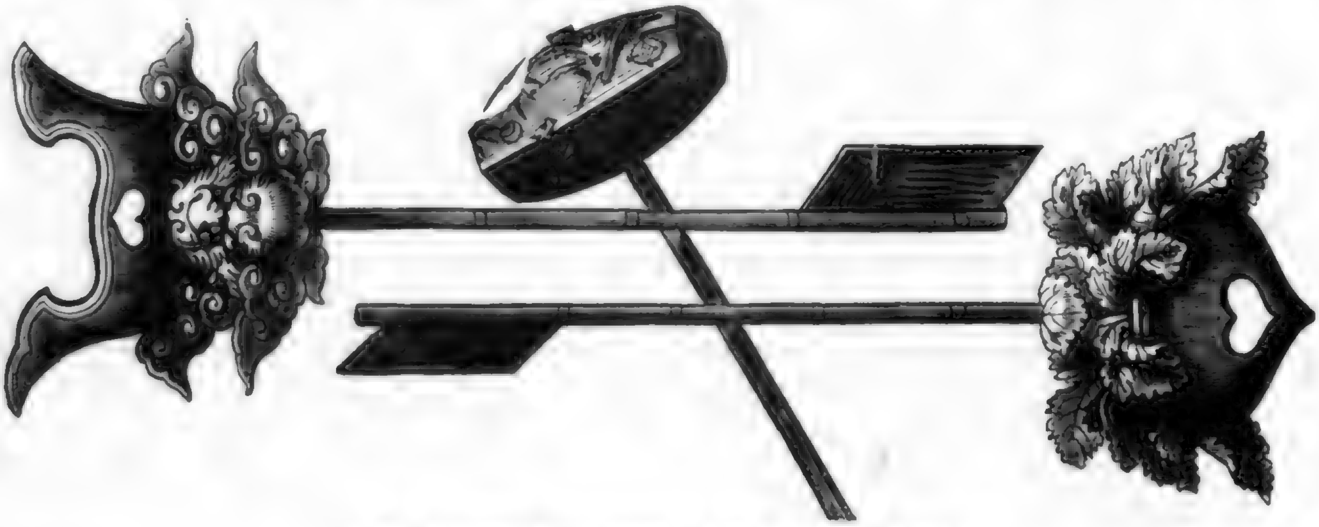

FIG. 3.—ARROWS AND MALLET OF THE CARPENTERS' GUILD.

Abroad, with curious eyes upon him, his visage is without smile or ease—he is having his picture taken. So let us not think the man in the cut is either stupid or solemn. He can crack a joke like his comrades, and enjoys a good laugh. He is a carpenter, and dresses in cheap cotton garments, consisting of tunic, and trousers as tight as drawers, for the sake of economy, and because it is the proper thing for artisans to wear. Formerly in Japan the dress of each class was rigidly fixed by law. The gentry, or *samurai*, wore trousers as wide and baggy as a Turk's or a zouave's. To don this garment was forbidden to the lower classes.

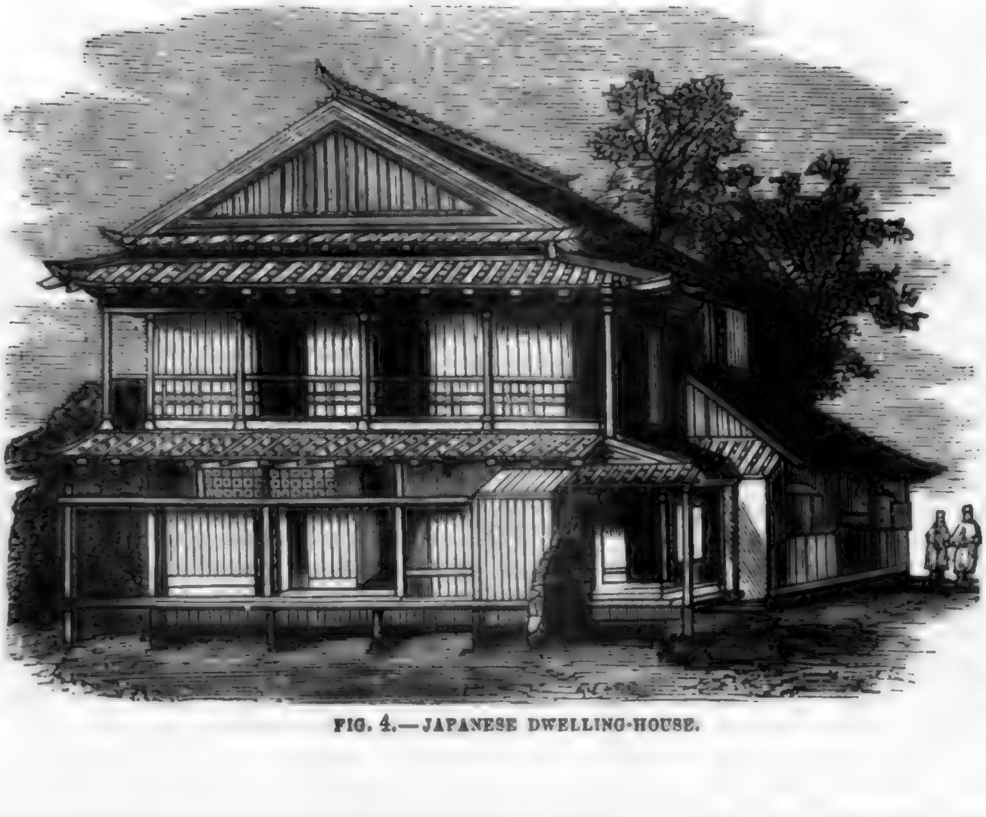

FIG. 4.—JAPANESE DWELLING-HOUSE.

Just now our carpenter is equipped for a fire, and is about to seize ladder, lantern, banner or fire-hook, and run with his company, named *i*, *ro*, *ha*, *ni*, *he*, or

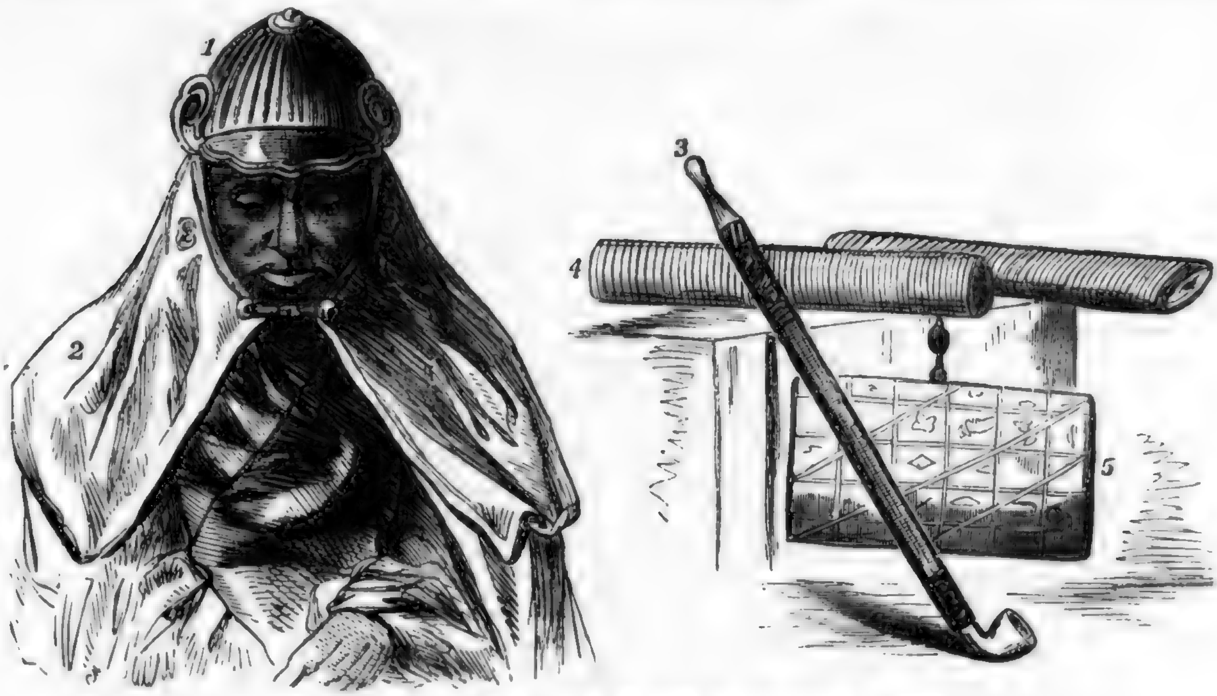

FIG. 5.—A JAPANESE CARPENTER, OR FIREMAN, AND SMOKING OUTFIT.

from some other letter of the Japanese alphabet of forty-seven characters. His helmet and havelock are of padded cotton, which, with his whole suit, he souses and drenches in water before attacking the flames. Once before the fiery enemy, he is as brave as a tiger, and will not flinch till every spark is out. His trusty pipe, fine-cut tobacco-pouch, and flint-and-steel bag are ever at his girdle, except when he is rolling up pellets of the fine shreds to form a fragrant pill for his pipe, the bowl of which is no bigger than a baby's thimble. The pipe consists of a bamboo tube, tipped with mouthpiece, and bowl of brass. His wallet is of leather, stamped paper, or wicker-work; and if he is a little of a *date-sha*, or the faintest bit of a dandy, he will have a carved ivory or wood *netsuké*, or knob-button, to slip up under his belt. This will hold the pendent smoker's outfit, which every Japanese owns.

Every month or so the pipe-cleaner comes around, like an itinerant smith, and smooths and cleanses the tube by pulling it like wire through a drawplate, polishing up cap or bowl, and scouring out all until it is fresh and clean.

With very simple tools, the native carpenter will build a house and finish it like a cabinet. Fig. 7 is an actual sketch of the *daiku's* (carpenter's) outfit. The very name of carpenter, *daiku* (great, or chief worker) shows the estimation in which his craft is held—not only on account of its historic necessity, but because fire is a more frequent visitor in the land of timber houses than in the brick and stone cities of Europe or America.

The wheel and stringed instrument (No. 1) is the "ink-wheel," or marker. As the Japanese seem to be the opposites in everything with us, the "chalk-line" is black. On the wheel, or windlass, is coiled a cord, which passes through a reservoir filled with sponge and India or Japanese ink, which sufficiently blackens the line. At the end

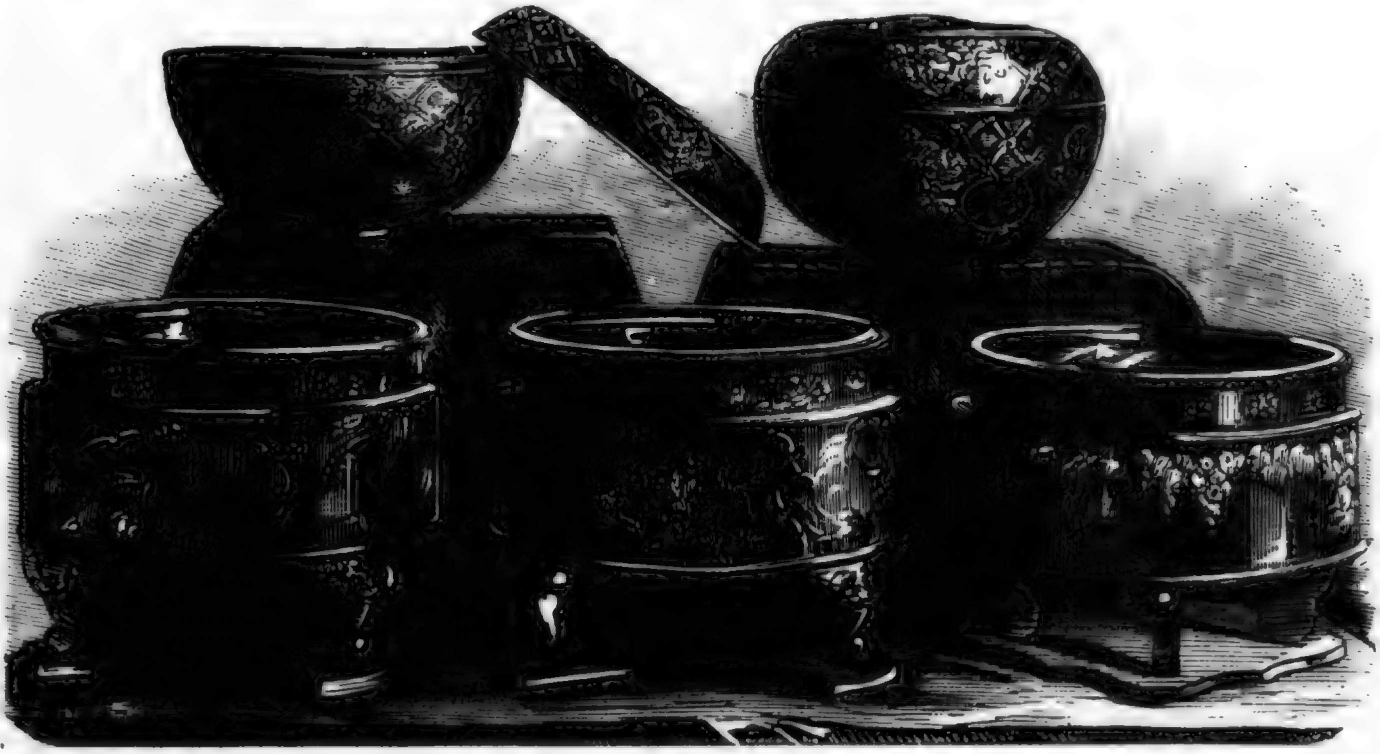

FIG. 6.—GOLD-LACQUERED BOWLS AND FIRE-BRAZIERS.

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of the cord is a skewer or pin to fasten in the timber, thus requiring but one man, and not two, to snap the line. A belt, or waist horn inkstand, is seen in No. 4 of Fig. 17, for writing, or tracing plans with brush-pen on paper. No. 2 is the double pouch for holding two sizes of nails. It is made of oiled tough paper, and is strapped around the waist. At No. 7 is seen a brace of the soft-hammered iron nails, the heads of which are made by pounding the end on to a thin sheet, and bending over so as to make a hollow loop. Though excellent for clinching, riveting, and use in soft wood, they are for most purposes greatly inferior to American-cut nails. No. 3 is the jack-plane, which has a very low stock, and which the artisan pulls *toward* him. The blade, or chisel, like many other tools used for wood, is of fine iron or very soft steel.

Many an American who has engaged Japanese carpenters, and is in haste to have his house finished, has been exasperated to a high degree by seeing the useless waste of time consumed in frequent honing the soft and easily dulled blades. It seems strange that the Japanese do not use harder steel for their cutting-tools, since they are metal-workers of the highest expertness, and their swords (Fig. 17) are marvels of temper and workmanship.

The cleaver-shaped instrument in No. 4 is a saw, at which the workman uses both hands. The teeth of the saw, it will be observed, are set toward the handle. Before the Centennial Exhibition opened, a gang of Philadelphia roughs stole most of the saws and other tools of the Japanese carpenters; and some visitors may recollect their using our saws with considerable trouble, owing to their short, one-handed handles.

No. 5 is an adz, which has a crooked stock like a hoe, instead of being inserted straight in the centre like our own. It is enough to make even a strong man nervous to see a native use this tool, who does it without cutting his toes off, or slicing his instep. Yet, after four years' observation in Japan, I never saw or knew of a slip that drew blood. No 6 is a chisel, and, last of all, at No. 8 is the pipe, pouch, and weed, without which no Japanese costume is complete.

A glance at some of the minor art industries will show us that the nimble fingers of women come into play. Their chief works of skill are not with the needle, nor at embroidery, which is mostly done by the men, but in making fans. Many millions of these useful articles now leave Japan every year to agitate the atmosphere of many lands. Seated—for nearly all work-people in Japan sit instead of standing—on the matting-covered floor, the girls receive the segments of mulberry paper, which are already printed or decorated by the artists. They fold them in the requisite shapes on oiled paper, for the *ogi*, or fans which open and shut. For the flat fans, or *uchiwa*, the handles and splints are prepared by the men. Then, with her wide brush and tray of rice paste, using a round, smooth wooden block, she affixes the paper to the frame. After drying, the edges are trimmed, and the fans are piled on poles or packed in paper-covered wooden boxes for export.

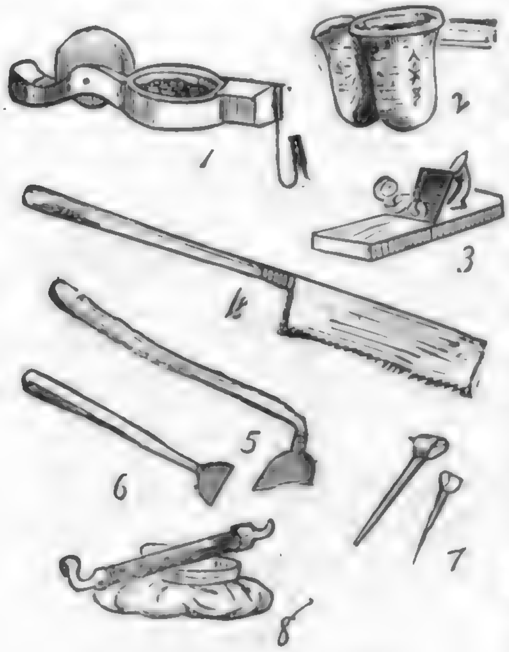

FIG. 7.—CARPENTER'S TOOLS.

Japan is emphatically the fan-country, for here the folding fan was invented, the model being a bat's wing. Here, also, all classes wear or use the breeze-compelling article. Even the workman, pausing at his toil, will whip out his fan and evaporate some of the moisture on his brow, in which, even in the "Land of the Gods," he must earn his bread.

Besides the making of fans, which advertise Japan to the world, the paper industry is one of multifarious proportions. Paper is the staple material for wall-decoration, umbrellas, rain-coats, lanterns, bags, napkins, handkerchiefs, twine, tea-firing trays, dustpans, grain measures, etc., and it is put to many other wonderful and incredible uses. In a country in which the streets were formerly not lighted at night, but instead every one was by law required to carry a lantern, under pain of arrest, the maker of *chochins* (hand-lanterns) is a man of importance. Oiled paper takes the place of horn, perforated tin or glass with us. A cylinder or globe of fine bamboo hoops is the frame on which the paper, rendered translucent and waterproof by *sesamum* oil, is stretched and pasted. Our top-knotted friend in the picture is adjusting the upper rim of wood to the paper body. Into a metal band over the top is inserted the ring of the handle, so that the lantern, held in the hand by a short stick, swings easily. The wearer's name, business, family or government office is usually painted on the outside, so that at night the holder can advertise himself easily. The firemen's lanterns are usually eight feet long, while the balloon-like lanterns suspended from some of the ceilings of the great temples remind one of an elephant, or the roc's egg of Arabian story.

In bending the tough, hard wood selected for lanterns and other work requiring curves, the wood-workers, like the bow-makers, use fire and the steam of burning wet wood to secure the proper bent.

In no one branch of useful or artistic industry do the Japanese excel more than in the working of metals. From the most ancient times their swords have been renowned in poetry, literature and war. Yet there was a known time in their island empire when iron (Japanese *kurogane*, "black metal") was unknown, and copper only was used for bells, mirrors, spears, knives and jewelry. Like the North American Indians, they possessed the art of hardening and tempering bronze until it cut like iron. The first discovery of native copper was signalized by naming the chronological period *Wado* (native or Japanese copper).

Next to weapons of war, mirrors were the first of peaceful implements manufactured. With some of their most beautiful legends of mythology the mirror is connected. To this day in most Shinto temples a mirror—emblem of the sun and sun-goddess, and of rectitude of life—stands enshrined in the place of honor, or, encased in cloth-of-gold, is sacredly guarded in secret. The lady's toilet-mirror, in which she daily reflects her charms, is made of a composition bronze, which is polished flat and then silvered and burnished. In the cut, the itinerant bronze-smith has been sent for, and, in presence of the proud beauty whose coiffure and dress betoken rank, is renovating its silver face, while both chat merrily together. In spite of pride, the barriers of rank, and seasons of stiff etiquette, there is many a by-play of social freedom of which transient travelers scarcely dream.

One of the bright lights in the humble life of the Japanese art-workman of former days was that he was paid not only in wages of money, but by social privileges, and the personal favor of his lord or patron, to which the richest traders were strangers. As popes and kings, cardinals and dukes, visited, rewarded, smiled upon and personally honored Cellini and the medieval artificers, so in Japan the *daimio*, who mailed himself in pride and steel-like etiquette before mere wealth, unbent in easy chat and smiled favor on the skilled artisan.

Thus stimulated by the thought of admittance to the presence of his feudal lord, the workman toiled for honor rather than gold, and excelled in skill where now the incentive of the workman is merely the wages due. Who can fail to see that the old atmosphere of art-production in Japan was more favorable to originality and perfection of workmanship than under its now changed conditions?

The greatest charm of Japanese work is its loving imitation of Nature as the Japanese artist sees her. The farmer sees one side of Nature—he looks upon her face in one mood. The artist beholds Nature in her beauty which comes by glimpses, by starts, and in vanishing points—here one moment, gone the next. It is these moments of beauty—the smile of a second of time, or the frowning gloom of a moment, that the native artist catches, photographs in his memory, and reproduces in gold, lacquer, and color, by brush, mold, or chisel. Even in the humble shop of the ordinary artisan, this love of fresh Nature is seen. The *kane-ya* (metal-worker), who has to decorate with punch-work a lot of silver-plated clasps and clamps for a cabinet, will often pluck his own flowers—the peony, the camellia, or the wistaria; and, with them before him as models, will, with pencil, trace out the design, which the chisel will indelibly cut into the metal.

A mat, and his knees and heels for a seat, a low table of oak, a hammer, and a few simple tools, with a forge, borax, and blowpipe, complete the equipment of his *atelier*, in which will be turned out the work that will bear off the palm at Paris or at Philadelphia. Perhaps at the same fire that holds his crucible or heats his bar, the family rice-pot will be boiled as it hangs pendent from the sliding rope and wooden hooks. Himself and his son, or nephew, perhaps his daughter, usually constitute the force of the establishment. Let the visitor fresh from Tiffany's, or the splendid Broadway store of the First Manufacturing and Trading Company of Tokio, where Japanese gems of art-work shine and command prices that scare the modest buyer—go to Japan, and visit a bronze-caster's establishment. He arrives, doubtless, expecting to see splendid buildings, troops of artisans, and grand machinery. He will probably find in a weather-beaten, paper-windowed shanty, a spectacled, dried-up old man, with horn-rimmed goggles astride his nose, with one apprentice, and perhaps his wife and daughter assisting. These comprise the entire force.

An order for a temple bell is usually the signal for great joy in the metal-worker's household. Consultation with the shaven-pated and silk-gowned priests, and extra careful preparation of mold, tools, and ingredients, are the order of the day. Tin, copper, and a little gold compose the alloy of a temple bell, which has no tongue, but is struck on the outside by a beam of wood swung from the belfry roof. Two dragons—the guardian spirits of the bell—which grasp it in their mouths, join their necks together for the yoke, leaving an orifice at the top representing the pear-shaped "Jewel of the Holy Law." As the Buddhist religion came from India, the Sanskrit is the original sacred language [illegible] holy books. One of the letters of that archaic alphabet is usually seen at the top above the frieze of Chinese characters cast in relief. This latter is usually a passage from the sacred books, or a prayer. Below is an image of the glorified Buddha resting feet and soles upward on the lotus flower—the sacred emblem of Paradise. Clouds of glory suffuse the rapt sage. Though Buddha was the son of an Aryan prince, in India, yet the oblique-eyed people of China and Japan have conventionalized his eyelids into the shape of their own. On the left is an angel of the Buddhist heaven—a female figure, as all Buddhist angels are, floating in zephyr-swayed drapery in the golden clouds of heaven, far above the twinkling sea.

The casting of the bell is always a scene of public festal joy, the people assembling as for a picnic, and the workmen dressing in uniform for the occasion. The furnace, crucibles, etc., are in sight, and at the pouring of the molten fluid the excitement reaches its height. Some of the temple bells in Japan are ten feet in height, and weigh many tons.

The temples and monasteries are among the chief patrons of art in Japan, and to their fostering care is largely due the development of the art and art-industries of Japan. Next to orders from the temples, and bonzes, comes the patronage of the court and nobles. Many of the grandees and princes under the old *régime* were diligent and enthusiastic patrons and collectors of *bric-à-brac*, swords, *kin-gin* (gold and silver *repoussé*, intaglio and jewelry), porcelain, bronze, manuscripts, albums, musical instruments, etc.

In Fig. 18 we see two cap-makers engaged in lacquering a pair of *tocques*, or caps, such as the *Kugé*, or court nobles of Kioto, formerly wore. These caps, which are perched on the top of the head like bricks, are made of stiff paper, on which are spread many coats of *urushi*, or lacquer. This lacquer is the inspissated juice of the varnish-bearing oak indigenous to Japan. When first collected in drops from the punctured tree, the sap is milk-white, but by exposure and agitation in the air it turns to a thick, dark fluid, which by pigments may be colored to any tint. It may be applied to wood, metals, porcelain, leather, and a variety of materials, and when dry is very hard, resisting alcohol, hot water, alkalies, and most acids. Many of the dishes in Japan are of lacquered wood. When applied to musical instruments, cabinets and boxes, it is usually thickly crusted with gold dust or foil, wrought into artistic patterns or pictures.

In Fig. 9, which represents the Imperial court musicians performing, all the instruments are of lacquered wood or leather. Even saddlery and stirrups are gorgeously ornamented with designs in gold, inlaid pearl and various colored lacquers.

In Fig. 6 are some of the most splendid specimens of the lacquerer's art. For such work, the finest wood is selected, and baked in an oven, and after carving is polished smooth with pumice-stone. The "priming" is of crude lacquer, which is charcoaled smooth again. Coat after coat is then laid on, and after each operation is baked dry in an oven, until, in the finest specimens, there may be as many as a score, or even two scores, of layers.

The art of lacquering was first discovered in Japan in the eighth century, and many choice specimens are preserved in the temples and museums that have kept their lustre during six, eight and ten centuries. Several masterpieces from the Vienna Exposition lay under the salt water fourteen months in the wrecked steamer *Nil*, and when fished up by the divers showed no material injury.

In the old days of feudalism, the most honored of all the trades was that of armorer, and a first-class swordsmith commanded enormous wages, and was rewarded with the friendship of nobles and princes. For horsemen, the

XUM

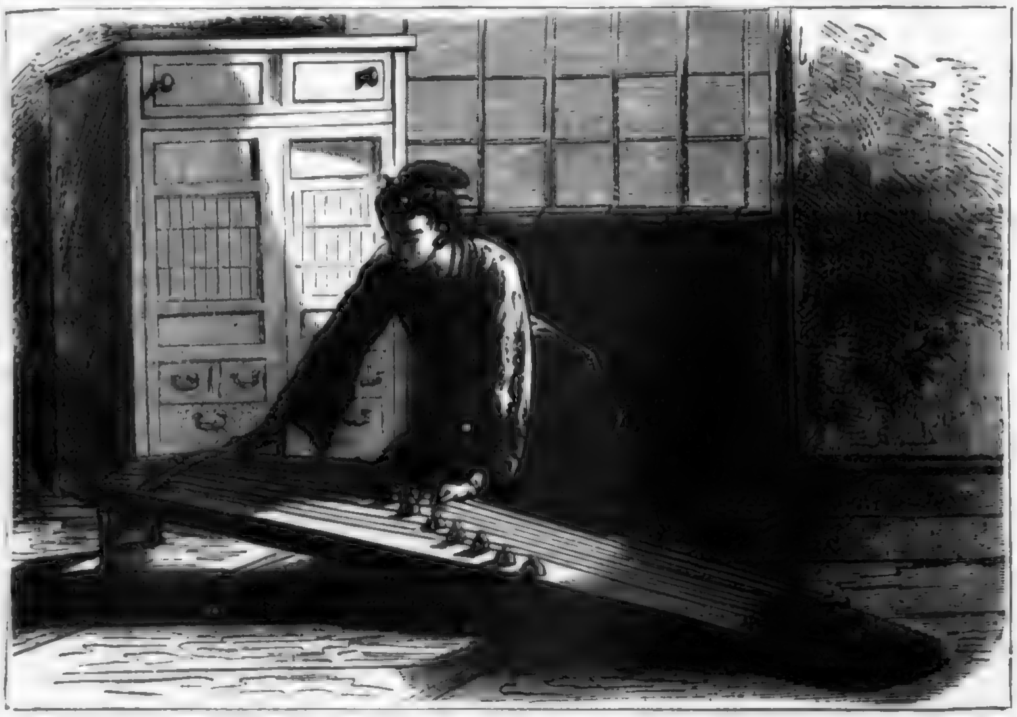

FIG. 8.—YOUNG LADY PLAYING THE KOTO.

saddler was a very important personage, and the gentry spent vast sums in the equipment of their chargers. The saddles were enormous affairs, the saddle-cloth being of leather, heavily stamped with gold in brocade designs, with the emblems of the wild geese for celerity and grace, and the crane for longevity. The stirrup was a ponderous affair, of wrought brass, in which the rider placed the entire sole of his foot. I have in my possession a pair of these stirrups, given me by the Prince of Echizen, which turn the scale at thirteen pounds avoirdupois. The reader may smile when he is told that the dipper at the left of the picture is a horse's drinking-cup; this utensil, instead of a bucket, being offered to a thirsty horse.

With the opening of the country to American and European commerce, capital and competition, a revolution in industry and methods has taken place. The swordsmen's and armorers' trades are nearly extinct, and the old-fashioned equipment-maker's occupation is gone. Instead, however, new handicrafts and occupations have sprung up. Felt and straw hats, leather shoes and cloth clothing, once

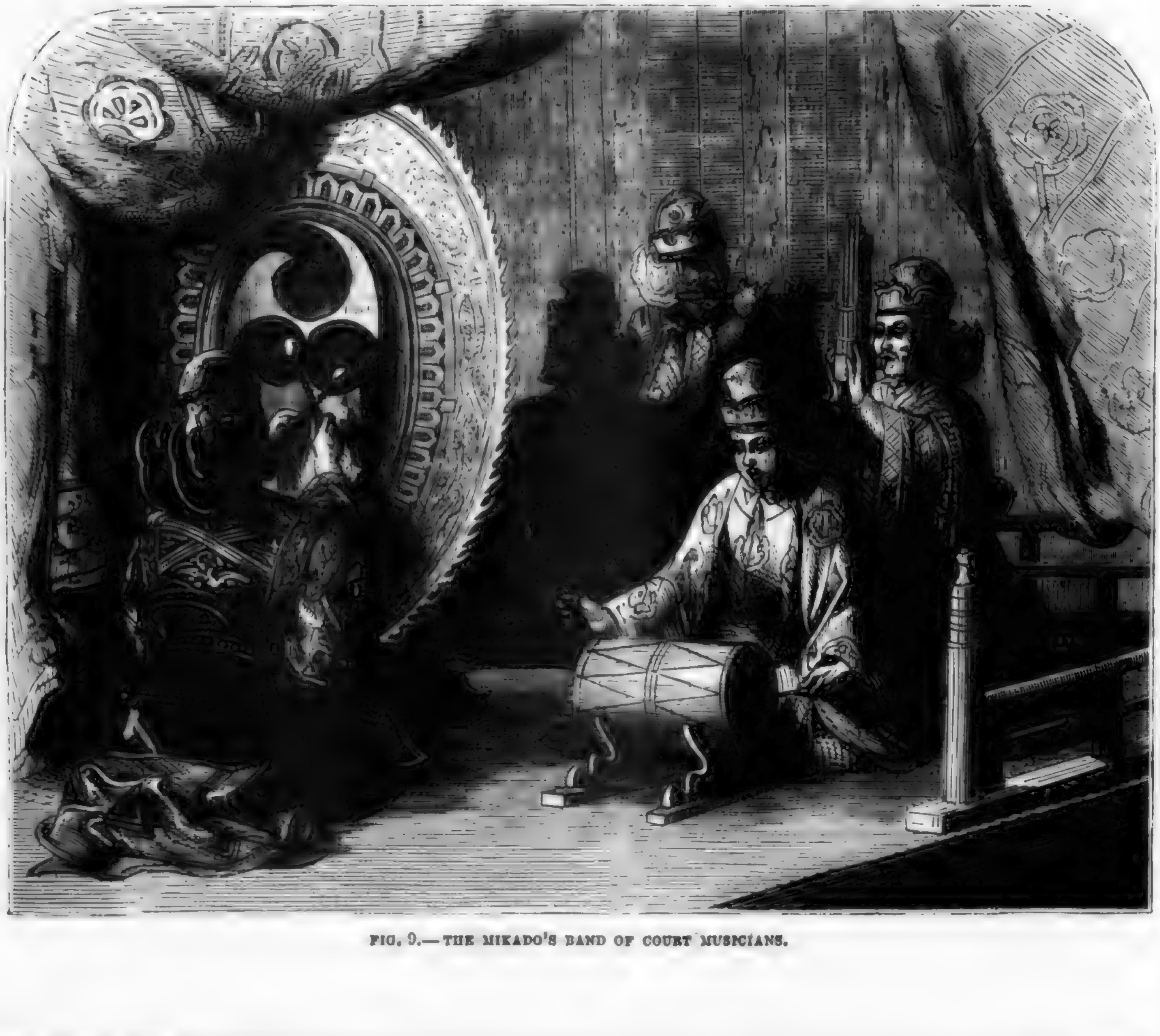

FIG. 9.—THE MIKADO'S BAND OF COURT MUSICIANS.

XUM

unknown in Japan, are now made in large quantities. Carpets, stoves, glass, rag-paper, matches, and a host of articles new to Japan, and once utterly unknown in the country, are now manufactured by native workmen.

With these changes come revolutions in the social condition of the artisan. No longer working singly, or in families of two or three, large companies, employing many hands, are in operation; and centralized capital is being pitted against, or working in harmony with, labor, and turning out work in quantities.

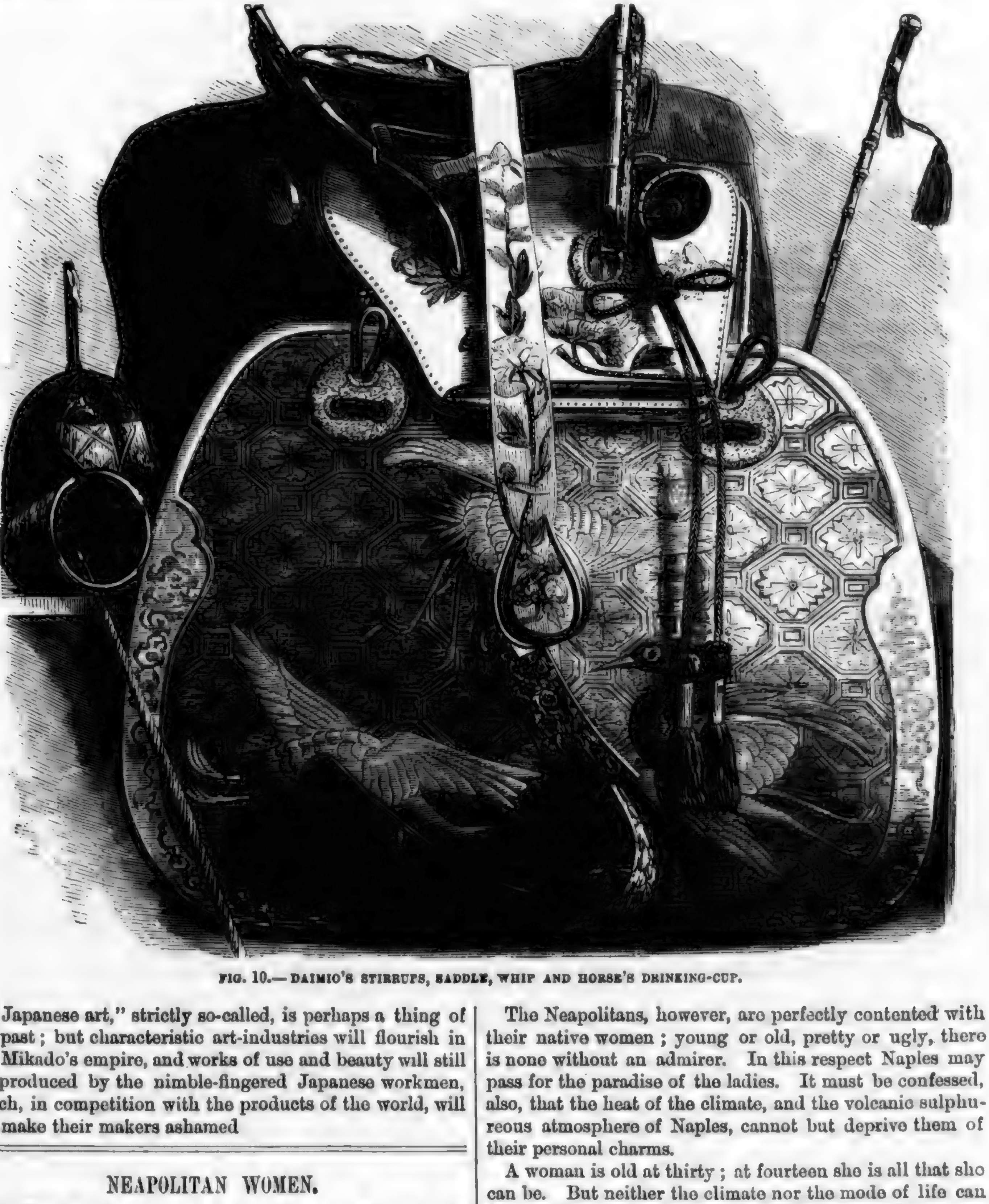

FIG. 10.—DAIMIO'S STIRRUPS, SADDLE, WHIP AND HORSE'S DRINKING-CUP.

"Japanese art," strictly so-called, is perhaps a thing of the past; but characteristic art-industries will flourish in the Mikado's empire, and works of use and beauty will still be produced by the nimble-fingered Japanese workmen, which, in competition with the products of the world, will not make their makers ashamed

NEAPOLITAN WOMEN.

At Naples, the men are a handsome race, but the women possess much less beauty than throughout the rest of Italy. Very few pretty females are found, and in general the expression of their countenance is far from being agreeable. Their gaze is too bold, their voice harsh and masculine, their complexions are pale and yellow. Corpulence here passes for an appendage to beauty. The Moors have the same idea, and on this point, as on many others, Naples is still affected by its African vicinity. The want of beauty, and especially of grace, among the greater part of the Neapolitan women is traceable to the gross food on which they subsist, the violence of their passions, their entirely sedentary life, and the little care they take of themselves.

The Neapolitans, however, are perfectly contented with their native women; young or old, pretty or ugly, there is none without an admirer. In this respect Naples may pass for the paradise of the ladies. It must be confessed, also, that the heat of the climate, and the volcanic sulphureous atmosphere of Naples, cannot but deprive them of their personal charms.

A woman is old at thirty; at fourteen she is all that she can be. But neither the climate nor the mode of life can deprive them of the lustre of their black eyes; the charming expression of their lips, when not disfigured by their drawling and affected pronunciation; and the perfection of their hands and feet.

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THE LOVES AND THE FATE OF THE DRAGON-FLY AND THE WATER-LILY.

By Fitz-James O'Brien.

On a lake whose bosom the sunbeams kiss'd
When they pierced the morning's gathering mist,
And round whose edge in profusion grew
The laughing eyebright's star of blue,
Couch'd on her leaf in the evening's ray,
A water-lily in beauty lay.

Fair as the snow was her scallop'd cup,
When on her green shield it was folded up:
And brilliantly shone her centre of gold
As it burn'd and flamed in her chalice cold;
And sweet were the delicate streaks of green
That peep'd her moon-like leaves between.

Presently, then, her golden tongue
Against her waxen white lips rung,
And her song stole forth in a low, sweet tone—
A flower-melody all her own;
Musical as a distant bell,
Soft as the wind's expiring swell.

And the mortal ears that heard her chime,
So sweet, so sad in that evening-time,
Thought it was but the rustling sigh
Of the lake tossed reeds when the breeze swept by;
But each neighbor flower held its breath,
And listen'd in stillness like to death.

"Dragon-fly, dragon-fly, warrior mine!
The sun's last rays on the lake-waves shine;
Each flower lies hid in its leafy cell,
And slumbers the tell-tale pimpernel;
And the May-fly floats on the waters clear,
But, faithless lover, *thou* art not here!

"In vain, in vain through the weary day,
Waiting thy coming in grief I lay,
And other dragon-flies hover'd near,
Whispering love-tales in mine ear;
But I heeded them not, though they flattered me,
And I gazed on them not—I watched for thee!

"Dragon-fly, dragon-fly, lord of my heart!
Beautiful as a dream thou art;
With thy slender form of burnish'd green,
And thy cuirass all blazing with golden sheen,
And thy air-woven, gauzy wings, that seem
Like the meadow-webs in the morning's gleam!

"Why hast thou staid from my longing side?
Hast thou forgotten thine own pure bride?
Oh, can it be that with artful wiles
My yellow sister thy time beguiles?"—
And here her leaflets one might see
Trembling with gentle jealousy.

"Oh, come again, love, and I will sing
Songs sweet as the chimes that the harebells ring;
Beautiful legends that raindrops tell
Of the starry home from whence they fell;
And how each hung like a radiant gem
On the rainbow's glowing diadem!"

Her song was hush'd, for a tremulous sound
Swept on the air, and whisper'd around,
And the flower knew, in her heart's deep core,
That her lover was coming, to part no more;
And soon, like a sparkle of emerald light,
He shot from the air to her chalice white.

"Lily love, dearest one, chide me not so!"
'Twas thus that he sang on her brow of snow—
"No false love kept me from thy side,
For thou art dearer than all, sweet bride;
But danger is on the wing to-night,
And it threatens thee, my mistress bright.

"As homeward at eve o'erjoy'd I flew,
Weaving sweet dreams of love and you,
I met the spirit whose wandering light
Leads mortals astray in the darksome night,
And he told me that a mighty storm
Was hovering over the mountain's form.

"Then I flew, and flew up the hill's dark side
To the cave where the tempest-voices cried;
And as I peep'd into that dreary place,
I saw the cloud-spirit's gloomy face;
And I heard the wind-monarch laugh with glee
As he thought on his hour of liberty.

"Then I hasten'd back to thee, dear bride,
In danger's hour to guard thy side;
Through the long night to calm thy fear
When the fierce whirlwind swept too near:
Or, should the storm destructive be,
To kiss thy cheek and die with thee!"

The lily heard his love-breathing tale,
And she murmur'd his pardon with lips all pale;
And she bathed his wings in her secret dew,
While he sang of his heart so firm and true;
And all that long eve the flow'rets near
Their whisperings of love could hear.

* * * *

Fearfully, fearfully rang the storm;
Awfully shone the mountain's form;
The lightning's red wreaths his temples bound,
And with eddying clouds his brow was crown'd;
And his words came forth in a thunder-tone,
As they rattled between his lips of stone.

Over the meadow, over the lake,
Furiously did the tempest break;
The billows leap'd up in a cold, white spray,
And the mightiest trees were borne away;
And the peasant crouch'd in his cabin warm,
As he heard the clang of that midnight storm.

* * * *

In a holy stillness came on the day,
While the fond sun wooed her with his ray;
And her cheek grew red, and her eyes grew bright,
As she bathed in her lover's glances of light;
Till link'd together in beauty and love
They trod the azure plains above.

But all along the landscape's face
The tempest's track the eye could trace;
And though the still lake calmly shone,
And though the snowy spray was gone,
Yet the broken flowers and leaf-strewn shore
Told of the step that came before.

But where was the lily, so fond, so fair?
Was she hidden away by a lover's care?
Or had she fled to some kindlier land,
Where flowers are only by zephyrs fann'd?
No sign upon the wave was seen
Where she sate enthroned like a virgin queen.

There, dashing against the rugged shore,
Lay the lifeless lily, but fair no more;
And a shapeless mass by her shatter'd side
Was all that remain'd of her lover's pride:
His gleaming wings and her chalice bright,
Were quench'd in death on that fatal night.

And other lilies soon flourish'd there,
But none were so true, or none so fair;
And the pitying flowers that near them grew,
The meadow-sweet tall, and eyebright blue,
Dropp'd many a tear the grave above
Of the Dragon-fly and his Flower Love!

SNOWED UP.

By the Author of "A Race for Life."

"I BELIEVE I am the most unlucky fellow in the world," said Bertie Tyrrel half aloud, as he tied his white tie.

"Why so, my dear fellow?" inquired a cheery voice at the door.

Bertie turned, still holding his *chef-d'œuvre* at his throat, and said, "Oh, Charley, is that you? Come in; I shall be ready in five minutes." Having arranged his tie to his satisfaction, he repeated, "Yes; I believe I *am* the most unlucky fellow in London, at any rate."

"What's the matter?" inquired his friend, rather earnestly.

"Well, you see," replied Bertie, "I've just had a letter from my sister, saying that Miss Patterson is about to leave Marchmont and proceed to the south of France. Mother's not well, I believe. You know I intended to go down this week and put myself out of my pain. Charley, I love that girl, and, Charley, I must marry her!"

"Well?"

"But it is *not* well. Charles Fletcher, you are a fish, a cold-blooded animal. How can you talk like that when I am really, truly and madly in love?"

"My dear Bertie, I should wait till the lady and party come to London, and then see her, and ascertain your chance."

"They do not come to London, I believe; at least, not to stay; so I am completely upset."

"It will all come right, old fellow. Are you ready?"

"Yes; it is time to be off. I do not feel at all inclined to go, though," said Bertie, mournfully.

A dinner-party was given by a Mrs. Arteman, in whose husband's office Bertie Tyrrel was, or flattered himself he was, a shining light. Mr. Arteman and Bertie's family had been friendly for years, and the young man was rapidly making his way to a junior partnership. He had the credit of being very trustworthy and quick at business—qualities which he took care to cultivate.

Many people came in the evening, also, and just before the carriages were announced, Mr. Arteman entered the room and gazed anxiously round. For some minutes he was unable to descry the object of his quest, but at last found him out, and, touching young Tyrrel on the arm as he sat in a corner of the room, beckoned him aside.

Hastily apologizing to his fair companion, Bertie rejoined Mr. Arteman in the empty dining-room.

"Is anything the matter, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, Bertie, I am afraid there is. Read that."

Mr. Arteman put a telegram into his junior's hands as he spoke.

"This looks serious," said Bertie, as he returned the paper. "What do you intend to do, sir? How can we restore confidence in the Manchester office?"

"By sending you down," replied his chief, quietly.

"But to-morrow will be too late," said Bertie.

"Therefore you must go to-night, my lad."

"To-night—go to Manchester to-night!" exclaimed Tyrrel. "The thing's impossible!"

"Oh, dear, no!" replied Mr. Arteman, coolly. "I have had your bag packed already. I took the liberty to send Collins to your lodgings for your morning dress. I have a cab at the door. Here are ten pounds in gold. Run upstairs and change—take a bit of supper first, though. The Pullman train from St. Pancras starts at midnight."

"And it is now eleven," said Bertie, looking at his watch. "What sort of a night is it, Collins?"

"Snows fast, sir," replied the man.

"Snows, does it!" exclaimed Bertie. "Better fill up the flask then, and put a half-dozen cigars in my coat-pocket—and, I say, Collins!"

"Yes, sir."

"Cut me a couple of ham sandwiches while I dress."

In fifteen minutes Bertie had received his last instructions from Mr. Arteman, and was bowling along the Euston Road to the Midland Station.

That immense terminus looked warm and comfortable in comparison with the wet and chilly night outside. The Pullman train was at the platform, ready to start. There were very few passengers. Bertie took a sleeping-car ticket, and without loss of time tucked himself up comfortably in his berth. The train started soon after this, and Bertie Tyrrel was whirled into the land of dreams.

But his dreams were pleasant dreams, and if he had not been conscious of the penetrating cold, he would have enjoyed a good night's rest. He shivered and awoke. The lamp was burning dimly. The steady "whirr" of the fast-flying wheels told him that the train was rushing still on through the stormy night. Something fell on the lamp—there it was again. It came in through the lattice over his bed. It was snow!

"Pleasant night!" thought our traveler. "I'll have another nap."

Easier said than done. No efforts of his could induce Somnus to pay him a second visit. The chill feeling he had before experienced compelled him to put on all his wraps. Then he got up, took a sip of brandy, and went out upon the platform of the carriage to smoke.

Oh, the cold, nipping wind, how it darted in between the carriages! Bertie had to hold on to the handrail tightly. But what a scene it was! A vast white sheet had been spread over Nature's face, and she lay as if dead beneath it. Every now and then a gentle swell or undulation in the surface looked like a heaving breast, as the fiery monster hurried past. The invisible flakes fell thick and fast, and, borne upon the angry blast, the white vail closed around them. They knew it not, but as surely as the clouds were overhead, the mighty engine was rushing into a trap laid by Winter, and the pure, white, gentle flakes of soft snow.

As the train flew along the track, little snow-storms came up from all the wheels in clouds of powdered dust. Bertie was fascinated. Past sleeping towns and villages, past black chimneys rising into the murky sky from white unsullied roofs, past close-shut windows beneath whose sashes the yielding but resistless snow wormed itself like herring-bones, and hung outside in slow-dissolving flakes for King Frost to weld closer. Past a huddled heap of humanity beneath the shelter of the embankment, on which the merciless though tender falling winding-sheet was surely wrapped. Past all these, and many more sights, did the Pullman carriage rush and scream, and yet no stopping for the train.

But ten miles further on the trap was laid. In a deep cutting, the northern wind and drifting cloud conspired to do battle with the boasted power of man. Lie closer still, oh drift! blow fiercer still, oh wind! Ye wait the daring monster who boasts he can outstrip the wind, and rattle wildly o'er the snow-clad fields.

A roar through a tunnel—Bertie had once again turned in—the train emerged—it slackened speed—a long deep whistle. The engine stopped dead short, and pulled up in a six-foot mound of snow, melting it for one brief half-minute; the water dashed at its enemy fire, and hissed its

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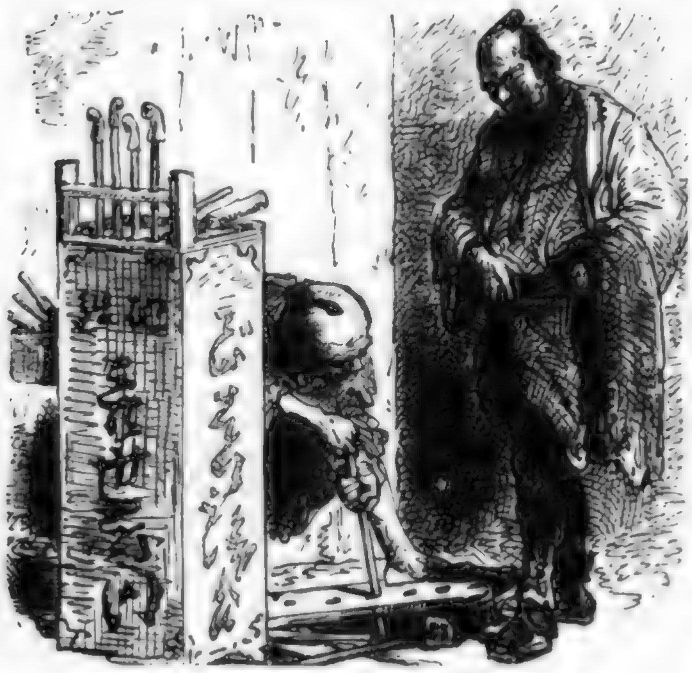

FIG. 11.—CLEANING THE PIPE.

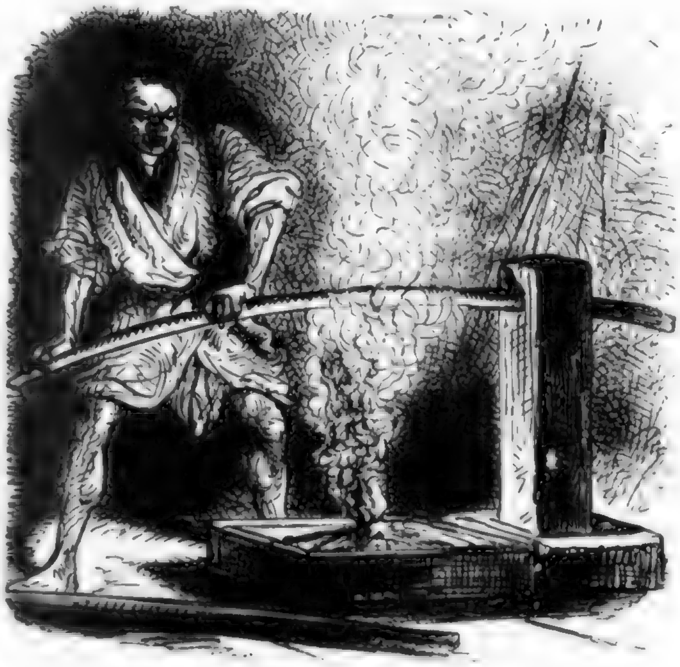

FIG. 12.—SMITH—BENDING THE BOW.

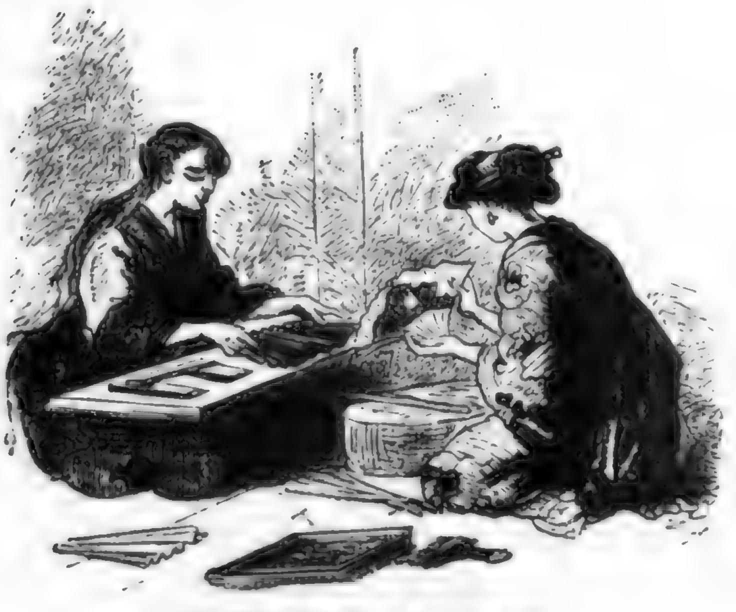

FIG. 13.—KIOTO GIRLS MAKING FANS.

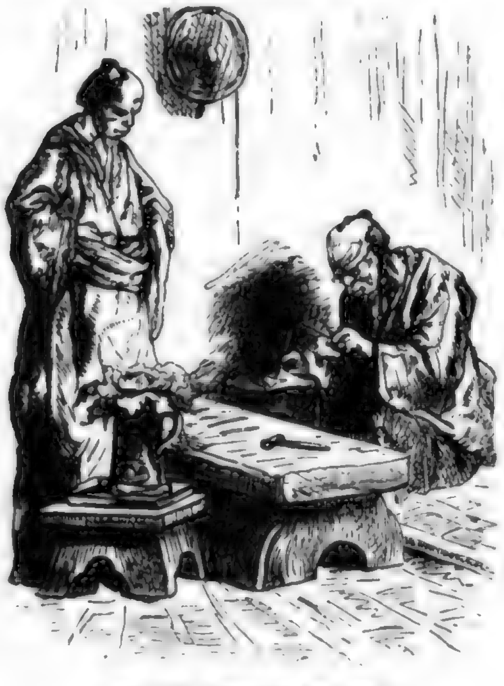

FIG. 14.—CHASING ON METAL.

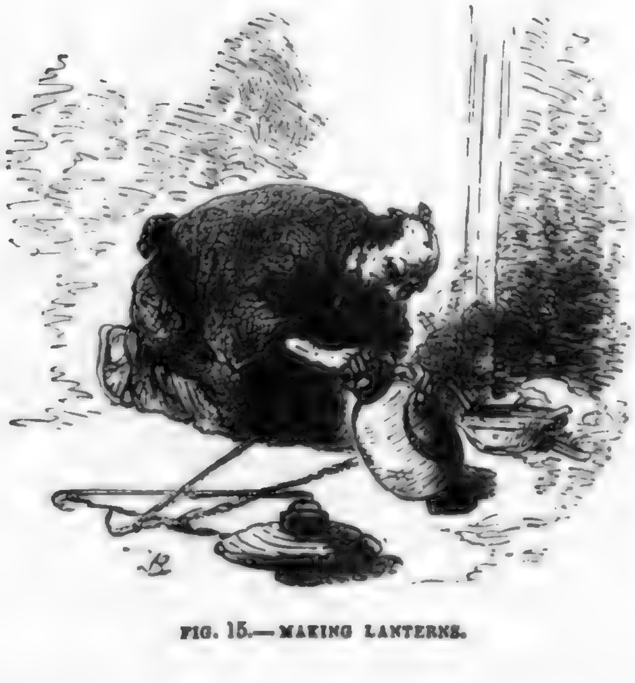

FIG. 15.—MAKING LANTERNS.

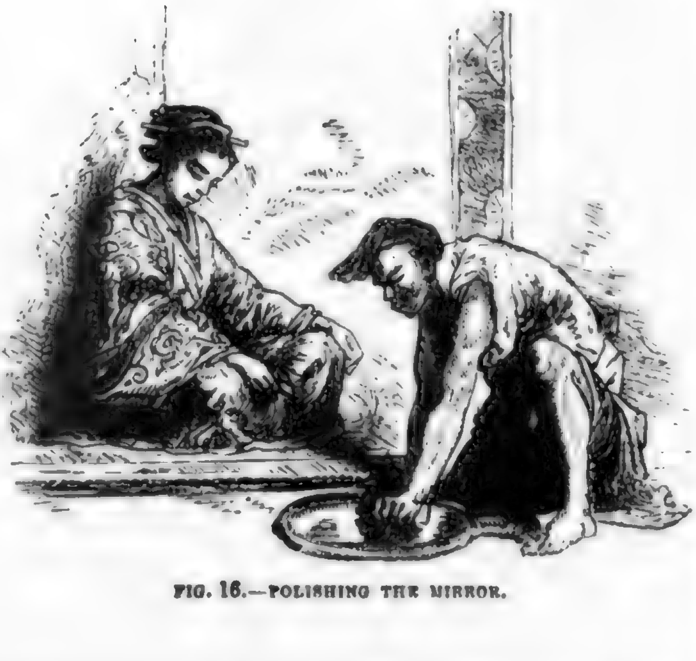

FIG. 16.—POLISHING THE MIRROR.

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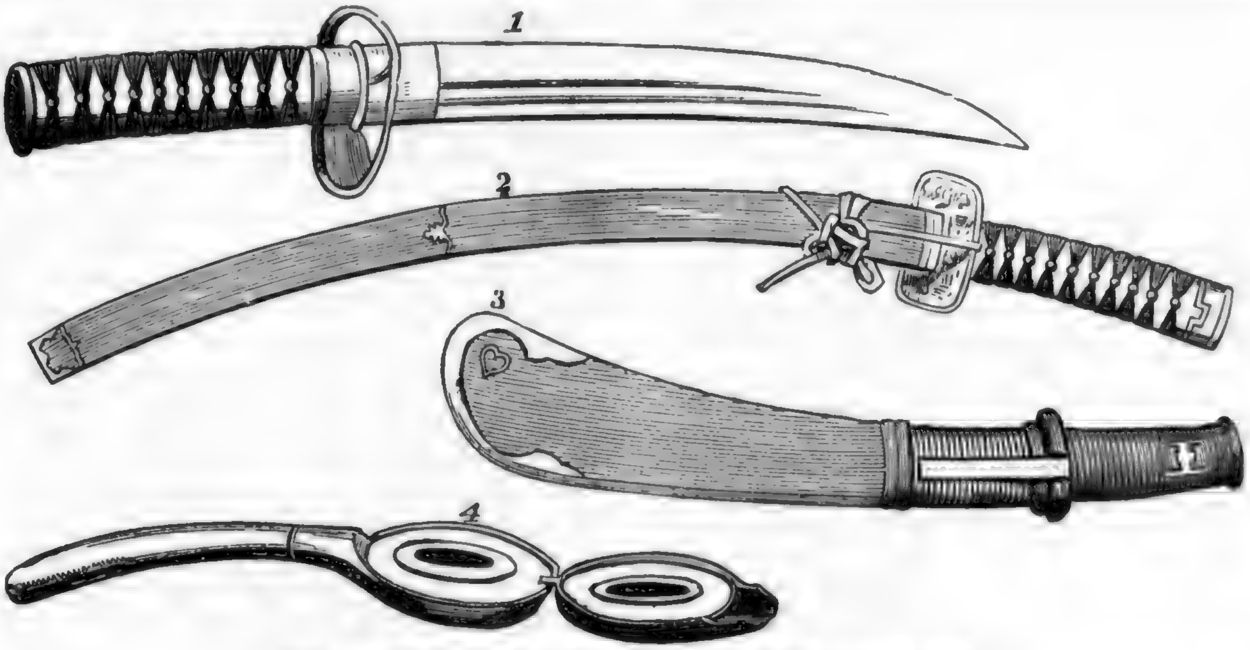


THE JAPANESE ARTISAN AT HOME.—FIG. 17.—SWORDS AND INK-CASE.

vengeance in its burning ears. The fiery foe collapsed, the mighty monster lay imbedded in the drift, harmless as a fettered giant, but still noisy in its protests.

Clouds of steam, anxious to be free from that fatal cutting, rushed upward and disappeared; or, unable to escape, fell in warm tear-drops on the virgin snow-white carpet. The engineer let the boiler run empty, and sent his fireman back to the last station for assistance. Man was powerless against the snow.

The soft, the gentle snow!

The passengers awoke, and, shivering, came one by one out at the end of the platform of the train, asking questions and not waiting for replies. No need to ask what was the matter a second time. The helpless lighted train glowed like a long lighthouse beneath the snow-clad embankment. A bank in front, a tunnel behind yawning darkly like an immense hole cut in white paper, a biting wind and driving snow, told the tale all too clearly.

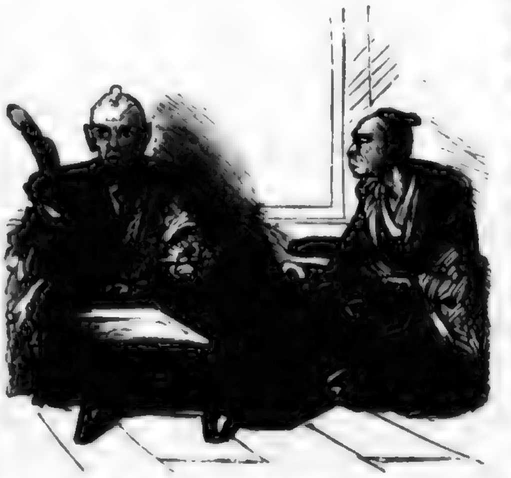


FIG. 18.—CAP-MAKERS.

SNOWED UP! Not a doubt of it. When could assistance arrive? Were there any ladies in the train? No ladies; only twenty-two travelers, and all men.

An hour passed. A scout who had gone ahead reported the drift almost impassable even on foot, and the wind at the end of the cutting rendered progress highly dangerous. They must camp where they were till daylight, at least. Better in the Pullman sleeping-car than upon the slopes of that fatal snow-drift, that Winter night.

But Bertie was due at his Manchester office at nine o'clock that morning. It was now about a quarter to four. He must get on, and he expressed his determination aloud to his fellow-passengers.

"I will accompany you. Where are we, guard?"

"Atween Ambergate and Matlock—but don't know where, though, gentlemen, exactly. Ask Ben."

"Ben," the engine-driver, informed them that they were about an hour-and-a-quarter's run from Manchester, and added a word of caution. But Bertie was determined to push on, and, accompanied by two other passengers, he started on his venturesome expedition.

Once out of the cutting, they trusted to be free. Surely the stoppage of the line would be telegraphed by this time, and, perhaps, a train in waiting to take them on. So they stepped manfully out, sinking deeply at every step, but still making progress.

The snow had ceased; the sky was clearing fast, and

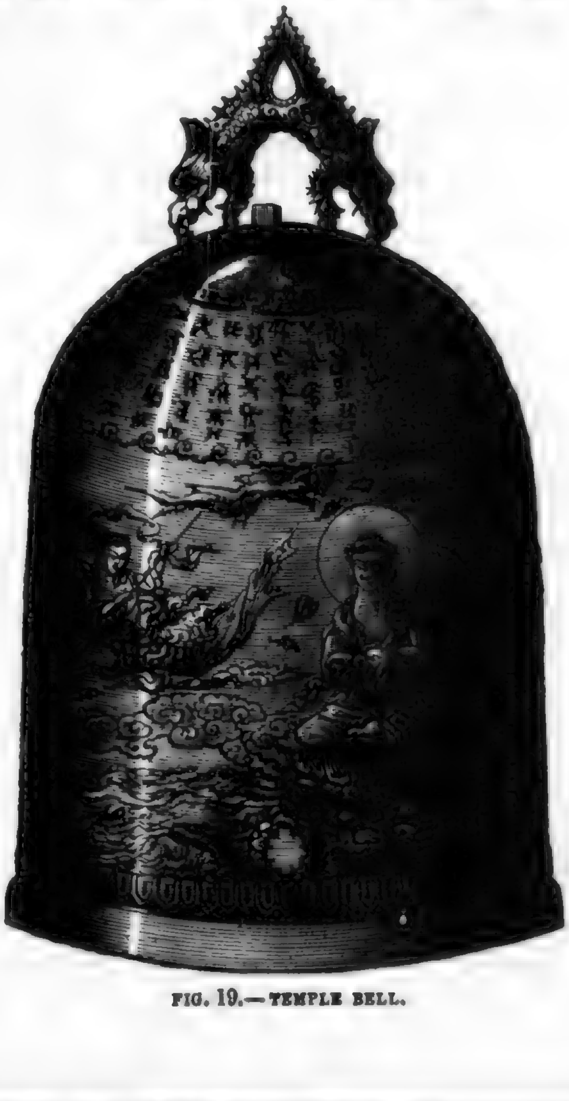


FIG. 19.—TEMPLE BELL.

frosty-looking stars peeped out to view the desolation. The wind was bitterly cold. Every now and then the snow would be dashed in their faces, as by handfuls caught up by spirit-fingers to obstruct their progress.

For awhile they kept side by side. Struggling against the blast they pressed on till, unknowingly, they mounted the side of the cutting, and wandered far away across a level field, and over the distant hedge, covered up with newly-fallen snow.

The sudden ease with which they stepped now had the very opposite effect to what might reasonably have been expected. They knew they had strayed. Where was the railroad? They must regain it at any risk. But the two older travelers determined to remain where they were, sheltered comparatively behind the hedge, in only a foot of snow, till daybreak. Bertie rashly made up his mind to return in his tracks, which were plainly discernible, and against the advice of his comrades he acted upon his resolution.

His one idea was to reach Manchester. If he did not succeed in averting the impending crash there, all his prospects would be ruined. His hopes of ever winning his lady-love would be completely shattered, and what was life without love? He must succeed, though he perished in the attempt; he would do his duty, whatever happened.

So he manfully struggled on—at times up to his knees in snow; once completely buried in the drift; he fell down, down, until nothing but a small star was visible overhead. The snow kept closing in. He breathed hard upward toward the hole. His hands were fastened to his sides by pressure of the drift. By breathing hard at the tiny hole, it became larger and larger. The snow melted quickly, and he got a hand free. At length he got his head out, and after a severe struggle he fell forward, half insensible from cold and nervous exhaustion. He rolled over the harder snow for a space; down, down—it seemed as if he would never stop—a hard substance received him—a crash of glass, or ice, a moment afterward fell upon his half-unconscious ears, and he lay insensible on the ground. A light was burning steadily over his head.

* * * * * * *

The spirit remained in the body, but the clay tenement refused to acknowledge the presence of the master. Sense lay wrapped within the brain and behind the sullenly closed lids. Speech was there, but somehow it could not force its way through the stubborn lips. The ears were open to catch the slightest sound, and eagerly they drank it in; but the shaken nerves refused to listen, or, at best, only grudgingly, as yet.

And thus lay Bertie in a trance—dead, and yet alive; ready to speak, dying to utter his thoughts, and yet dying because his speech was locked; the pressure on the brain was not yet unloosed, and Bertie lay there, almost as he fell, it seemed to him.

But yet things were curiously mixed up around him. He could move his hands, and could feel he was lying upon soft cushions. Dull to his ears arose the sound of those horrible whirring carriage-wheels. It seemed to him as if he were back again in the railway-carriage, *en route* to Manchester.

Still, people were about him. Feminine fingers ministered to him—that gentle touch just now was very different from the other tender finger-tips of some good Samaritan, probably a doctor.

The subtle odor of a lady's presence clung sweetly around Bertie as he lay sensible to what passed, but unable to form a word, or look his thanks, or even recognize the gentle care.

Once he essayed to open his eyes, and oh, how the vision of that one fair face he loved hung over his half-conscious brows, and was for a second photographed upon his brain! No—it was gone—a moment more, and the dull whirr of the revolving wheels, the even motion of the Pullman car, all seemed to hold him in thrall as he lay supine on the soft cushions.

But this could not last. By slow degrees the brain resumed its sway. He opened his eyes. Things were very dim to him, and the cold, chill hand of Death apparently was on him. He could not move his head, but as he gazed with dull, half-open eyes, the vision of his love rose up to bid him welcome. Oh, lovely vision! it came nearer and nearer—it would touch him! yes, it bent down, and, breathing a soft petition for his recovery, vanished.

Whirr—whirr—whirr!

Did he dream still? No; voices distinctly fell upon his ears. Where was he? A shrill whistle broke the monotonous sound; the undulating movement of the car he had felt, or fancied, seemed to cease.

"Hush!" some one spoke. Bertie opened his eyes. He was dreaming still. . . . He lay upon a cushioned berth in a Pullman palace car. The lamp burned very dimly overhead. Daylight penetrated the curtains round him. He felt very weak and very cold, but he was not dreaming. How had he got there?—what had happened?—where was the snow?

He called out. A gentleman entered softly.

"Where am I?" inquired Bertie, faintly.

"Hush, hush! quite safe; do not agitate yourself," replied the doctor, as Bertie fancied the newcomer to be. "We have got you round nicely."

"But where am I?" persisted Bertie.

"You are at Ambergate Junction."

"I must go to Manchester at once. Help me up, please."

"My dear sir, it is quite impossible to move you. You have had a very severe fall, and must be kept quite quiet. We have telegraphed particulars to Mr. Arteman. You cannot be moved."

This was decisive, and the doctor left the berth. Yet, as soon as his back was turned, Bertie made an effort to rise. With difficulty he repressed a scream; the pain was acute. He at once perceived that movement, even in bed, was out of the question at present, so wisely he determined to await events. His thoughts naturally dwelt upon the happy vision he had seen, and he foolishly accepted this as an omen favorable to his ultimate happiness. At length he fell asleep.

He awoke very hungry, and saw the doctor at his side. He put out his hand, which Bertie took and clasped warmly in his own. The kind doctor made a careful examination of his patient, and then said:

"You are much better this evening, I am glad to tell you, and as soon as the stiffness wears off you will be all right again. I may tell you now that we have had a telegram from Mr. Arteman. He is at Manchester; so your natural anxiety may be allayed."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" exclaimed Bertie, with fervor. "You have indeed put my mind at ease."

"I was enabled to tell him there was no danger, so he went on this afternoon. He saw you while you were asleep." Bertie stared, as well he might. "Yes," continued the doctor, "you have slept for thirteen hours."

"Indeed!" was the patient's only reply. "But, I say," he added, "how did I get here? I remember being in the snow, and I think I fell——"

"I should think you did," replied the doctor. "You came plump into this car—rolling in snow."

"I am afraid I am still confused, doctor, for I do not understand you now"

"You rolled down the embankment into the windows. We were snowed-up in the great cutting on the up-line. Another train, yours probably, was at the other end. You, in your excursion, tumbled into our windows. It was very fortunate for you that you didn't roll over the parapet into the river, my lad."

"And very lucky," said Bertie, graciously, "that you happened to be in the train, doctor."

"You have not to thank me so much as Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, sir; and they telegraphed to Mr. Arteman."

"Mr. and Mrs. who?" exclaimed Bertie, sitting up, quite regardless of his bruises. "Patterson, did you say?"

"Yes; do you know them? They did not appear to recognize you."

"Yes—no—I know a Miss Patterson—I——"

"Whew!" was all the doctor's answer.

"What! Is there a Miss Patterson? Is she here? Is she—was she in the train? Alice is her name."

"That is the lady; she nursed you until I came. Her mother is an invalid, rather. They were caught in the drift last night like yourself."

"Where is she, doctor? Did she leave a message?"

The doctor's eyes twinkled.

"Well, not exactly, but she gave me special directions to let her papa know how you were. This is the address."

He took an envelope from his pocketbook and handed it to Bertie, who read, "Harvey Patterson, Esq., at ——— Hotel, London, till Friday afternoon."

"What's to-day?" inquired Bertie, hastily.

"This is Thursday. It is seven o'clock, P. M."

"Doctor!" exclaimed Bertie, as he recalled the vision of the day before, while he lay half insensible, "I shall go to London to-morrow!"

The doctor smiled.

"What, and leave Manchester business? But, seriously, I think you scarcely fit to travel. Well—well, we shall see," he continued, as Bertie moved his head impatiently. "We shall see. Keep quiet now, and I dare say you will be well enough to go to London. Good-night."

"Good-night." And then Bertie resigned himself to blissful thoughts and happy anticipations for the morrow.

* * * * * * *

Two o'clock was striking at Westminster when Mr. Bertie Tyrrel's card was taken into a private sitting-room at the ——— Hotel. There was only one occupant of the spacious room—a young lady, whose good, sensible and bright face lighted up with a softer expression as she read the name of her visitor.

"Show him in, please," she said, calmly, yet the palpitation beneath the well-fitting traveling-dress to a woman's eye would have betrayed a secret.

The waiter ushered Bertie in and quickly retired. The young man waited till the door was closed, and as Miss Patterson stood up with outstretched hand, he clasped it warmly. No word of greeting did he speak. He only gazed for one moment into those eyes of liquid blue—the eyes grew tender, and then the shading lashes trembled, but only for a second. But Bertie could read.

Without a word he clasped Miss Patterson in his arms. "My darling!" was all he said.

She struggled to free herself, strongly at first; but as he whispered something in the crimson, shell-like ear close to his trembling lips, the pretty head sank upon his shoulder, and the silence that gives such sweet consent told all the rest!

When Mr. Patterson came, half an hour afterward, he found a prospective son-in-law seated on the sofa, holding his daughter's hand.

Explanation ensued; the upshot of it being that Bertie's health required a change to the south of France. He was married in the ensuing Summer; and he always considers that he owes his present happiness to having been snowed-up.

A "COUNTRY BRIDAL" IN QUEEN BESS'S TIME.

LANEHAM, in his "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," gives an amusing description of a "country bridal" which the Virgin Queen witnessed when she was at Kenilworth in 1575:

After the wedding there "was set up in the castle a comely quintane for feats at arms, where, in a great company of young men and lasses, the bridegroom had the first course at the quintane, and broke his spear very boldly. But his mare in his manage did a little stumble, that much ado had his manhood to sit in his saddle. But, after the bridegroom had made his course, ran the rest of the band a while in some order, but soon after tag and rag, cut and long tail, where the specialty of the sport was to see how some for his slackness had a good bob with the bag, and some for his haste to topple downright and came tumbling to the post; some striving so much at the first setting out, that it seemed a question between man and beast whether the race should be performed on horseback or on foot; and some put forth with spurs, and would run his horse bias, among the thickest of the throng, that down they came together, hand over head. Another, while he directed his course to the quintane, his judgment would carry him to a mare among the people; another would run, and miss the quintane with his staff, and hit the board with his head."

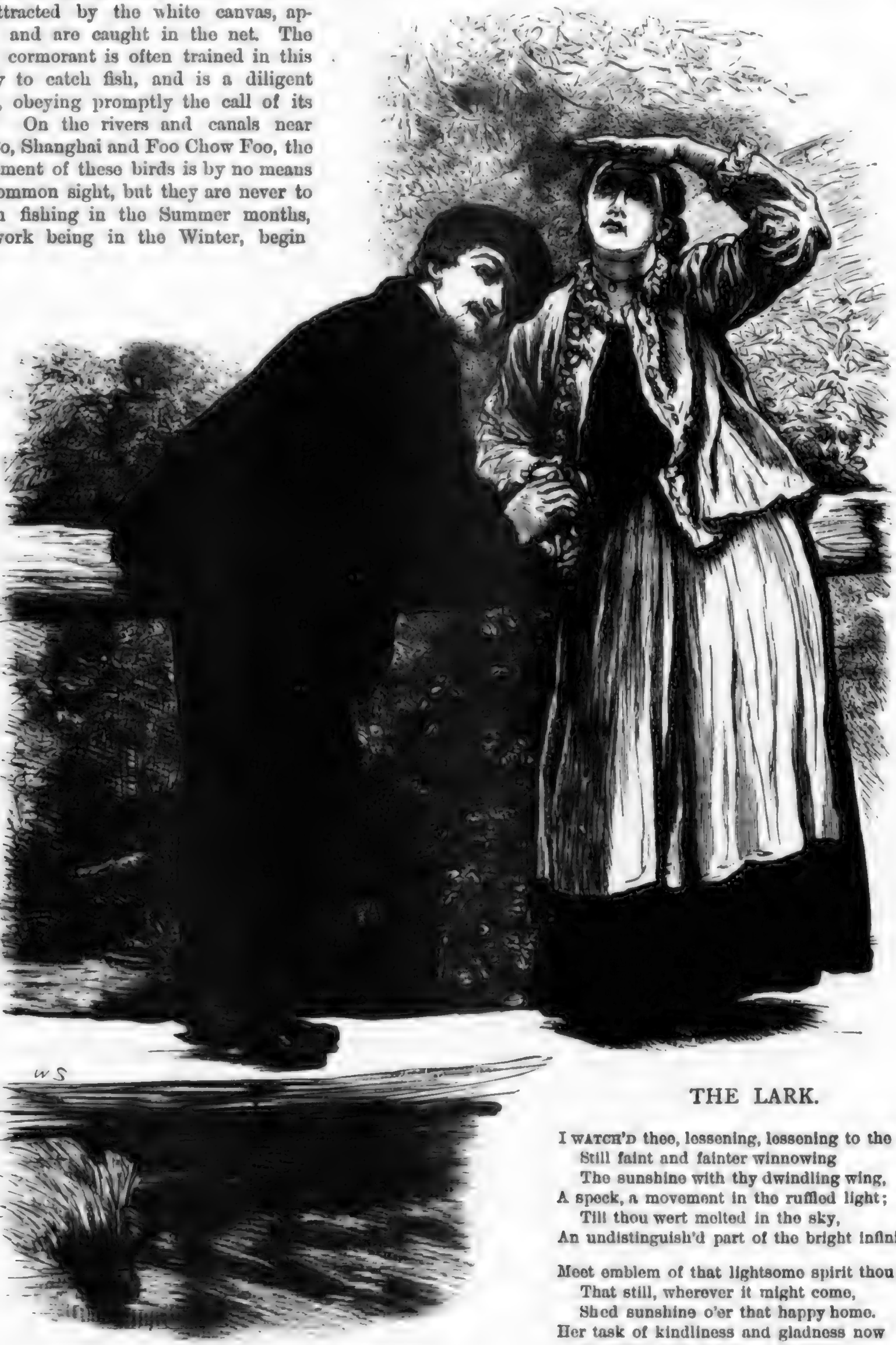
This interesting old wedding custom continued to be observed at marriages down to comparatively recent times. It is possible that it may still hold a place among the bridal rejoicings in the principality; at any rate, Mr. John Strange, writing in 1796, ("Archæologia," Vol. I., page 303), says that "this sport is still practiced at weddings among the better sort of freeholders in Brecknockshire"; and then goes on to describe the variety of the pastime in use there—a few flat planks erected on a green, against which the young men tilt with long, thick sticks, "striking the stick against the planks with the utmost force, in order to break it, when the diversion ends"; a variety of the quintane very like "the cane game," at which Richard Cœur de Lion lost his temper on Sunday afternoon, outside the walls of Messina, in Sicily, while on his way to the Holy Land.

HOW THE CHINESE FISH.

A THOUSAND years ago, the Chinese had the same ideas in regard to the catching of fish and the working of nets as they have at the present. On the coast, however, the generally accepted system of procuring fish is in vogue.

The lakes and rivers in China, especially those in the north, are so abundantly stocked that the fish-catchers make their living by actually seizing and drawing the fish out of the water with their hands. The man goes into the stream, half swimming, half walking, raising his hands above his head and letting them drop, striking the surface. Meanwhile his feet are rapidly moving on the muddy bottom. Making a rapid dive, he brings up a fish in his hands. Striking the surface frightens the fish, who sink below, and thereby are felt by the feet and secured.

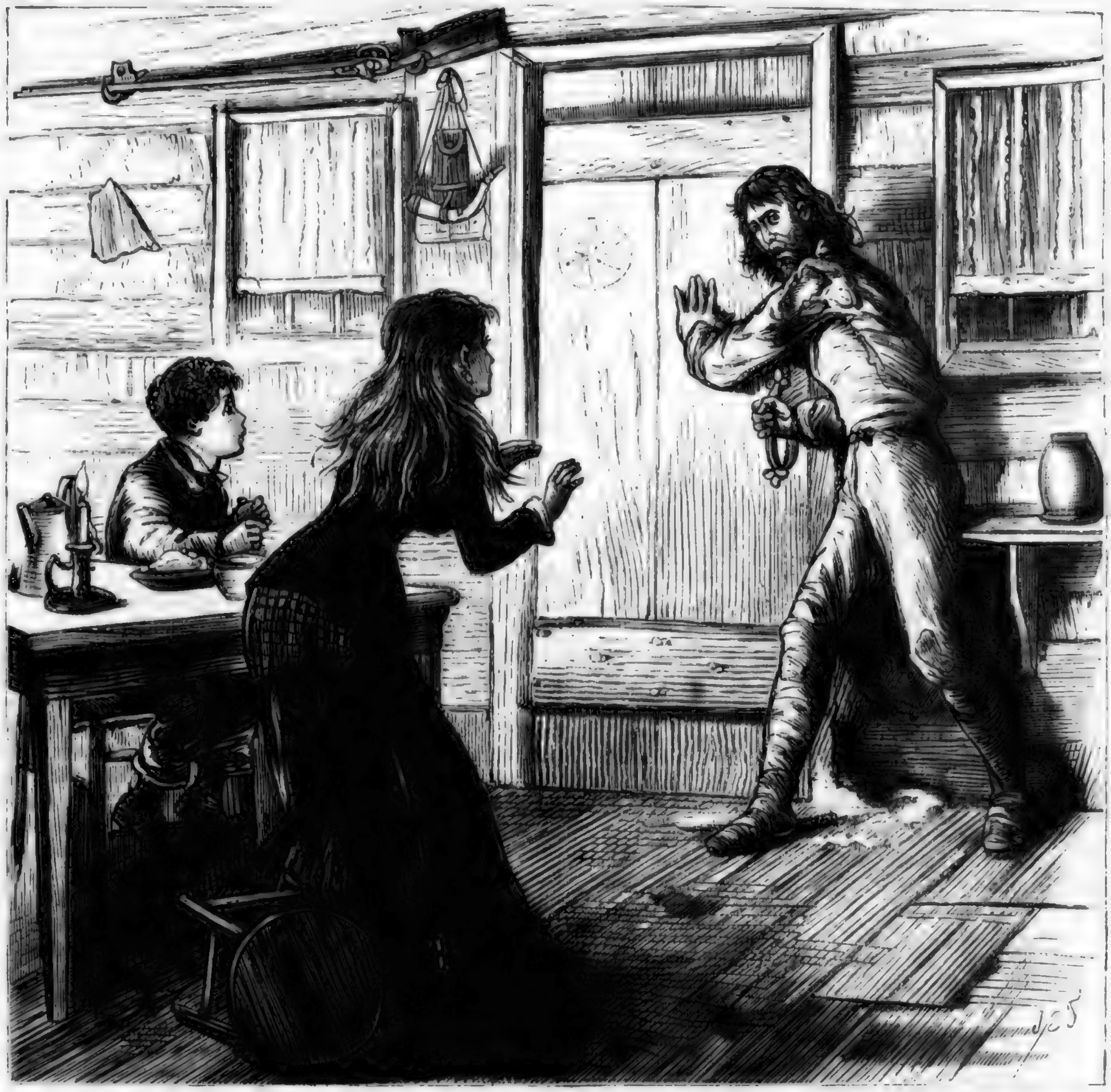
Another curious method is sometimes practiced on several of the great rivers. A man sits at the stern of a long, narrow boat, and steers her with a paddle to the middle of the river. A narrow sheet of white canvas is stretched along the side of the boat, and along the other side a net is fastened so as to form a barrier of two or three feet in height. The man keeps perfectly still, while the fish, attracted by the white canvas, approach and are caught in the net. The fishing cormorant is often trained in this country to catch fish, and is a diligent worker, obeying promptly the call of its master. On the rivers and canals near Ning Po, Shanghai and Foo Chow Foo, the employment of these birds is by no means an uncommon sight, but they are never to be seen fishing in the Summer months, their work being in the Winter, beginning always about October and ending in May. The birds have, of course, to be trained, which is carried on in the cormorant breeding and fishing establishments, one of which is at a distance of thirty or forty miles from Shanghai.



THE LARK.

I WATCH'D thee, lessening, lessening to the sight;
Still faint and fainter winnowing
The sunshine with thy dwindling wing,
A speck, a movement in the ruffled light;
Till thou wert melted in the sky,
An undistinguish'd part of the bright infinity.

Meet emblem of that lightsome spirit thou!
That still, wherever it might come,
Shed sunshine o'er that happy home.
Her task of kindliness and gladness now
Absolvèd, with the element above
Hath mingled, and become pure light, pure joy,
pure love.



TWO BABES IN THE WOOD.—"WHAT WONDER THAT HIS EYES HAVE AN UNCOMMON GLARE AS HE LOOKS AROUND—LOOKS BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER AS HE SHUTS THE DOOR NOISELESSLY BEHIND HIM."

TWO BABES IN THE WOOD.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER V.—FLOWERS.

The Summer is now a full-grown girl, a woman, indeed, blushing just a little at her own beauty, perhaps; for here and there the beech, like the banner of an advancing army, lifts its branches of fire, and the dogwood drops a leaf now and then—a red letter to the lower world, hinting that early Autumn is not far away.

John Logan walks with Sylvia Fields in the deep wood by the banks of the Massassinena. He is very happy, and full of hope and heart. He looks on her and only her. She is a little cold and cautious, and gazes down in the deep river, or up at the splendid coloring of the woods.

He is plainly but very neatly dressed. She is more gayly clad, with a preference for color. Yet not too loud, or in a manner unbecoming a country squire's daughter.

"It's a pretty fan, Sylvia." He stops as he flutters her fan and walks beside her.

"Yes; father got it in town last week. Oh, dear! I do wish it wasn't so far to town. Forty miles to town. That town's awful far away from here, John. It can't ever be much of a town, can it? And, do you know, we saw old Dr. Calvin? Yes, we did; and a real fine-looking old man he is, too; and awful rich! Oh, my, how rich he is!"

"Ah, yes; the eccentric Dr. Calvin, the land speculator!"

"Yes; all the settlers fear him; he's awfully rich, and owns all the land in the settlement. I'm glad father ain't a settler."

John Logan says, as to himself:

"He is a hard, miserly old man; the poor, unhappy settlers are not far wrong in their hatred, and had he not been an old man and a stranger"—he checks himself, and turning to Sylvia, says, "Yes, he owns all the land of the settlers;

he owns the land that my mother settled on—the land that my mother is buried on."

"Oh, his mother—always talking of his old Indian mother," inwardly sneers the girl. "Yes, he was asking about you, John Logan. He says you saved his life. I shouldn't wonder if he did something splendid for you. Oh, he's awfully rich."

"Yes, he is rich."

"He has been afraid to come to the settlement all the time. Why, he didn't even dare come to the edge of the settlement to see father. But now that the Government has sent soldiers with a sheriff, I expect he'll come down right off. Oh, he's awfully rich, and right good-looking, too, for an old coon." The country maiden takes her fan, flutters it, and looks up from under her straw hat, and says, half jestingly, half in earnest, "Oh, he said some of the nicest things to me! And he's so awfully rich, too."

"And what do you call nice things, Sylvia? What did he say?" asks Logan.

"Well, he said I was pretty—ain't that a nice thing?"

And again the fan is fluttered, and the girl looks archly at her companion from under her broad straw hat.

"Yes, that is nice; and, what is more, it is true. What else did he say that was nice?"

"Well, he said that I was pretty, and that—and that he liked the looks of me, and—and so on."

"Yes? And all that is nice. And what else did he say?"

"Well, he said I was pretty, and that—that—that it was very fine weather, and so on."

"Yes, yes, that was all very true. And what else?"

"Well, he said that I was very pretty, and that he was very rich, and that it was very fine weather, and so on."

As the girl says this, in a half-serious, half-playful way, she pulls her broad hat from her rich hair, and, approaching a fallen mossy log, sits down, and swings her hat by the ribbons.

The man is thoughtful, and stands before her and looks at her in silence. Shouts of children are heard in the woods; little, bushy-tailed squirrels run chattering along the logs, and the birds sing overhead, as if no one was near; for the man has been silent for so long, standing there before the country girl swinging her hat by the ribbons, that these first little dwellers of the wilderness seem to forget the presence of these intruders.

"Sylvia, you are indeed very pretty," says Logan, at length. "Let me call you Sylvia, will you not? It means the woods, and sounds to me like the rustle of the silver leaves of Summer."

"Why, certainly; call me Sylvia, if you like. He calls me Sylvia—Dr. Calvin." She swings her hat gayly, laughs just a little, and says, as if to herself, "Oh, he's so awfully rich."

"Sylvia, don't speak of him!" And, turning aside, Logan says: "Have I saved this man's life that he may take mine? Sylvia, hear me. I have grown up here on the edge of the settlement, and in yonder cabin, poor, nameless and alone. The mention of this rich and traveled man of the world maddens me. He flatters you, he lies to you. God pity me! I must tell you the truth. I love you! and maybe it is because I love you so that I hate him so bitterly. No, do not start. You do not fear me. We have grown up almost together in the shadow of the woods, and you know well that I would die for you. Sylvia, my mother has gone and left me—left me with this tinge of red man's blood on my tawny brow, and left me with no name but that of a tribe. The vast lands of this valley are another's now, and strangers will plow the very spot where she is buried. It is hard, but I must remain here. Even if I could go away, there is no power on earth that could compel me to leave her resting-place. Nay, hear me! I love you, and with you this would be the garden of the world—a paradise before the fall of man."

Sylvia's broad hat swings less vigorously now. She taps the leaves with her foot a little, and lifts her eyes.

"But you know how proud father is. Dr. Pierre Calvin is—you know he is awfully, awfully rich. And what would the neighbors say, if——"

"If what?"

"If I married a man——"

"If you married a man who is of a race of ancient warriors—whose people once possessed this broad and boundless land!"

"No, no; I do not mean that. But that other—that—that——"

"That other! That I have known no father! Oh, this is too terrible! May the wrath of Heaven fall upon and follow him, wherever and whomsoever he may be! May he be cursed, cursed, cursed for ever—cursed as I am now!"

The man's arms are in the air, his body writhing like that of a wild beast in its death-agony. With a prodigious effort, he at last masters himself, and turning to her, where she slowly swings the hat by the ribbons and nervously taps the leaves with her foot, pale and pitiful, stands before her.

"Come!" he says, hoarsely. She arises and takes his arm. "Let it all be forgotten. Let this hour be to me as some dreadful dream. No; do not answer. It is over. I will take you to your father now, and then return to my cabin—to my cabin, as cold and empty as the home of the dead!"

As with bowed heads the two slowly disappear down the trail, Carrie, with her hand full of flowers, Dr. Calvin at her side, is coming up the trail from the other direction, preceded by Stumps, who, with shouts of laughter, dashes ahead of them, wearing the doctor's beaver hat and flourishing a gold-headed cane as a war-club. He cocks his head stiffly, after the fashion of the doctor; and, imitating the old man, walks up and down before them.

"Johnny—Johnny! Do give the doctor his hat!" cries Carrie.

"Well, here you are, old Persimmons."

"There, there—that's all right. Now run along, youngster."

Stumps licks out his tongue, starts, turns, and comes back; and, looking sharply in the doctor's face, says:

"I say! What have you got two horses for? That's what I want to know. And I don't want you to talk to my sister, no how, about going to town. *Savé?*"

"And you say I can go with you and your party tonight to town—anywhere; anywhere away from here?" says Carrie.

The girl is very unhappy. She is no more the wild, careless girl of the woods. Her unkempt hair is subdued; her lithe, beautiful figure is prettily but plainly clad; and, although you would say she is very poor, yet you would see and say at once, she is not only by nature a lady, but a very beautiful one.

"I must go! He is with her. He loves her. What is left to me?" she thinks, bitterly, as she pulls at the flowers. "I cannot bear them now! The woods that were so bright and beautiful, are now dull and dreadful. I cannot—I will not look on them again!"

"There is a horse ready," says Dr. Calvin. "You can and you shall go, and under my protection, mademoiselle! The sheriff and party came, and will return with me."

Carrie eagerly and half-desperately turns to the man.

"I will, I must go—I will go with you to-night."

"You go!" Then turning to the boy, he says, "I've got something for you. Oh, don't eat chestnuts all ze time; it is so Western! I will tell you a story, a nice story, if you will run along."

"A nice story?"

"A nice, new story; and I will tell it to you now if you will just run along and mind your business; I want to talk to your sister. There, don't lick out your tongue; it's so Western. Well, I was once doctor to an expedition to ze North Pole. Men got sick, down with ze scurvy; medicine would do no good. We land on an island covered with woods and wolves. I resolve to try a last, desperate experiment. I had read of ze good effects of ze fresh earth applied to ze afflicted human body. Well, I had twelve deep holes dug, all in a row, under ze pine trees on a hill; and at night I had twelve men stripped naked and plant like posts, up to ze chin, in these holes. Then I had ze earth filled in tight around zem; only ze tops of zeir heads and zeir noses were to be see above ground. I go away, and come back ze next morning and——"

"And found 'em all got well," interrupts Stumps.

"No, Stumps, no; ze wolves came down and ate off every head level with ze ground! Don't scratch your head zat way; it's so Western!"

"Now, Mr. Doctor, you look here. Don't you lie in that way. It's so Eastern!" And with that the boy again licks out his tongue over his shoulder and disappears down the trail.

"You will go at dusk—as soon as it is fairly dark; and you must go now or not at all. For now zat I have taken possession of my land, I shall not to come back. I've had enough of zese savage settlers, and I shall not to come back soon."

"To go and leave him—to leave it all!" thinks Carrie, as she clasps her hands and turns away.

"A beauty—as a man of the world, I must say she's a beauty, sure enough. I must get her to ze city; there's a fortune in zat red hair of hers zere," cogitates Dr. Calvin.

Carrie, turning to the doctor, asks desperately:

"And you say you saw him there with Sylvia to-day?"

"Oh, yes; I'm a great friend of ze squire's, and I always stop zere when I can, and she and zis John Logan is awfully thick, as you say out West. What? why, what is ze matter? And you love him?"

"No, no, no; I do not love him! I am not good enough to love him, and he loves Sylvia Fields!"

"Oh, ho! and she's in love with him! Well, I know ze cure for zat. Let me see—— No, no! I don't exactly know ze cure for zat; but, like zat other doctor, I can throw her into fits, and zen cure ze fits."

Stumps enters hastily.

"And doctor, did you say that if a man had his nose bit off that you could take a piece of live chicken and put it on again?"

"Confound the boy!" to himself, angrily. "Yes, yes; I said so. Now run along."

"And you really do say that if a man got his nose bitten off you could take a live chicken and make him another nose?"

"Yes, yes. There's a dollar for you. Now you go!"

And again the boy disappears down the trail. The doctor turns to the girl and says:

"Come, you must get yourself ready. And do you know, he laughs at you, this John Logan. He is going to marry Sylvia Fields, I tell you, and it is to be—to-morrow."

Carrie starts, turns aside; her hands are to her face, and tears are stealing through her fingers.

"Got something in your eye? Blow in it. Get Stumps to blow in it. Let me blow in it. No?"

She turns aside as he approaches her.

Stumps, returning hastily, cries:

"And doctor, if you did put on a man's nose out of live chicken, and it growed on all right, why wouldn't it come out feathers?"

"Now, what brought you back here?" demands the doctor.

"My legs brought me back here." And again he licks out his tongue and makes a face. "Do you know keerds? If you do, ante and pass the buck." The doctor reaches after him, and he, retreating, says: "I say, doctor, would his nose come out with feathers on it?"

"Yes, yes, there would be feathers on it, I suppose."

"Oh, that's all right, then. You are awfully sensitive on that point, ain't you?" And he taps his nose with his finger, as he looks back over his shoulder.

The doctor has approached the girl, and is about to take her hand, when the boy again appears, and shouts out:

"I say, doctor, if feathers did come out, and it was a rooster, would the man wake up in the night and want to crow?"

The doctor is furious, and again starts for the boy; but the latter, wriggling his fingers in the air and darting out his tongue, disappears as he came; and again the doctor approaches the girl.

"I am a man of ze world, a gay man of ze world"—and he shrugs his shoulders—"a bad man of ze world, people will tell you; and perhaps zey are right. But I must not be too bad. Go or stay—I do not want to persuade you; but, as a man of ze world, I would say, go. Water finds its level. If you are bright and beautiful, you will find your way to ze capitals of ze world soon enough. If you belong in a hut, in a hut you will live. Now, if you say go, zere is an extra horse, and go you shall."

The girl stands still. The man approaches, and says gayly in her ear:

"Silks, laces, ribbons, and ze great, gay world."

Still she does not move.

"John Logan will be married to-morrow to Sylvia Fields."

The girl starts violently, as she whispers, hoarsely:

"I am ready. I will go."

"You are a wise little woman; and when once fairly out in ze world, you will remember with pity those who can be contented here, and you will wonder zat you stay a day longer in ze woods zan you could help."

"I am ready." And she approaches him and takes his arm, as if she would follow wherever he would lead. Suddenly she stops. "But my father and my little brother?"

"Will you go, or stay? Maybe you would like to stay for ze wedding?"

Again the girl is resolved.

"And can I earn money—money for *them*—if I go?"

"You can certainly earn more money zere zan you can here. Ze sheriff and party come down zis trail soon, and we can all go together."

"Then I will send them money, plenty of money—my own honestly earned money." And she says to herself, aside, "And they will think of me, and be glad that I remember them. And they will pity me sometimes, when the woods are full of the gold and glory of the Autumn time. And by my mother's grave they will name my name with hers; for I too will be dead—as dead to them as she."

"Come; we must be off at dusk," says the doctor.

The girl starts, and looks about her in the gathering gloom, bewildered.

"At dusk! So soon as that? No, no; I cannot go at

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dusk. But after all is over, when all are asleep, then take me—take me to the furthest corner of the world; for, oh, I am so wretched! There is no more color, no more sunlight nor moonlight, nor anything that is beautiful in the woods, for me!" She approaches, and says, softly and tenderly, to the iron man of the world: "His mother and my mother are buried together in the hill there, and Johnny and father and I are to go there and place wild flowers on her grave, for it's just a year ago to-night since we laid her there."

Dr. Calvin's hands twitch nervously, and he is evidently annoyed.

"Oh, there you go again with your mother's grave! Why must girls have mothers' graves? You must get over this. Let the dead bury their dead. Once out in ze gay, busy world, you will never think of your mother's grave again. Come! Will you go or stay?"

The girl does not move. She lifts her large eyes full of tears to his, in a helpless fashion, and wrings her hands. The cunning old man knows the key to unlock her lips, and says, half-laughingly:

"Now, I'll warrant you, John Logan don't talk to his sweet-heart, Sylvia Fields, about his mother's grave. No?"

He puts his arm around her waist, but Carrie, starting from his embrace, and stung to desperation by his words, cries:

"I am ready to go—to go now! Give me but a few minutes to place these flowers there on her grave, and his mother's grave?"

The twilight begins to sift soft and tender through the trees. It is that time which the Latins called "between the wolf and the dog."

"In a few moments, and I must be gone."

"I ask but a few moments."

"Then I will await you here, until the sheriff and party come."

He shrugs his shoulders, takes a cigar and lights it, and turns to the river; then he produces a book from his breast-pocket, which he is accustomed to carry there. For men in the woods read much more than the world supposes, where there are so few of their kind to talk to.

He thrums the leaves, and turns, as if to catch the light. Perhaps it is too dark, for he does not read. He only walks further away, leisurely smoking as the boy approaches his sister.

"I want you to go with me, Johnny," says Carrie to Stumps. "Now—right off, and put these flowers on mother's grave, and on *his* mother's grave."

And she divides the flowers with him, as she says, as if to herself, "on *his* mother's grave."

"Yes; on his mother's grave. Yes, I will put them on her grave—I will, so help me! because she didn't sick 'Bose' on me." And then the boy shivers, and says, as he creeps close to his sister: "And then I want to go home, for I am getting cold and chilly, sister."

Carrie draws him close and tries to warm him with her dress.

"Yes, Johnny; yes, you can go then—go in a moment after you have made me a promise. Johnny, I want you to promise me to come here at this very hour next year, and put them on our mother's grave there. And bring wild flowers, like these—the wild flowers of the woods, that she liked so well, and always likened us to—her wild, untaught children of the woods."

"I will—I will, sister; so—so——" his hand is lifted, as if about to say, "So help me," but remembering the solemnity of the place, his hand falls to his side, and he says, with fervor: "I will. I promise you I will come with you and father, and bring flowers—the wild wood flowers, like these, and put them on her grave in just one year, sister!"

"But promise me to come, whether I come or not. Promise me—promise me to come, whether I come with you or not. For I—I may not come with you, Johnny."

"You may not come with me, sister? You may not come with me?"

"Yes—yes—yes. I may be sick, or something may happen to me. I may not be able to come, Johnny. But you—you will come—you can come; you are strong—you are a man. You can, and you will come, Johnny. Promise me you will!"

"I can come, and I will come, so——" Stops and scratches his head. "I can and I will come, sister!"

"Thank you—thank you!" and she folds him to her heart. "I knew you would promise me, and I know you will keep your promise. And you will put them on her grave with your own hand—with this brown, brave little hand; won't you, Johnny? And you will bring some flowers for her grave—*his* mother's grave?"

Stumps starts a little and looks around, as if he was afraid he might see her looking at him, and says:

"The poor dead woman with the holler eyes. Yes, I will. I will do it, sister, so—so—— Sure I will! Because, because she didn't sick 'Bose' on me."

"God bless you, my brave, little brother! And now, here"—she leads him aside, and points up the hillside to the graves—"do you see that moonbeam falling there, white as our tired mother's face, and just across her grave through the trees?"

"I do, sister."

"And you see the shadow of the tall poplar falling across *his* mother's grave? And do you see the long white moonbeam pointing there, like God's finger, never forgetting His dead?"

"I see, sister."

"Then promise me on this night, at this moment, when you see that shadow fall, and that long white beam of moonlight pointing out the graves, that you will come and kneel there—there, on this side, and pray—pray for me, your unhappy sister!"

"Why, sister—sister!"

"Oh, promise—promise me!" cries Carrie, in a tear-laden voice.

"I will—I will! I will kneel there with wild flowers in my hand. Yes, I will kneel there, lift my face on this side of the grave, with the moonlight on my face, and pray for you, sister, if I live!"

"And if I live—if I live, so help me, Heaven!—wherever I am and whatever I am, I will come and kneel on the other side; and, over my mother's grave, look you in the face, brother."

The man with the cigar turns back from the river, as if impatient. Carrie seizes her brother's arm, and cries: "The time has arrived!" as she hurries him away. "Come; let us leave the flowers on the graves, and you must go—and I too must go!"

And they disappear in the gloaming

CHAPTER VI.

I SHOULD HAVE MURDERED HIM.

As Carrie and her brother leave the presence of Dr. Calvin, "the man of the world," he turns back a few steps, thrums the leaves of his book, and brushes the ashes from his cigar.

Complacently he watches the ripples in the river, as he stands there in the twilight awaiting the return of Carrie, and smoking his cigar—this man of the world. A man

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without a hope or a purpose save the selfish and reckless pursuit of his own coarse pleasure—a most miserable man. And yet, withal, a man who had the sense and sensibility to know that he was miserable at heart, if he only dared look into his heart. He could not do that. He was as a man who had been on a long and protracted dissipation, who dared not become sober. He had been in the habit of saying for many years, "I will reform to-morrow." He was a bad man, and he knew it. When a bad man knows he is bad, there is hope for him. He is not nearly so bad as a man far less wicked than himself, who asserts to himself and to the world that he is really good.

As he stands there, a dark figure, in a coonskin cap and a leather coat, creeps cautiously up the river's bank. It is Phin Emens. Behind him comes Gar Dosson. Phin Emens raises his gun.

"No!" says Gar Dosson, putting the gun gently aside with his hand. "If he must die, I suppose he must, but not with that;" and he taps the gun with his finger. "They mustn't hear the dog bark." As he says this he again taps the gun with his finger. Evidently the gun is the dog referred to, and he fears to have the neighbors hear the report of it.

Phin Emens looks at him savagely, and says:

"I won't be balked again. I tell you I won't be fooled with any more. If he gets away this time, he gets the law on us. Stand back!" And again his gun is drawn to his face.

"No, no—not that. That!" and Gar Dosson again pushes the gun-barrel gently aside, and, looking his neighbor firmly in the face, taps the bowie-knife in his belt and repeats "That! That is the medicine for that man!"

"Pardner, you are right! the dog does bark loud on the bank of a river," mutters Phin Emens between his teeth. Dropping the muzzle of his gun, he hesitates a moment; then reaching his rifle to his companion, he stealthily draws his knife. He makes a step forward, bares his arm in the moonlight, and lifting his knife, moves with all the savage cunning of a tiger upon the old man.

Very calmly "the man of the world" smokes at his cigar, utterly unconscious of peril, as he stands with his back to his deadly enemies and gazes into the river that rolls between its woody banks.

Very near is the stealthy tiger now, this wild beast of the jungle. The old man takes the cigar from his mouth, lifts his head, and looks idly about, and up and down the river. He does not see his assassin. But is there a subtle something that tells him that all is not well? The stealthy assassin steps back. The man of the world again puts his cigar between his teeth, and begins to puff leisurely and calmly as before. Surely he does not suspect.

Again the tiger of the jungle advances with gleaming knife. He is almost within reach. The arm is bared, the knife is lifted, as if to be buried between the shoulders.

Suddenly down the trail, out of the dense woods, steps John Logan.

"Curse him!" mutters Phin Emens between his teeth, as he glides back to cover.

"Shoo! It's John Logan going down the trail to his cabin. He won't stay long. The old un will be alone again in a minute, and then go for him."

Pale and dejected, John Logan, with head down, comes upon the old man, and they stand face to face.

"The man who saved my life," mutters Calvin. "Sir, I am more than glad to meet you," and he grasps his hand and shakes it heartily. "Come, now, I want to do somezing for you—somezing grand and handsome. You are a brave, good fellow, modest and full of merit, and you must let me do somezing for you. But you must get out of this," and the old man looks contemptuously around. "Get out of the wilderness. I am a man of ze world, my boy, and I believe in life, love, wine, women! Get out into ze world."

"No; I must be content here."

"What, content here?"

"Believe me, this is best. When I stand, as I stood just now, on the little hill in yonder clearing, in the little graveyard that we have started out here, where thousands and thousands are to lie down and rest"—here the old man starts just a little—"when I stand there and see the bent blue skies shutting down around me, the earth and the sky closing together, as it were—closing together as a book that is read—then I see the bound and limit of my life."

"And you will stay here? And I can do nothing for you? Stay here in ze wilderness and never see ze world?"

"Yes. Here God has set me down, and here I must remain at my post bravely to the end, till the great Captain who placed me in the front lines of the battle of life calls me to rest."

"What a strange, unselfish fellow it is!" mutters the doctor. Then he turns to the young man and says, gayly: "Nonsense, nonsense, my boy! The world is an oyster—open and eat!"

"Doctor, listen to me," says Logan, gravely. "Where are the workers of the world? In the country, in the wilderness, at work; silently subduing the earth, as God commanded; throwing their strength against the great forest; hewing out the way for the civilized world to come after them; bravely and silently accepting the great primal curse—'By the sweat of your brow you shall eat your bread, all the days of your life'; toiling there, starving there, soul and body, these brave millions, dying in obscurity, that you few of the cities may live in luxury and leisure. Point not the finger of scorn and derision at these, for they too have souls, to feel, to pant, to aspire to something grand and good."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaims inwardly the man of the world, as he shrugs his shoulders violently, cocks his head, steps back a little, and looks embarrassed. "Have I found an honest man, and in this dark place, without a lantern? I have! The very man I want, too, to attend to my land. I can't risk coming down here; these savage settlers would murder me sooner than ze Indians would. I will trust him;" and then the suspicious man of the world shakes his head. "No, I will try him before I trust him. You are a handsome fellow; did you ever hear of Lothario?"

The young man looks him in the face, and shakes his head.

"Well, Lothario loved the world, he loved women; he was a gay man, was Lothario, and a great lover; but at last he wearied of love and resolved to marry."

"I have done with woman."

"Ha, ha! A boy, and done with woman! See ze world, my boy, and you will get over that. Woman! Why, woman is ze world! Woman! she makes us twice happy. She makes a man happy to get her—and happy to get rid of her!" and the merry old man of the world laughs a little at his own bitterness, and turning to the other says, "You will go out into ze world with me, or you will, at least, let me reward you for what you have done?"

"I have had my reward, sir, in doing my duty to my fellow-man. It is some satisfaction to know that you have saved a man's life—however low and contemptible that man may have been." And the young man said this slowly and bitterly, and taking a step forward, and lifting his hat, he says, "and now let me bid you good-night."

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"By the saints! this is strange talk for one so young. What can he mean? and who can he be?" Then aloud says the doctor, "Stay! Whose son are you?"

"I do not know," dejectedly.

"Do not know?"

"I do not know." And he comes up to the other, cold, earnest and severe, and looks him almost savagely in the face. "You press me on a point which is none of your business. But I am not a coward; I am not ashamed ot my mother's name! She lies buried on yonder hill, sir. I never knew my father!" The young man puts his hand to his face, to his throat, as if choking with agony. "I never knew who my father was. She died when I was not by her side, and she carried the awful secret of her sad life with her to yonder grave. I know that she was an angel on earth, as she is in heaven. She was the last of the Royal Miammas. and——'

"Ze Royal Miammas? Did you say the last of ze Royal Miammas? And her name—her name?" The cigar is thrown away, and the old man's levity with it. He is terribly excited, terribly in earnest. But he tries hard to repress his emotion. "Her name?"

"Marie Logan. She had been betrayed and abandoned; she could not prove her marriage; her tribe thought her untrue, and abandoned her, as he had abandoned her. She left the Miamma, and stole away here to the deep wilderness, to hide her sorrow and her shame."

The old man drops the book which he has held in his left hand, as with ashen lips he mutters:

"It is my son! It is my son! and so noble, so brave, so true. I must, I will reform! The outcast son shall teach and lead his father to a nobler life." All this he says with pale lips and to himself, and then, as if no longer capable of restraint, he turns and cries, as the young man is walking away, with reaching arms, "My son!" and, starting back, he says again, "No, no, no! I must not betray my secret now. And then, what if he should deny me?—as I denied him through all these years." The young man has turned, and the other continues: "Your story interests me more than you can understand. Tell me—please to tell me all."

"There is little else to tell. My mother, disgraced, abandoned, came out here and built her cabin, and, hiding away from the world, taught me all the missionaries had taught her, and reared me as best she could in the ways of the white man. That is all—a brief and a bitter tale."

"But she—I thought—she should have stayed with her tribe."

"With her tribe? She was a proud woman. She had been abandoned; she was disgraced: her heart was broken. She lived and died alone—alone as I am now."

"What have I done? I am ze base, blackest of men! I must make amends before I die, or I cannot rest in my grave." Then, turning wildly to the young man, he cries: "If your father should come to you—come to you now?"

"What do you mean, sir?" asks John Logan, coldly and bitterly.

"Hear me—hear me! I—I have been reading a story—a story in that book. It is of a man who secretly married a brave, true woman of the wilderness. But he was proud, ambitious, fond of the world. He denied ze secret marriage, abandoned her, and went back to ze world he loved. Years rolled by. The man grew gray, and wearied of it all. He found the world false and hollow and insincere. He longed for rest—for peace. He can find no rest, no peace but in dissipation; his friends, his relations—all have pass away. He is alone—alone. He is an old man, with nothing in the world to love—nothing but dissipation and pleasure. At last in despair he returns to ze wilderness. There suddenly one day he finds he is not alone. There is some one for him to love. His son, a noble man—braver, truer, better, a thousand times better than him. His heart hungers and cries out to him for pity and sympathy in his old age and his desolation. He reaches him his open arms. He offers him all—fortune, fame, position before ze world—all—all that he has to give. What—what would you do? what would you have done had you been zat son?" panting and eager, almost with outstretched arms?"

"I? What would I have done?" He steps back a little, and answers, bitterly and between his teeth. "One word at a time!"

There is a strange lustre in his eye, and he seems to grow as he stands there, to tower up and to partake something of the savage grandeur of the mighty trees that surround him. It is night, and the dark man looks almost terrible. All the Indian nature begins to assert itself. He seems to remember all the wrongs of his race.

"What would I have done had I been that son? I should have remembered my mother's simple trust in the man who came with all the arts and advantages of civilized life; I should have recalled her betrayal and desertion to him; I should have remembered the bitter, bitter years of waiting—waiting; I should have remembered when her child came to ask her where and who was his father!"

The old man starts as if struck by a blow. He has been retreating all this time, and the young man has been following him up and hissing the words in his face.

"I should have remembered the long and lonely Winters of that abandoned mother and child by the cabin fireside, while the betrayer ranged the world in plenty and in pleasure. I should have remembered when she fell ill and lay there alone, while the boy went forth day after day, year after year, to earn her bread. I should have remembered when she lay there, at last, in want, dying—dead! I should have remembered all, all this. And when he, her betrayer, my father, weary at last of the world he loved, came to me crying for love, I should have remembered my mother and her wrongs, my own dark and desolate life, and I should have murdered him!"

They reach the bank of the river, in the old man's retreat, before the bitter denunciation. John Logan fairly screams these last words in his ears, and the old man, throwing up his hands and still attempting to retreat, falls back, with a shriek, into the river.

There is a plash in the water, and then all for a moment is still. Phin Emens and Gar Dosson step forth, but as they do so the sheriff and two men come down the trail, their business being to put Dr. Calvin into legal possession of his land.

"You have murdered him, and you are my prisoner."

The strong hand of the sheriff reaches out for the shoulder of the young man, but he steps back and glares at the officer. The rage of battle is on him. Will he be taken alive?

CHAPTER VII.

A MAN-HUNT.

MIDWINTER, and the mighty trees knock their naked arms together, and creak and cry wildly in the wind. In Major Brown's wretched log-cabin, by a flickering log-fire, Carrie Brown sits listlessly alone. The wind howls horribly; the door creaks, and the fire snaps wickedly; the wind roars, now the roar of a far-off sea, and now it smites the cabin in shocks, and sifts and shakes the snow through the shingle. The girl draws her tattered shawl tighter about her, and sits a little closer to the fire. Now there is a sudden, savage gust of wind, wilder, fiercer than before, and a storm of snow blows in through a crack in the door and dances over the floor.

"What a terrible storm!" exclaims the girl, as she rises up, looks about, and then takes the shawl from her shoulders and stuffs it in the crack of the door.

She listens, looks about again, and then, going up to the little glass tacked beside the fireplace, carefully arranges her splendid hair, that droops down over her shoulders in the careless yet perfect fashion of Evangeline.

"Heaven help any one who is out in this storm tonight!"

Then she takes another stick from the corner and places it on the fire.

"Father will be here soon, and Johnny—Johnny with news about him—about poor John Logan."

She shakes her head and clasps her hands.

"It's nearly half a year since that awful night when he drowned the old doctor. They couldn't take him—they dared not take him then. He got away, but they have been after him ever since. They are hunting him—hunting him in this storm—hunting him from thicket to thicket, as if he were a wild beast. He hides with the cattle in the sheds, with the very hogs in their pens. They come upon him there; he starts from his sleep and dashes away across the fields, while they follow, and track him by the blood of his feet in the snow."

The girl springs to her feet in her excitement, shrinks closer to the fire, as if afraid of the darkness.

"Oh, how terrible it is to be a murderer! and then his own father, too! And to think this hunted, hounded man should be brave, gentle John Logan! I must not think of it; I will go mad."

She turns to the door and listens. She draws back the ragged curtains from the window and tries to look out into the storm. She can hear and see nothing, and she walks back again to the fire.

"I must set them their supper." As she says this she goes to a little cupboard and takes a piece of bread, puts it on a plate and sets it on the table. Then she places two plates and two cups of water. "They will be here soon, and they must have their suppers. Oh, that grocery!"—she shudders as she says this—"and Johnny will bring me news of him—of John Logan, in his flight for his life. Oh, this dreadful chase of man after his fellow-man! It is too terrible! What's that?"

She springs to the door, lifts the latch, and Stumps steals in, brushing the snow from his neck and shoulders. He has a club in his hand, and looks back and about him as he shuts the door.

"Oh, sister, it's awful! I tell you it's too awful!"

"Brother—brother! what has happened? Where is father? What is awful? What is it, Johnny? And he, John Logan?"

"He's been there!" The boy shudders and points in a half-frightened manner out of the window toward the little hill. "Yes, he has; he's been up there on the little hill by his mother's grave; and he's been to Squire Fields's house—yes, he has, and he couldn't get in, for they had a big dog tied to the gate; and now they have got another dog tied to the gate. Yes, and they tracked him all around by the blood in the snow!"

"Oh, brother! don't, don't!" clasping her hands.

"Don't be afraid, sister; he has gone away now. Oh, if he would only go away and stay away—far away, and they couldn't catch him, I'd be just as glad as I could be! Yes, I would; so help me I would!"

"And he has been up there, and in this storm!" She speaks this to herself, as she goes to the window and attempts to look out.

"Poor, poor John Logan! I wish his mother was alive; I do, so help me. She was a good woman, she was; she didn't sick Bose on me, she didn't."

As the boy says this, he stands his club in the corner, and looks with his sister for a moment sadly into the fire; and then suddenly says:

"I'm hungry. Sister, ain't you got something to eat? Father he's down to the grocery, and Phin Emens he's down to the grocery too, and he swears awfully about John Logan, and he says it's the Injun that's in him that made him kill the old man. Do you think it's the Injun that's in him, sister?"

As the boy says this, the girl turns silently to the little table and pushes it to the fire.

"There, Johnny, that's all there is. You must leave some for father."

"Poor, poor John Logan!"

He eats greedily for a moment, then stops suddenly, and looks into the fire.

Carrie, also looking into the fire, murmurs:

"And Sylvia Fields let them tie a dog there to keep him away. I would have killed that dog first. If John Logan should come here in his flight, bleeding, starving, dying, I would open that door to him. Bloody as his hands may be with his father's blood, I would open that door to him!"—There is a dark and terrified face at the window—"And, by my mother's memory, I would give him bread to eat, and let him sit by this fire and get strength to fly again!"

"And I would too—so help me, I would!" The boy pushes back the bread, and rises and goes up to his sister. "Yes, I would. I don't care what the settlement, or Phin Emens, or anybody says; for his mother did not sick 'Bose' at me, she didn't!"

The pale and pitiful face at the window begins to brighten. There is snow in the long, matted, black locks that fall to his shoulders. For nearly half a year this man has fled from his fellow-man, a hunted grizzly, a hunted tiger of the jungle.

What wonder that his step is stealthy as he lifts the latch and enters? What wonder that his eyes have an uncommon glare as he looks around, looks back over his shoulder as he shuts the door noiselessly behind him? What wonder that his clothes hang in shreds about him, and his feet and legs are bound in thongs; that his arms are almost bare; that his pale and bloodless face is half hidden in black and shaggy beard?

"Carrie, I have come to you. Yours is the only door that will open to me now."

John Logan! She starts; the boy too utters a low, stifled cry. Then they draw near the miserable man. For they are born of the woods, and have nerves of iron, and they know the need and the power of silence, too.

"*You* here, John Logan?" Carrie whispers, with a shudder.

"Ay, I am here, starving, dying!"

The boy takes up the bread he had dropped, and places it on the table before Logan. The hunted outcast sits down wearily and begins to eat with the greediness of a starved beast. The girl timidly brushes the snow from his hair, and takes a pin from her breast and begins to pin up a great rent in his shirt that shows his naked shoulder.

The boy is glad and full of heart and of indescribable delight that he has given his bread to the starving man. He stands up, brightly, with his back to the fire for a moment, and then goes back and brushes off the snow; then back to the fire before the man.

"I'm awful glad to see you eat, Mr. John Logan," says Stumps. "I wish there was more, I do," and he rocks

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on his foot, and wags his head from shoulder to shoulder, gleefully. "It ain't much—it ain't much, Mr. John Logan; but it is all there is."

"All there is, and they were eating it?" The man says this aside to himself, and he hides his face for a moment, as if he would conceal a tear. Then, after a time, he seems to recover himself, and he lays the bread down on the table tenderly, silently, carefully indeed, as if it were the most delicate and precious thing on earth. Then, lifting his face, looks at them with an effort to be cheerful, and says:

"I—I really forgot; I—I am not hungry. I have had my dinner. I—I, oh, yes; I have been eating a great deal. Oh, no, no, no; I'm not hungry—not hungry!"

As the man says this, he rises and stands between the others at the fire. He puts his hands over their heads, and looks alternately in their uplifted faces. There is a long silence.

"Carrie, they have tied a dog to that door, over yonder."

"There is no dog tied to this door, John Logan." Low and tender with love, yet very firm and earnest is her voice. And her eyes are lifted to his. He looks down into her soul, and there is an understanding between them. There is a conversation of the eyes too refined for words; too subtle, too sweet, too swift for the world to catch or comprehend.

They stand together but a moment there, soul flowing into soul and tiding forth, and to and fro; but it was as if they had talked together for hours. He leans his head, kisses her lifted and unresisting lips, says "God bless you," and that is all.

It is her first kiss, the imprint, the mint-mark on this virgin gold; and this maiden of a moment since is a woman now. Again there is silence.

"Do you know that they are after you?" The girl says this in a sort of wild whisper, as she looks toward the door.

"Do I know that they are after me? Father in heaven, who should know it better than I? The man throws up his arms, and totters back and falls into a seat from very weakness. "Do I know that they are after me? For more than half a year I have fled; night and day, and day and night I have fled, hidden away, starting up at midnight from down among the cattle, where I had crept to keep warm; and then on, on and on, out into the snow, the storm, over the frozen ground, to the deep jungle and dark woods, where, naked and bleeding, hunted like a wild beast, I disputed with the bear for his bed in the hollow tree."

"Oh, how terrible it is to be a murderer!"

"Murderer! Who said murderer? I know I am accused—oh, how terribly accused! I know that all believe me guilty; I know that men will stand up and swear that I, with this hand, threw him down into the river; I know that if taken I must die—die a felon's death. But no, no, no, I am not a murderer. Yes, Carrie, I swear—I swear by the grave of my mother yonder that this hand is as white as the snow that covers her!"

"And, John Logan, I believe you. Before and against all the world I believe you!" and the brave girl thrusts her two hands out to his. The boy has sprung to the door. Is it the storm that is tugging and rattling at the latch?

"Thank Heaven for that! Thank Heaven for one true heart, and one true hand to help when all the world is against me! Carrie, I could die now content. The bitterness of my heart passes away, and the wild, mad nature that made me an Ishmaelite, with every man's hand against me, and my hand against all, is gone. I am another being; I could die now content;" and he bows his head in his hands.

"But you must not, you shall not die! If you are not guilty, and I—I know you are not guilty, you shall not die. You must fly—fly far away; why hover about this place?"

"I do not know. But yonder lies the only being who ever befriended me before this night, and somehow I get lonesome when I get far away from her grave. And I go round and round, like the sun around the world, and come back to where I started from."

"But you must go—go far away—go now."

"Do you know what you are saying? I was never outside of this, the bent purple of the heavens that environ us. All would be strange—I would be lost, lost, there. And then, do you not imagine they are waiting for me there, everywhere? Look at my face! This tinge of Indian blood, that all Western men abhor and fear, and call treacherous and bloody! Across my brow at my birth was drawn a brand that marks me for ever—a brand—a brand as if it were the burning brand of Cain."

The man bows his head and turns away.

Slowly and timidly Carrie approaches him, and says, with a voice hollow and strange with horror, as she lays her hand on his arm and looks in his face:

"Did you know that it was your father?"

The boy still watches by the door.

"I did!" he starts and says, with a husky voice. "At the last I did. Even as he spoke, the truth flashed suddenly over my mind that this was the man to whom my mother owed all her misery. And then to tell me this at such a time, at such a place! Carrie, as he stood before me there, all my mother's wrongs, her desolation, her death—all my wrongs, the scorn and the persecution—all my Indian nature sprang up, and I felt that I could murder him!"

"But you did not?"

"I did not; and now that he is dead, I feel that I ought to have forgiven him when he asked me to. And, Carrie, I have forgiven him—I have forgiven him, as I hope to be forgiven."

And the wretched man clasps his hands and lifts his face.

"But you will fly from here?" She takes his hand as it falls, and presses it to her lips. His arm droops over her hair, down to her shoulder, and he draws her to his breast, as she looks up tenderly in his face, and pleads: "You will fly, now—at once? for you will die here."

"Ah, I will die here." He says this with a calm and dogged determination. "Carrie, I have one wish, one request—only one. I know you are weak and helpless yourself, and can't do much, and I ought not to ask you to do anything."

Stumps has left the door as he hears the man mention that there is something to be done, and stands by their side. The man stands between them, and his hands fall down over their shoulders.

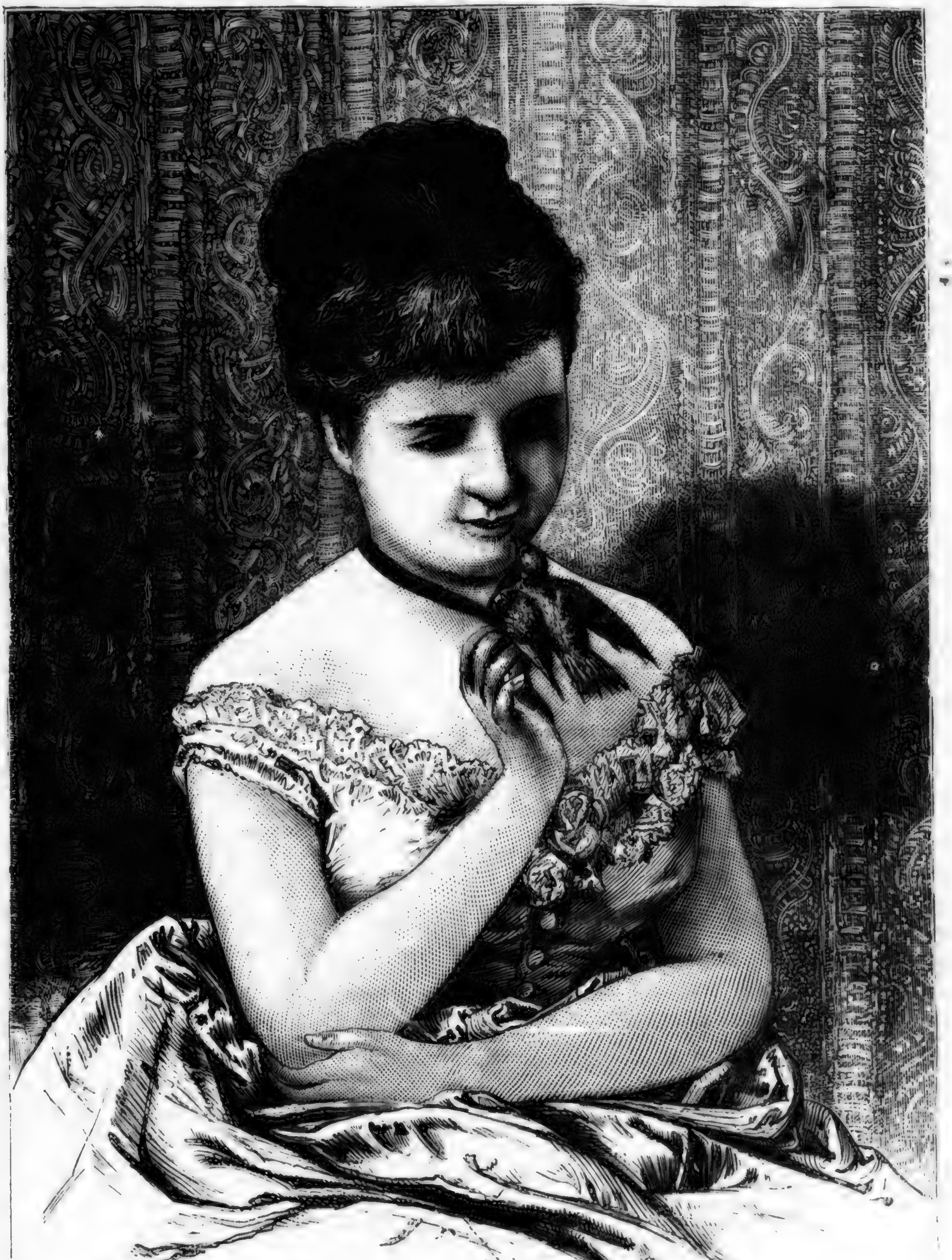
"Whatever it is you ask, John Logan, we will do it—we will do it if it is possible."

The girl says this with a fierceness and determination that convince him that it will be done.

"We will do it—we will do it—so help me, we will do it!" blubbers Stumps.

"What is it, John Logan, we can do?"

"I will not fly from here." He looks down tenderly into their faces. Then he lifts his face. It is dark and terrible, and his lips are set with resolution. "I will die here. It may be to-night, it may be to-morrow. It may be as I turn to go out at that door they will send their



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bullets through my heart. It may be while I kneel bleeding in the snow at my mother's grave. But, sooner or later, it will come—it will come!"

"But please, John Logan, what is it we can do?"

Her voice is tremulous, and her eyes stream with tears.

"Carrie, I am a man—a strong man—and ought not to ask anything of a helpless girl. But I have no other friend. I have had no friends. All the days of my life have been dark and unlovely. And now I am about to die, I want you to see that I am buried by my mother, yonder. I am so weary, and I could rest there. And then she, poor broken-hearted mother, she might not be so lonesome there. Do you promise?"

"I do promise!" and the boy echoes this scarcely audible but determined answer.

"Thank you—thank you! And now, good-night. I must be going, lest I draw suspicion on you and your father. Good-night—good-night; God bless you, Carrie!"

He presses her wildly to his heart, hastily embraces her, and, tearing himself away, stoops and kisses the boy as he passes to the door, and, drawing his tattered shirt closer about his shoulders hastily, and hiding his face as if to conceal his terrible emotion, lays his hand upon the latch, as if to suddenly dart forth.

Two dark figures pass the window, and in a moment more the latch-string is clutched by a rough, unsteady hand from without.

"Here, here!" cries the girl, as she springs with the swiftness of a leopard back to the dingy curtain that divides off a portion of the cabin into a bedroom. "Here!—in here! Quick! quick!" as she draws the curtain aside, and lets it fall again over the retreating fugitive. Her father and Phin Emens enter. Old Major Brown is drunk, and therefore dignified and silent. His companion is drunk, and therefore garrulous and familiar. Wine floats a man's real nature nearly to the surface.

The major lifts his hat, bows politely and respectfully to his children, brushes his beaver with his elbow as he meanders across the floor to the peg in the wall; but cannot quite trust himself to speak.

"Hullo, Carrots!" cries Phin Emens, as he chucks her under the chin. "Knowed I was coming, didn't you? Got yourself fixed up. The bouncingest girl that ever sucked a pawpaw. Pretty, ain't she?" and he winks a bloodshot eye toward Stumps. "And when is it going to be my Carrots? Pretty soon now—eh, old Blossom Nose?" And he walks, or rather totters aside, and says to himself, "Pretty soon now, I guess; now that I've got rid of that cussed Injun."

"Umph! I have got 'em again, Carrie. Fly around and get us something to eat. Fly around, Carrie, fly around! Oh, I've got the shakes again!" groans the major.

"Poor old boy!" and she brushes the snow from his beard and his tattered coat. "Why, father, you're shaking like a leaf!"

"He's drunk—that's what's the matter with him," grunts Phin Emens, and growls this out between his teeth as he sets his gun in the corner.

"He's not drunk! It's the ager!" retorts Stumps, fiercely.

Phin Emens, glaring at the boy, steadies himself on his right leg, and diving deep in his left-hand pocket, draws forth a large bill, or poster. With both hands he manages to spread this out, and staggering up to the wall near the window, he hangs it on two pegs that are there to receive coats or hats.

"Look at that!" And he crookedly points with his crooked fingers at the large letters, and reads: 'One thousand dollars (hic) dollars reward for the capture of John Logan Calvin; indicted (hic) for the murder of his father (hic), Dr. Pierre Calvin.' What do you say to that, Carrots? That's a fine fellow to have for a lover, now ain't it? That's a waluable lover, now ain't it? Worth a thousand dollars! Oh, don't I wish he was a-hanging around here now! Wouldn't I sell him, and get a thousand dollars, eh? Yes, I would. I just want that thousand dollars. And I'm the man that's going to get it, too! Eh, old Blossom Nose?"

Major Brown jerks back his dignified head as the bully gesticulates violently under his nose.

"You will, will you? Well, maybe you will (hic), but if you do—but if you get a cent of that money (hic) for catching that man, you don't enter that door again; no, you don't lift that latch-string again as long as old Major Brown has a fist to lift!" and he thrusts his doubled hand hard into the boaster's face.

"Good for you, father!" cries Carrie. "Dear, good, brave old father! I like you—I love you!" And the girl embraces him, while the boy flourishes his club at the back of the bully.

"No, sah; don't you hit a man when he's down, sah," continues Brown. "That's the true doctrine of a gentleman, sah—the true doctrine of a gentleman, sah." The major flourishes his hand, totters forward, totters back, and hesitates. "The true doctrine of a gentleman, sah. The little horse in the horse-race, sah—the bottom dog in the dog-fight, sah. The——"

And the poor old man totters back and falls helplessly in the great, home-made chair near the corner where stands Phin Emens's gun.

"The true instincts of a gentleman!" snaps Emens; and he throws out a big hand toward the drooping head of the major, and chuckles, "Old Blossom Nose!" Then turning to Carrie: "The sheriff's a-coming; he gave me that 'ere bill—yes, he did. He's down to the grocery, now. He's going around to all the houses in the settlement, and a-swearing 'em on a book that they don't know nothing about John Logan. The sheriff, he's a-comin' here, Carrots, right off."

There's a rift in the curtain, and the pitiful face of the fugitive starts forth.

"The sheriff coming here!" He turns, feels the wall, and tries the logs with his hands. "Not a door, not a window. Solid as the solid earth. There's no hope."

"Coming here? But what is he coming here for?" demands Carrie.

"Coming here to find out what you know about John Logan. Oh, he's close after him."

"Close after me!" gasps Logan. The man feels along the wall for something to lay hand upon by which to defend himself. "I will not be taken alive; I will die here!" He clutches at last, above the bed, a gun. "Saved, saved!" He holds it tenderly, as if a child, or something dearly loved. He takes it to the light and looks at the lock; he blows in the barrel; he mournfully shakes his head. "It is not loaded! Well, no matter. I can but die;" and he clubs the gun and prepares for mortal combat.

"Oh, come, Carrots," cries Phin Emens, "let's have a little frolic before the sheriff comes—a kiss, eh? come, my beauty!"

The rough man has all this time been stealing up, as nearly as he could to the girl, and thrown his arm about her neck.

"Shall I break forth and brain him—be a murderer, indeed?"

All the Indian is again aroused, and John Logan seems more terrible, and more determined to save her than to defend his own life.

"Stand back, you scoundrel!" shouted the girl. She attempts to throw him off, but his powerful arm is about her neck. "Father! father! Help!" but the old man is unconscious.

John Logan is about to start from his corner.

"Take that, you brute! and that!" and Stumps whirls his club and thunders against the ribs of the ruffian.

"You devil!—you brat! What do you mean?"

Mad with disappointment and pain, he throws the girl from him and turns upon the boy. He clutches him by the back of the neck as he starts to escape, and bears him to the ground.

"Look 'ere, do you know what I'm going to do with you? I'm going to break your back across my knee—yes, I am;" and he glares about terribly.

Carrie shrinks back to the side of her helpless father.

"Oh, father! father! help! He will murder him! He will kill him!"

"Oh, you beauty! I'll have you, and I'll have you now! No, I won't murder you, you brat; but I'll chuck you out in that snow and let you cool off, while I have your sister all to myself. Come here—give me your ear!" and the great, strong ruffian seizes his ear and fairly carries him along by it toward the door. "Give me your ear!"

"Oh, sister, sister, save me! He will kill me!" howls Stumps.

"Father, father! save us—we will be murdered."

"Come, I say; give me your ear!" thunders the brute, as he fairly draws the boy still toward the door.

"Stop that or die!"

The frenzied girl, failing to arouse her father, has caught up the gun from the corner, and brought the muzzle to the ruffian's breast. He totters back, and throws up his arms.

"Go back there and sit down, or I will kill you!"

"Give me your ear! Come!" roars Stumps—it is now his turn. "Give me your ear!" He reaches up and takes that red organ in his hand, and nearly wrenches it from the brute's head, as he leads him back, with many twists and gyrations, slowly to a low seat at the other side of the cabin.

Still holding the gun in level, and in dangerous proximity to the man's breast, Carrie cries:

"Now, if you attempt to move you are a dead man!"

"Give me your ear!" and Stumps wrenches it again, as he sits the man firmly on his low stool, with his red face making mad distortions from the pain.

"John Logan, come!" calls the girl. "No, don't you start, Phin Emens. Don't you lift a finger; if you do, you die!"

"Oh, is he here—my neighbor, John Logan? Now, I always liked John Logan. Oh, he will murder me!" and the man shudders to himself. "But it was bad taste of him to go around murdering his fathers wherever he could find them, that way. But he's a good man, and I love him tremendously, and——"

"Oh, you shut up!" roars Stumps. "Give me your ear, you old liar!" and again he wrenches the ear. "Yes, you are an old liar, for there ain't enough truth in the United States to keep your tongue a-going all the time like that."

"Come!" cries Carrie. The curtains are parted, and John Logan starts forth. "Go, go! there's not a moment to lose. The sheriff will be here; they are coming! Quick! Go at once! I hear—I hear them coming!"

The man springs to the door; the latch is lifted; a moment more and he is free—safe, at least, for the night. Out into the friendly darkness, where man and beast, where pursuer and pursued, are equal, and equally helpless.

There is a crushing of snow, a stamping of feet, and one, two, three, four, five!—five forms hurriedly pass the window. The latch is lifted, and, as John Logan again darts back under cover, the party, brushing the snow from their fur coats and grizzled beards, hastily enter the cabin.

Two of these men wear boots and spurs, and are better dressed than the others. They are evidently strangers. They stand well back in the shadow. Both are silent.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REMAINS OF DR. CALVIN.

FLY around, Carrie, fly around! fix yourself up!" The fresh gust of wind and storm from the door just opened fans the glimmering spark of consciousness in Major Brown into sudden flame, and he springs up, perfectly erect, perfectly dignified—a perfect Virginia major of the old, and now almost extinguished, school. "Fly around Carrie, fly around; fix yourself up. The sheriff is coming—fly around!"

The girl gracefully drops Phin Emens's gun in the corner where she had found it, and stands before her father, smoothing down her apron, and letting her eyes fall on the floor timidly and in a childlike way, as if these little hands of hers had never known a harder task than their present employment of smoothing down that apron.

The boy gives the big red ear a final twist, and Phin Emens springs up before the sheriff. He rubs his eyes and he looks about as if he just been startled from some ugly dream. He wonders indeed if he has seen John Logan at all. Again he rubs his eyes, and then, looking at his knuckles, says in a deep, guttural fashion to himself:

"Jim-jams, by gol! I thought I'd seed John Logan!"

Then he suddenly discovers the two strangers, and starts back. Then he puts his hand to his face, leans forward, and looks curiously.

"Ah, Major Brown!" says the sheriff. "Sorry to disturb you, major, and you, miss; and good-evening to you, sir; and good-evening to you, sir, Mr. Phin Emens," and the honest sheriff bows to each, and brushes the snow from his fur cap as he speaks.

Gar Dosson advances with that stealthy old tiger step so familiar to them both, and, laying his hand on Phin Emens's shoulder, they move aside.

"Then it's not the jim-jams," mutters Emens. "I've not got them, then!"

He stops, pinches himself, looks at his hands, and mutters to himself. Then he lifts his hand to his ear.

"Look at it again, Gar Dosson." Gar Dosson looks at the ear. "It's red, ain't it? Oh, it feels red—it feels like fire! Then I've not got them, and he is here. Hist! Come here! We want that thousand dollars all to ourselves. Them two strangers wants to git a part of the thousand dollars—that's what they want."

He plucks his companion further to one side. They talk and gesticulate together, while now and then a big red rough hand is thrust out savagely toward the curtain.

"Sorry indeed to disturb you, major," observes the sheriff; "but you see, I've been searching and a-swearing of 'em all, and it's only fair to serve all alike."

"Sah, you honor me with your presence. But, sah, he is not here. Upon the honor of a Virginia gentleman, he is not here."

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"He is here!" howls Emens; and the tremendous man, with the tremendous voice and tremendous manner, bolts up before the sheriff. "He is here; and I, as an honest man, am going to earn a thousand dollars, for the sake of justice. I have found him—found him all by myself; and them two fellers can't have no hand in my find." And Phin Emens holds up John Logan's cap, which had been knocked from his head in his hasty retreat to cover; and he rolls his red eyes toward the bed, takes a step in that direction, reaches a hand, lays hold of the curtain, and is about to dash it aside.

"That's my sister's bed! and if you go to look in there, I'll knock you into the middle of next week!" yells Stumps.

"Right, my boy—right!" cries the major. "The sheriff is the only man that shall search Major Brown's house."

One of the strangers here plucks the other down to the side of Stumps, as if they too will take sides with the boy. They are both still silent, but they are intensely interested.

"Quite right, Major Brown, quite right. But what is there there?"

"John Logan is there!" shrieks Emens, and again the curtain is clutched, and he is about to dash it aside. Does he dream of what is beyond? If he could only see the panting, breathless wretch that leans there eagerly, with lifted gun, ready to brain him—waiting, waiting for him to come, even wishing that he only would come—he would start back with terror to the other side. "He is here! I have found him! Come!"

The curtain is clutched tighter. It is moved just a little.

"Move that curtain if you dare, and I will murder you! I will snatch that powder-horn from the hook, and blow you to eternity!" howls Stumps.

Carrie, springing forward from her posture of anxiety and terror, grasps the horn, jerks out the stopple with her teeth, and, holding it over the fire, cries, with desperation:

"Move, if you dare! This horn is full of powder, and if any man here dares move that curtain, I'll blow you all into burning hell!" The man loosens his hold on the curtain, and totters back. He is sober enough to know how terrible is the situation, and he knows her well enough to believe she will do precisely what she says she will do. "Yes, I will! We will all go to the next world together; and now let us see who is best ready to die!"

"Bravo!" shouts one of the strangers, in his admiration; but, remembering himself, is again silent.

The sheriff and his men have been moving back slowly; and, terrified, they all move away from the inspired girl, standing there so fiercely by the door of death.

At last Phin Emens steals around by the sheriff.

"But he is here, Mr. Sheriff," he says. "I tell you he is here in this house. There! for here is his cap. I found it—I found him—and I want him, and I want that thousand dollars. Search!"

"And I tell you he is not here!" cries the girl, "and you shall not search!"

And the horn is lifted menacingly over the fire.

"Won't you take my word?"

"You shall take *my* word."

"I will take your single word, miss, against a thousand such men."

And the sheriff puts on his cap, turns, and is about to go.

"But he is here! The thousand dollars, Mr. Sheriff!" cries Emens.

"Hold your tongue, you brute! Miss, officers sometimes have duties that are more unpleasant to them than to the parties most concerned. You say he is not here?"

"On the honor of a Virginia gentleman, I say that the man is not within my mansion, sah," says the major, addressing the sheriff.

"He is not here, Mr. Sheriff; he is not here!" cries Carrie.

"On *your* honor also, Miss?"

And the sheriff twists his cap on his head, and very gallantly endeavors to make it as binding as may be consistent with his admiration for the brave girl.

"On my *honor*—ay, on my *oath!*"

"And you will be sworn as the others were?" says the sheriff. "So much the better; and that will be quite satisfactory. Ah, here is the Bible at your hand."

And he takes it from the little book-shelf of scant and tattered leaves. The girl stands still as stone, with the engine of death in her hand. The officer bows, smiles, reaches the book with his left hand, lays his cap on the table, and lifts his right hand in the air. Her little fingers reach out firmly, fearlessly, and rest on the book. Her eyes are looking straight into his.

"It may be my duty, miss, to search the house, after what that 'un has said; and, miss, I expect it is my duty. But, miss, I is not the man to expose you before a man as might like to see you exposed. And then that poor devil that come back here, miss, on bleeding feet—crawling back here on his hands and knees, to die at his mother's grave——"

The voice is tremulous; the hand that is raised in the air comes down and crosses the officer's eyes. Then lifting it again he says, resolutely: "Swear, miss!"

All are looking—leaning with the profoundest interest. There is a dark, strange face peering through a rift in the half-opened curtain.

"God bless her! God bless her! She can, and she will!" mutters the stranger, wringing his hands.

"She can't!" cries Emens. "She believes in the book, and, by gol, she can't!"

The man says this over his shoulder, and in a husky whisper, to Gar Dosson, as the girl seems to pause.

"Hold your hand on the book and swear as I shall tell you," says the sheriff.

She only holds more firmly to the book; her eyes are fixed more steadily on his.

"Say it as I say it. I do solemnly swear."

"I do solemnly swear."

"That John Logan Calvin."

"That John Logan Calvin."

"Is not here."

"*Is*——"

"*Is here!*"

The curtain is thrown back, and the fugitive dashes in their midst. The powder-horn is thrown to the middle of the floor, the book falls from the sheriff's hand, and there is a murmur of amazement from every one there assembled.

"God bless you, my girl!" The man folds her to his heart, and there is the stillness of a Sabbath morning over all. "God bless you; and God will reward you for this, for I cannot. You have made me another being, Carrie. I have lost my life, but you have saved my soul!" And turning cheerfully to the sheriff, he reaches his hands. "Now, sir, I am ready to die."

The two strangers start back. Then they confer a moment together. Then they come forward resolutely together. They are armed and, as I have said before, booted and spurred, and have ridden far and fast.

"We want John Logan," says the first man, stepping hastily to the front.

Are they regulators? and do they mean to take him from the sheriff and hang him in the woods?

"I am here!" says Logan.

"You want the thousand dollars—that's what you want. But it's mine; I found him, and it's mine—it's all mine! Do you mind that, Mr. Sheriff; all mine!" howls Phin Emens.

The second stranger shrinks back in the dark, as if not willing to be seen in the full light. The first stranger turns back hastily, and confers with him.

"Put Logan in chains!"

And John Logan is instantly handcuffed.

"Hold!" cries the first stranger; "not too fast!" And he approaches the sheriff and points to the bill on the wall. "And it was you, sheriff, that offered the reward?"

"I offered the reward. It was duty, sir, duty. I am almost ashamed of it. Damn me, sir, if I had not rather be a coal-heaver than to hound down men like this, sir! But you see, sir, this young man murdered his father, Dr. Calvin." The second stranger starts.

"How do you know he murdered Dr. Calvin? How do you know that old Dr. Calvin is dead?"

"Well, sir, I came with Dr. Calvin to put him in legal possession of his lands. Once, when we were about ready to go back to town, I came upon him and this man by the bank of the river at dusk, and I saw him throw Dr. Calvin into the river—murder him—I saw it."

Phin Emens, pressing forward:

"And I seed it, too. Oh, he's dead."

"And I seed it. Oh, he's dead—dead as a door-nail," adds Gar Dosson.

"But did you find the remains?"

The first stranger and the second stranger confer together once more back in the dim light, and Gar Dosson and Phin Emens, each hooking their fingers together now and then, and now and then throwing their great arms out in gesticulation, hastily conclude their conference and come forward.

"Now, Mr. Sheriff," says the first stranger, "tell me, on the honor of an officer, might not this Dr. Calvin be still alive? Might he not have crept out, or hid in the deep wood, or been picked up by a friendly canoe—been saved, indeed, by a thousand possible ways? But, finding the settlement, finding his own son, bitter against him, might he not have preferred leaving the country and all behind him? *Can* you hang this man? What evidence have you that Dr. Calvin is dead?"

Phin Emens approaches, and cries over his shoulder to Gar Dosson:

"He's dead. Dang him, he's got to be dead! We lose the land? we lose a thousand dollars? If he's left the country again for good, that's all right. But he's dead. We seed the remains, too; yes we did—Gar and me. Didn't we, Gar?"

Gar Dosson takes a chew of tobacco with great labor, twists it about in his mouth, and then pecks his head most emphatically, twice.

"And where did you see the remains?" asks the first stranger.

"On a sandbar down below, by gum. Didn't we, Gar?" Again Gar Dosson bows his ponderous bows. "Yes, down *below*, by gum. You didn't suppose we'd see the remains up *above*, did you? Yes, on a sandbar, by gum. Eh, Gar?"

"And you left the remains there? Do you not know that it is a crime to not report such things to the authorities? And are the remains there now? Come! I am a lawyer, and you shall answer me."

"Well, he was so——" and the man is terribly embarrassed—"well, he was so danged dead, that there wasn't any remains left."

The first stranger advances to the sheriff.

"Sir, I believe Dr. Calvin is still alive. Hear me. I was the eccentric old man's lawyer. Sir, he deeded all his land to his son, to this man, John Logan Calvin." There is a start and an exclamation everywhere. "Yes, and I believe the doctor is still alive."

"It's a lie! it's a downright, outrageous lie! He's dead, and this man murdered him, and he's got to hang for it. And I say hang him now! Gar, if he lives, *he* gets the land! Hang him now! hang him now!" yells Emens.

"Yes, lynch him! hang him! and then, neighbors, we are safe!" cries Gar Dosson.

The two men rush forward, crying:

"Hang him! hang him! He murdered his father!"

The door is filling with settlers, and they crowd on the side of Gar Dosson and Phin Emens, crying:

"Hang him! hang him! Yes, for if he lives he gets the land!"

"Yes, hang him! hang him now!" cries Gar Dosson.

Major Brown has long since settled back in his chair, asleep. Carrie stands terrified over him, and Stumps crouches at her side, as the crowd fills the cabin.

"Hang him! hang him!" echoes through the rafters.

"Take off these!" cries John Logan, fiercely, "and give me a chance to fight—to die like a man!"

"You *shall* have a chance to fight—there!" and the sheriff tears off the manacles.

"How dare you turn the man loose?" howls Emens, and the great giant and Gar Dosson seize the sheriff from behind, and bear him to the floor. "Now, come on, men!" and he leads the settlers against John Logan, who stands alone, preparing to fight to the last.

"Hold! What are you about to do? That man can scarcely stand on his feet."

"Hang him! hang him for the murder of his father!"

"I am his father, Dr. Calvin!" And the second stranger with his left hand tears away the disguise and throws back the heavy cloak, while the right flashes a pistol in the face of Phin Emens. "I am his father. Now, come on, coward, if you dare—come on, the whole raft of you!"

"Fly around, Carrie—fly around!"

The commotion has disturbed the Virginia gentleman. Springing up, he takes in the situation at once, and grasps his sabre from over the mantel-piece, and dashes into the middle of the fray. "Come on, the whole raft of you!"

"Give me your ear!" yells Stumps; and he is even bolder than his father, for he takes Phin Emens by the ear, and leads him back to his seat.

"The game's up, Gar!" hoarsely whispers Emens; and Gar only chews and chews more desperately than before, but does not even deign to bow to his fallen neighbor.

The sheriff quietly manacles Emens, saying:

"That will keep you quiet, and I'll know where to find you when I want you."

But the old man of the world and the young man of the wilderness fall silently into each other's arms.

"My son, my son! Can you forgive me?" gasps Dr. Calvin.

"My father, can you forgive *me?*"

"Let me take you to my heart for ever, my true, true boy!"

Carrie is at John Logan's side, her hand is in his.

"And she, too?"

"And she, too," weeps the doctor—"the girl zat opened her door to you; that would have died for you; that gave you bread when all the world was against you—my brave, brave boy! She is yours; and all ze land is yours—it's all yours. Yes, I've deeded all ze land to you. Yet, I thought you hated me, and I left ze country. But

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when I heard that you were in danger, I came; and, thank God here I am. And here with you, my children, I shall end my days in peace."

"Oh, I'm so happy, John Logan!" cries Carrie, blushing a rosy red.

"And I am too, sister—I am, so help me!" And his rugged little arms wind around John Logan and his sister together, as he weeps with joy.

"Bless you, my children!" solemnly utters the major—"bless you! She's of good family, sah—my daughter, sah. My only daughter, sah, and good—as good as gold."

THE END.

DREAM AND WAKING.

BY G. A. DAVIS.

ONE weary day, when all was sad and still,
  I shut mine eyes, and dreamed that you were dead,
And that I saw your warm hands folded chill,
  And saw the lid close o'er your dreamless head—
And that the bearers bore you from the door.

I knew that all between us evermore
  Was said and done; morning had lost its chance,
And night its hope of morning; I could sit
  A whole long day, nor ever turn to glance
Down the long street, and see you gladden it
Only by passing, silent and apart;

The closing door no longer made me start.
  I knew you could not come, though hour by hour
The old, unceasing footsteps went and came,
  And every sound and sign had lost its power.
But sometimes still I heard them speak your name,
And, with a shudder, all my veins ran cold,

Hearing that echo from the days of old—
  The days, O God! that no one mourned save me!
Gone was your face for ever; dust to dust
  The old, sweet smile mine eyes so yearned to see—
The voice so surely answering to my trust,
Mute as the song of birds in last year's May!

This was my dream, that still and lonely day,
  When I sat waiting, sadly and in vain;
But as I wakened, with a sudden thrill—
  A wild, hot throb of ecstasy, half pain—
I looked, and saw you, warm and living still!
What did I care for all of life beside,

Who went or came, who lived or loved or died,
  So that *you* staid? Although you never turned,
Where once your lingering footsteps used to stay—
  Though all the signs of change that I had learned
Slowly by heart through many a silent day,
Were fixed as death upon your quiet face,

The world no longer seemed a sunless place
  But all heaven's light and gladness poured on me
In that one moment's waking! Well content
  Only your shadow on the ground to see—
Only to hear your footstep as you went—

Only to know that in the world's wide space
  There was no room for any grave of thine,
  But that the wind could blow, the sunbeams shine
Upon us both, nor yet your presence miss—
I found enough of comfort, finding *this!*

MOLIÈRE was asked the reason why, in certain countries, the king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age, and cannot marry before eighteen. "It is," answered Molière, "because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."

QUITE IN THE DARK.

BY WALTER EDGAR MCCANN.

CHAPTER I.

PROFESSOR MASQUE, with his oblique eyebrows and hooked nose, round lips and humorous smile, stood just now at the top of the staircase. The candle in his hand projected a tall and grotesque shadow of himself, in his long dressing-gown, on the wall, which was suddenly dissolved by his turning round to say to his companion, Mr. Harold Sildyke, the secretary, with the forefinger of his disengaged hand held slyly to his chin, and his right eye waggishly closed:

"Come to my room for a little while; I have something to ask you."

Mr. Sildyke seemed rather surprised. The one, secretary here at Ashley's Hope, as the beautiful estate was called; the other, music-tutor; yet neither had ever displayed any disposition toward a closer relation than the ordinary courtesy natural to two people residing for the most part in the same house.

Mr. Sildyke was a good-looking and accomplished, but rather melancholy, young man, fond of solitary walks and lonely musings in his own room. His position left him with a good deal of spare time on his hands, which others thought he must find hard to dispose of. They did not know that he wrote verses, very exquisite some of them, in those odd hours, and dreamed, perhaps, of fame.

But Professor Masque was a French gentleman—Miss Mildred Chaddock's music-tutor—and, upon the whole, mysterious. Those who should know—Jenkins, the butler, and Jane Grice, the pretty chambermaid—said the professor was in reality an ecclesiastic; else why that little oratory in his chamber, with its fresh flowers from the conservatory every day, and the candles, and so on—and why those crucifixes and sacred paintings? And among that little pile of books on the professor's table, were there not a breviary and a missal? But just now, be these suspicions as they might, correct or otherwise, this tall and dark gentleman, with his snuff and his music-sheets, was nothing more than Miss Mildred's tutor. Under his direction since the last six months she had made very great progress; and correspondingly delighted was her father, that haughty and cynical feudal-type baron, Mr. Maxwell Chaddock, the proprietor of these beautiful lands and majestic buildings that had so long been known, from some forgotten legend, as Ashley's Hope. Now, as the professor stood thus, with that rather jocular smirk on his dark features, Harold Sildyke eyed him with no little wonder.

"Come, Mr. Sildyke, I really do wish to speak to you."

The secretary followed his conductor curiously along the corridor until they came to a chamber on the left, just by the great clock that stood at the head of the back stairs. They entered this apartment, which was the musician's sleeping-room, study and chapel. In the corner by the window facing westward stood a desk, beneath a small bookcase, and by it an armchair. There was a bedstead in the other corner, and against the wall, midway between windows and door, was erected that pretty altar so mysteriously discoursed about among the servants.

Professor Masque politely tendered his visitor a seat, and then took one himself.

"You smoke, Mr. Sildyke—no? Well, you have no objection to the odor of tobacco," said he, lighting a pipe, and filling the air with the powerful vapor. "Now, why is it that you and I, living together in the same house, following very nearly the same pursuits, and with such sympathetic tastes, have never known each other better? Two little sticks in a bowl of water will be attracted together; but hitherto not you and I, eh?"

Harold smiled.

"I supposed you were absorbed in your own affairs, professor, and did not wish to be intruded upon."

"You think my music occupies my thoughts entirely, then? No; I have leisure to observe a great many things besides, Mr. Sildyke. Perched upon my bough, and very little noticed myself, I yet have a keen eye to survey the country round. For example, I have detected since the last few days that you are troubled with some secret anxiety or grief."

The younger man flushed a little, and the smile vanished. His companion smoked for some minutes in silence; then, in his low, metallic tones, he said:

"You go twice a day to the post-office. Yesterday afternoon you received a letter containing bad news. The handwriting was an old lady's. Some calamity hangs over her and you, and in a day or two more the blow will have fallen. Am I right? I think so."

Harold glanced at him in considerable surprise.

"You threw away the envelope, and I saw no reason why I should not pick it up," pursued the other. "The penmanship was very tremulous and crooked, and the little red seal was indented with the head of a thimble. The envelope was yellow—a *young* lady would have used a white one. The address was simply, 'Harold Sildyke'; any one but a near relative would have remembered to add the title of courtesy. In a word, I suspect the letter was from your mother."

"You have conjectured correctly," said Harold; but was not, he thought, all this a little impertinent?

"You went to the post-office again to-day, and received another letter, confirming the bad news of the first, eh? Do not misunderstand an old man who takes an interest in you, Mr. Sildyke. I should like to be of service to you, if possible. Come, be frank."

"There is nothing to conceal," said the secretary, with some faint *hauteur*. "My mother and sister live at A——, on a little farm that has been in our family for years. For some time it has paid nothing, and has groaned under a mortgage, the interest upon which is now due. We can't pay it. The gentleman who holds this instrument has long coveted our little place, and I fear, sir"—his voice trembled somewhat—"it must go."

"And your mother and sister?" asked the professor, having listened, as the old writers say, "most intentively."

"They will be thrown upon the world. I have already overdrawn my salary here, and cannot help them. Now, Professor Masque, you understand the reason of my dejection and reserve. You may have known grief, but never the heartache that I suffer night and day."

The professor put down his pipe and stretched out a brown, slim hand.

"A treaty, my young friend," he said, as Harold took it. "I will save your mother and sister, your farm, everything; but you must do me a service in return."

"Anything in my power, sir; but——"

"You doubt if I have the means, eh? *Nous verrons*, all in good time; but meanwhile let us come to an understanding. First of all, you are a good hand at the oar, and know your way, by day or night, across the Stannard Pool."

"Every inch of it. I row there often enough."

"But the eddy is very dangerous. Could you, do you think, cross to the opposite shore in the dark?"

"I should not be afraid to attempt it."

"Even if the water were rough?"

"Even in that case."

"The service I should demand of you as the price of my assistance in releasing your mother and sister from the calamity which threatens them, is one requiring caution, skill, secrecy and good faith."

"I could exercise all of these; but, pardon me, I really do not see——"

"Patience!" said the music-tutor. "Within a day or two a gentleman returns to this neighborhood, as you are aware, from his travels abroad. He is the proprietor of that magnificent mansion whose roof we see from my window rising above the tops of the highest trees that surround it. He is a larger landowner than even Mr. Chaddock himself. Are you aware that the return of this gentleman is contemplated by one person in this house with something of the same dread which animates you when you think of the approach of that period which will drive your mother and sister into the pitiless world, beggars?" Harold Sildyke seemed embarrassed.

"I have no right to notice such things; but, sir, you force me to say that I believe Miss Mildred Chaddock is very unhappy for the reason you state."

"Because she is betrothed to this gentleman who is coming back—this Mr. Rokeshaw—and—well, let us be plain—has learned since his absence to love some one else."

The secretary was silent. He knew that beautiful Mildred Chaddock was just now suffering with a secret dejection, and he was also aware that she had been in the habit, for many months, of clandestinely meeting a very handsome young man in the Ashley Oaks—that grand clump of timber about a mile beyond, and just a little this side of the famous Stannard Pool.

But all this was neither the professor's business nor Harold Sildyke's, and the secretary felt a natural repugnance to discussing it.

"I will make my proposition to you, Mr. Sildyke," said the professor. "You may accept or reject it, as you please. But, before you learn what it is, I must have your word of honor (which I will take as willingly as your oath) that not one word of what I say shall ever be revealed until you have my permission to open your lips."

There was a pause.

"Think well, my friend," continued the musician, in his deep, stern voice. "Choose so that you may not regret."

"I am willing to hear your proposition," said Harold, after reflection. "I give you my word of honor that your confidence shall be kept."

It was then that the young man heard the other's secret, spoken in low whispers and with great emphasis. He listened with increasing surprise until the end. He rose.

"I must decline," he answered, blankly.

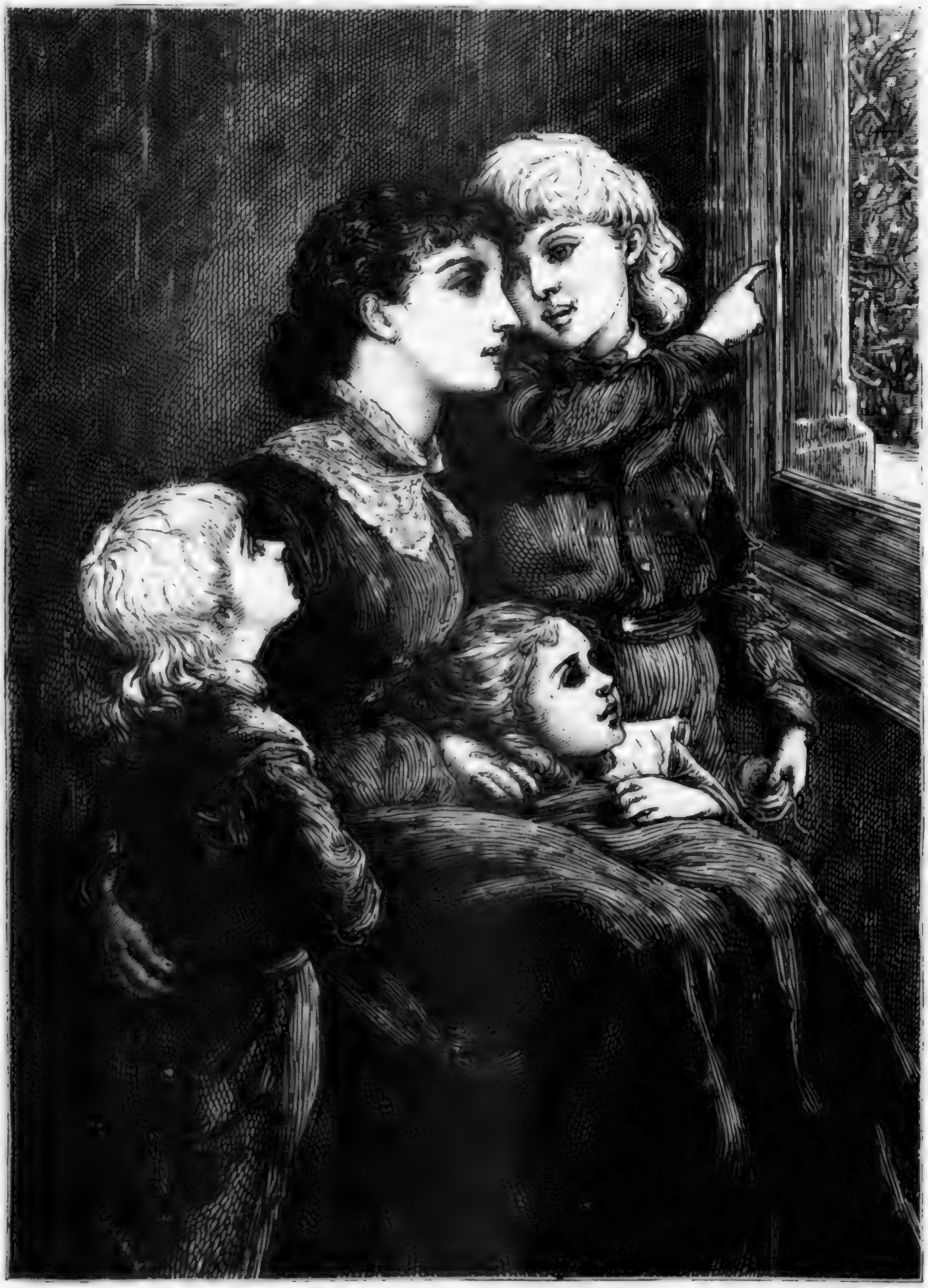
"Very well," replied Professor Masque, without either disappointment or anger, but calmly refilling his pipe; "but you had better take a little further time for reflection—say, until to-morrow morning. Sleep on it, Mr. Sildyke."

"I do not believe I shall change my mind," replied Harold; "but to-morrow be it. You shall then have my final decision."

"Good! Only take care to remember that if you owe Mr. Chaddock something as your employer, you owe your mother more, as her son—your sister more, as her only brother. Duty, as well as charity, begins at home."

Painfully agitated by this reminder, sudden as it was full of truth, Harold Sildyke left the room.

Passing along the corridor in the direction of his own room, he saw some one approaching from the picture-gallery, which was in the same neighborhood. It was Miss Mildred Chaddock. In her hand she held a lamp, whose light, reflected upon her lovely face, enabled the secretary to perceive that she had been shedding tears. He would have passed with a simple inclination of the head, but she detained him.

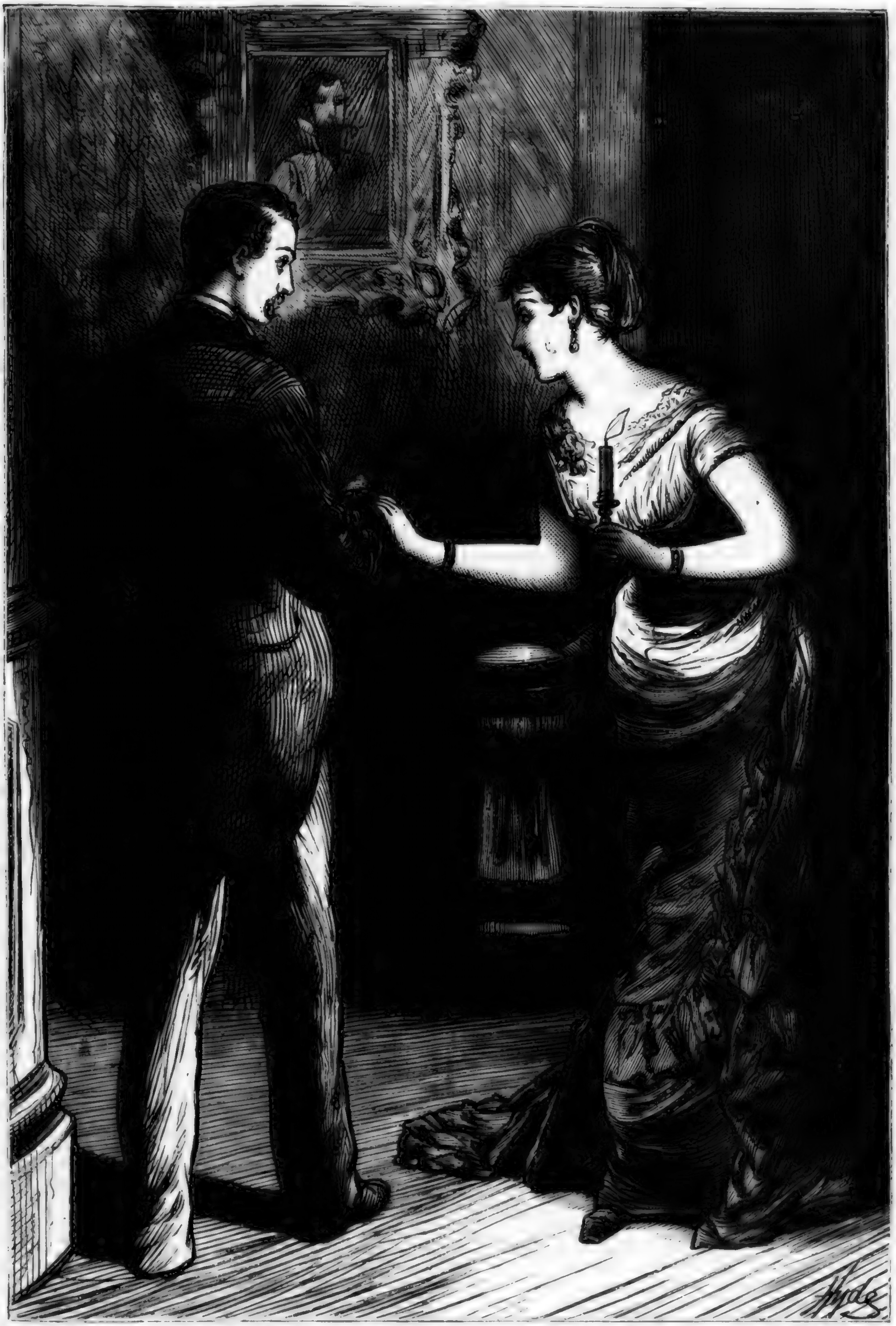


WILLIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

"How very unhappy you have looked since the last few days, Mr. Sildyke!" she said, with some compassion. "I hope you have no deep grief?"

"We all have our little sorrows, Miss Chaddock," he replied. "I must share the general lot, you know."

"Yes," she sighed, thoughtfully; "but some have greater trials than others. *I* am not exempt, and—I don't know—but women feel suffering more than men, I think," she continued, in her melancholy reverie, placing her finger on his arm and looking down. "It is so hard to have no



QUITE IN THE DARK.—"HE WOULD HAVE PASSED WITH A SIMPLE INCLINATION OF THE HEAD, BUT SHE DETAINED HIM. 'HOW VERY UNHAPPY YOU HAVE LOOKED SINCE THE LAST FEW DAYS, MR. SILDYKE,' SHE SAID, WITH SOME COMPASSION."—SEE PAGE 590.

one to whom you can tell your troubles—is it not? If I had a brother, how I should love and trust him!"

Her words touched him; he thought of his own sister. Did not *she* love and trust him?

"But," said Miss Mildred, suddenly recollecting herself, and smiling ever so beautifully, "I am cruel to talk in this moping fashion to you—I am sure you think so, Mr. Sildyke. And have you a sister?"

"Yes, Miss Chaddock."

"Be a good brother, then," she said, still smiling, and gently tapping his arm; "and guard her happiness."

The young lady then went on her way.

The secretary followed to his room, but abruptly turned back as soon as he had entered it.

"My duty belongs to my mother and sister," he said.

A few minutes afterward he was again standing in the presence of Professor Masque.

"You accept my terms?" said that old gentleman.

"Yes."

"I had no doubt that you would from the beginning. And now, if you will sit down, we may arrange our little business without further delay."

Harold took a chair, and his companion, resuming his low, quiet tone, unfolded his plans; and thus they sat, the one discoursing and the other listening, sometimes asking a question or two, far into the night.

Chapter II.

Next day, Mr. Rokeshaw, having duly arrived, paid his respects at Ashley's Hope. He made his appearance about noon, attended by his foreign servant; and Harold Sildyke had his first glimpse of them both as he came up the avenue on his return from the village, whither he had been on business for himself since breakfast.

Mr. Rokeshaw was a rather tall, stout, blonde gentleman, of something over thirty. His appearance was unquestionably *distingué;* but was there not besides in his bearing a sort of *hauteur* and arrogance, as if he were at no moment forgetful of his wealth and position? This, at any rate, Harold fancied.

The servant was a sleek, deferential gentleman in black—rather foreign in appearance—slim and glossy. He might have been taken for an aristocratic undertaker, he spoke so low, and with so many inclinations of the body.

Harold Sildyke had that morning written a letter to his mother. Its tone was rather more hopeful; but he was careful to say: "Do not attach too much importance to these seeming good prospects. I can help you at a great cost, and last night I accepted the sacrifice; but to-day I am again undecided. There is still time to recall my decision. Could I see any means of obtaining the money we so much need other than those held out to me—even if the alternative were robbery itself—I believe I should be tempted to choose the latter as the less unworthy."

For a long time he pondered over these sentences, but at last resolved to let them stand. Then, having posted his letter, he returned to the Hope in the expectation of seeing Professor Masque again.

But the professor had been up and away long before his own time of rising. He had not returned when the bell rang for luncheon, and Harold attended that rather formal refection in a somewhat gloomy mood.

Maxwell Chaddock, being fond of good living, but rather dyspeptic, was forbidden to eat his dinner after three in the afternoon, and for this reason luncheon at the Hope was a decidedly substantial meal.

Harold was a trifle late, and upon entering found everybody seated. This day there were, probably in honor of Mr. Rokeshaw, some guests—Rev. Dr. Credence, who wrote those able articles on Ritualism which Mr. Chaddock so much admired, now of this parish; old Captain Disney and his son, and the two Misses Spatterdash. Mr. Rokeshaw, who was of course present, was seated next to Miss Mildred. Altogether, it was actually a dinner-party, except in name.

It was not long before there was abundant evidence that Mr. Rokeshaw had anything but a poor opinion of himself. Harold thought him egotistical, vain and supercilious. He talked a great deal; but it was always upon that subject about which, as Byron has said, every man is fluent and few agreeable—himself.

Mildred was cold and silent, and her father, for this reason perhaps, just a little vexed. Once or twice he attempted to interest her in the discussions going forward by asking her opinions—always with a meaning smile playing about his mouth; but Miss Julia Spatterdash was rather surprised to note at the same time a fierce stare of anger flashing from her dark eyes.

Mr. Rokeshaw spoke of his travels, calling now and then for confirmation of dates and such things, when his memory slipped, upon his servant Skettles, who waited; and always upon these occasions he repaid Mr. Skettles's service with public eulogy.

"Skettles knows," he would say, over his shoulder; and then, having received the lift into his stirrup once more, he would go on: "Astonishing what a memory Skettles has! Where do you think I picked him up? In a London opium-den! He was a different-looking fellow then, I can assure you." Skettles's face wrinkled into a curious smile, showing his long, thin teeth, like the fangs of a rat. "He told me his story—very sad—poverty and prisons—liquor and laudanum, and all that—and I became interested. I took him into my service, by way of experiment. He said he was lost beyond redemption. I doubted it. With a little management, see the change I made!"

But only a single incident occurred during this luncheon that might have been thought a little awkward. Harold had sat perfectly still, resigned under Mr. Rokeshaw's fatiguing egotism, until, in the course of his conversation, he came to speak of pictures. There is a picture in the hall at Ashley's Hope, unless it has been taken away in the last few years, called "The Last Day of the Condemned Man"—a very well-known work by a Hungarian. Mr. Chaddock was proud of it, and spoke highly; but his guest, who affected to be a connoisseur, condemned the painting. He pointed out faults; Mr. Chaddock denied them.

The situation was unpleasant—everybody quiet except Mildred, who was flushed and vexed. Very impulsively the secretary entered the list, and spoke with effect and truth, silencing the critic easily. Mr. Rokeshaw was mortified and enraged, but Mildred's eyes sparkled with pleasure.

The interval was short, but to Harold Sildyke delightful in many respects. It was one of those moments so rarely met with, which replace things in their natural order, and revenge the depressed for the injuries of fortune.

He did not know he had made an enemy, nor think of the consequences. The matter for the time dropped, Professor Masque entering upon the last word, almost as if it were his cue.

He was immediately rather boisterously pressed by the young ladies—except Mildred—to give an account of himself.

"Ah," he sighed, "I have had a long ride, and it ended sadly, for just as I entered the forest, I met some laborers carrying a poor man on a litter who had been hurt on the railway above."

"The train ran off, of course?" said Mr. Rokeshaw. "I suppose they never will repair the track, and it is not a comfortable reflection, for I am to take a little journey to-night."

"To-night?" said Professor Masque, starting somewhat.

"Yes; on important business, too. I shall have a lot of money with me, and, as I am intending to walk to the station, a highwayman would have a good opportunity, if he were to lie in wait on the road."

"There really *is* danger, sir," said the professor, earnestly, "if you let it be known that you mean to carry money on your person."

Mr. Rokeshaw smiled with a superior air.

"I shall take the risk, in order to have the night journey, which I prefer to day traveling. The train stops at 10:20, I think—too early for a highwayman."

And so, after much more desultory conversation, luncheon ended. The professor sought his opportunity, and took Harold with him out into the grounds, and there, in the pretty rose-garden, they talked long together.

Harold presently was left to his reflections. He seemed thoughtful, disturbed, suffering some mental anguish. From his reverie he was roused by the abrupt appearance of Mr. Rokeshaw.

"I have been seeking you everywhere," said that gentleman, in a very odd tone, as he advanced. "I wish some explanation of your conduct at luncheon."

"I don't understand you!" said Harold, amazed.

"I was not addressing you when I criticised Mr. Chaddock's picture, and your interruption was impertinent—perhaps meant to be so. At any rate, you must apologize!"

Harold burst out laughing.

"You cannot be serious, Mr. Rokeshaw!"

"I shall prove that to your satisfaction, I hope. You designed to make me ridiculous before Miss Chaddock. For that I must have an apology."

"You are quite mistaken if you think what you profess to think, sir," said the secretary, quietly. "I see no reason why I should apologize for a fault I have never committed."

The next instant Mr. Rokeshaw struck him. A very ungentlemanly fracas might have ensued, had not a third figure now come between. Professor Masque suddenly appeared.

"What can be the meaning of this?" he said.

Mr. Rokeshaw waved his hand with a theatrical air, and slowly sauntered off.

Soon afterward Harold Sildyke went to his room. He did not appear at dinner.

Mr. Rokeshaw left the Hope before five o'clock. Professor Masque, at seven, was heard in the music-room, playing on the organ; Mildred was there also, listening to the glorious melody evoked by his wondrous touch. When darkness had fallen, all that vast mansion was silent.

CHAPTER III.

At daybreak on the following morning some laborers, on their way to work, found Mr. Rokeshaw in the forest which has been described as on this side of Stannard Pool, and he lay bleeding and nearly senseless.

They brought him at once to the Hope, where his arrival in this condition created great surprise and consternation. Maxwell Chaddock sent off immediately for medical aid; but Professor Masque, who presently appeared in the library where Rokeshaw was lying, saw that matters were very serious indeed. His fears were not relieved when he examined Mr. Rokeshaw's wounds—one in the arm, very trifling, and one in the breast, deep, gaping and highly dangerous.

"How did this happen?" he asked, scrutinizing sharply.

"Last night, between nine and ten, I was on my way through the wood to the railway station. I met a man, but he passed me hurriedly, without speaking. Five minutes afterward, the very same man, as I believe, who had been following me without my knowledge, stepped from behind a tree and stabbed me twice. Between the first blow, which drove the knife into my arm, and the second, I had sufficient opportunity to draw and fire my revolver. The bullet struck my enemy's hand, for he nearly dropped his knife, but immediately recovered, and delivered a second blow, which sent the dagger, or whatever it was, into my breast, as you see."

The room was full of people—laborers, servants, and one or two stragglers from the village, who, passing the Hope, and hearing the news, had come in—and now a murmur went round, partly sympathetic, partly expressive of amazement; for attempted murders were rare hereabouts.

Professor Masque, who had been leaning over, stood erect.

"You say the very same man who passed you without speaking was the one, as you believe, who afterward stabbed you. Why are you not certain?"

"Because the second time he had a crape mask over his face," replied Mr. Rokeshaw, speaking, as before, with great pain and difficulty. "But his height and figure betrayed him."

"Was his object robbery?"

"I had money about me; but I am uncertain. At all events, he seemed to imagine he heard footsteps approaching, for he ran off without completing his work; and that is the last I remember, for I lost consciousness."

"Did you know the man you met the first time?" asked Mr. Chaddock.

"Yes," said Rokeshaw.

"Who was it?"

There was a pause. The crowd listened attentively for the reply.

The wounded man seemed to consider. At that instant the door opened, and Harold Sildyke appeared.

"There is the man," said Rokeshaw.

Of course all eyes were turned instantly upon the secretary. He met the general gaze calmly.

Mr. Chaddock was the next to speak.

"Where were you between nine and ten o'clock last night, Mr. Sildyke?"

The young man colored deeply.

"I was in the forest," he said, after a little reflection. "I passed the gentleman who is lying on the sofa. He has mentioned the fact, I presume."

"Yes," said Mr. Chaddock, sternly; "and he accuses you of having attempted his assassination."

Harold now turned deadly pale.

"There is not a word of truth in that," he answered. "I merely passed him without speaking. We had had a difficulty during the day—a gross insult had been put upon me—and for that reason I did not recognize him as we met."

"What were you doing in the forest at that hour of the night, Mr. Sildyke?" asked Mr. Chaddock.

"I cannot tell."

"But you must be aware that people will suppose, from the very serious evidence already apparent, that you were there lying in wait for Mr. Rokeshaw. You knew he would come that way, for he had mentioned his intention to do so at luncheon."

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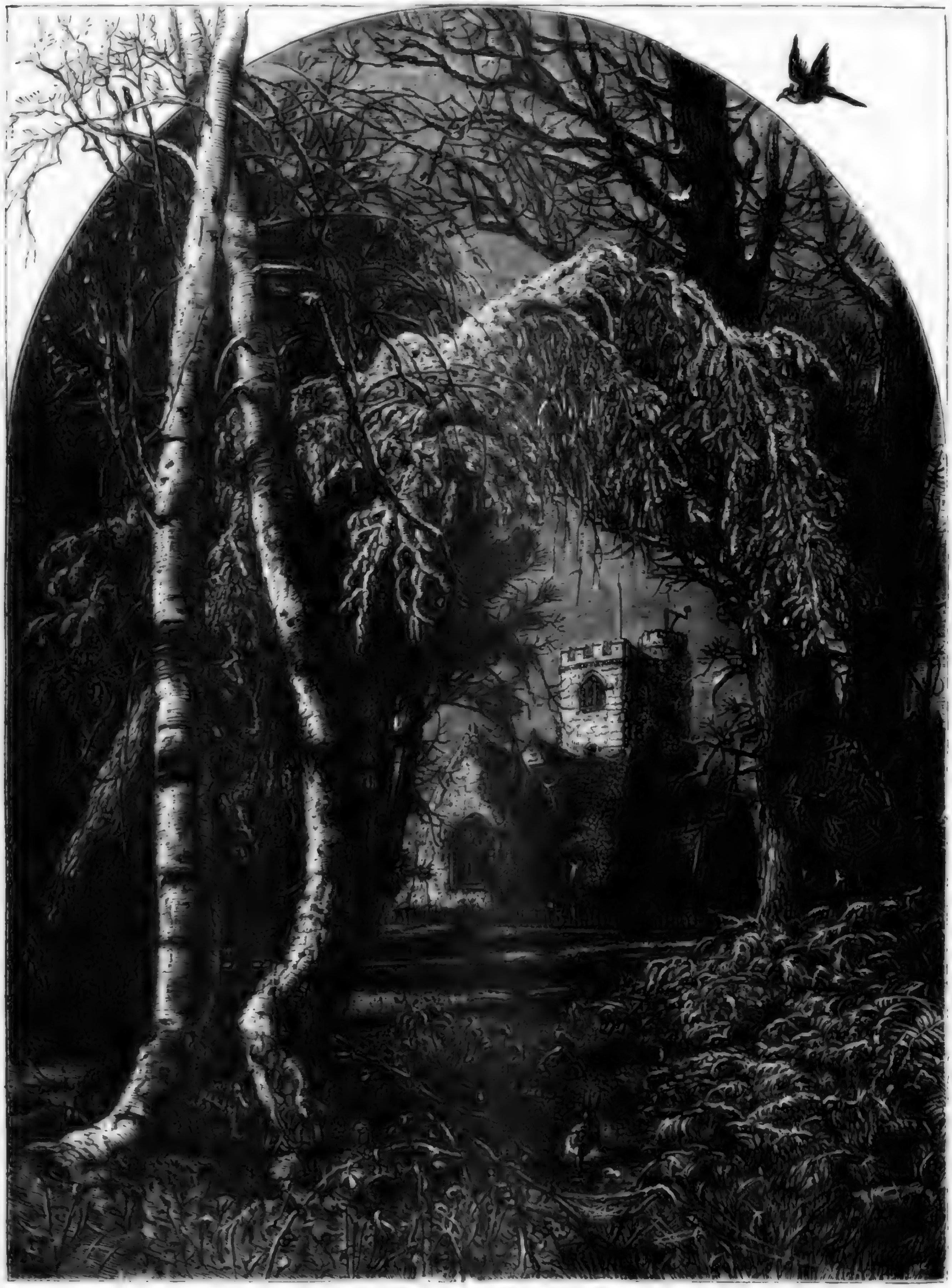

HOAR-FROST.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 551.

"I was there on business I cannot reveal," said the secretary. "I was not going toward the railway station, but toward the Stannard Pool."

"The Stannard Pool! This is absurd, Mr. Sildyke. No one would cross that water at night; besides, it is ridiculous to suppose that you could have any business on the other side, for no one lives there but old Mrs. Mervyn, and, I believe, sometimes her son."

"Nevertheless, I crossed the pool last night," said Mr. Sildyke.

The physician who had been sent for now appeared, followed by the village magistrate and several other persons, including the postmaster. The medical gentleman looked grave, indeed, the instant he glanced at Mr. Rokeshaw's hurts. He ordered claret and other things at once, and turned the crowd out of the room. They transferred themselves to Mr. Chaddock's study, where the examination of the secretary proceeded.

"You crossed the pool, then?" said Mr. Chaddock, after repeating what had gone before to the magistrate.

"Yes," said Harold; "and my boat was upset in the eddy. I had great trouble in righting it. See how my hand is wounded."

He displayed his right hand. A fresh wound was visible in the palm. At this sight there was a general buzz of comment.

At length the master of Ashley's Hope, with a short, incredulous laugh, said:

"Mr. Sildyke, you have supplied almost the only further evidence needed of your identity with Mr. Rokeshaw's assailant, whom he shot in the right hand."

"The circumstances are against me," replied Harold, "because there is one person in this room who will not speak to save me, though one word from him would clear up all. Perhaps he may think fit to do so in time. In the meanwhile I am deemed guilty of a crime than which there is none blacker—attempted assassination out of revenge."

TWO TOO MANY.—"'MY HAR WA'N'T A-GOIN' TO HANG IN NO INJUN'S LODGE; SO I THROWED UP MY RIFLE, TOOK AIM AT THE RED NIGGER, AN' BLAZED AWAY.'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Dr. Maldon appeared at the door, much flurried.

"I must return to the village, Mr. Chaddock," he said, "for some things I need. Mr. Rokeshaw's case is extremely serious—I scarcely dare say *how* serious. I have sent for his servant Skettles, who will be the best nurse. In undressing him we made an important discovery—he was robbed last night, as well as stabbed."

"Robbed!"

"Yes—of quite a large sum in bank-notes; so, after he became unconscious his assailant must have returned and completed his design."

The postmaster, a small, meddling sort of person, who had watched everything so far with great interest, now suddenly glanced at Harold Sildyke and exclaimed:

"How odd!"

"What is it?" demanded the magistrate.

"Mr. Sildyke sent a large sum of money in notes, by registered letter, to his mother this very morning," said the postmaster, with rather an evil smile.

"So I did," answered Harold.

"Where did you obtain this money, Mr. Sildyke?"

"Again I must decline to answer."

"Then," said the magistrate, "my only course is to take you into custody."

Harold Sildyke glanced appealingly at Professor Masque, but that odd gentleman's face wore a blank, inscrutable expression far from consoling.

* * *

It soon appeared that Mr. Rokeshaw had but little longer to live. Skettles, in customary suit of solemn black, even with a pair of inky gloves on, hovered around the dying man's couch, uncomfortably like a monstrous crow. Doctor Maldon was also there, and Professor Masque.

Harold Sildyke had not yet been taken away; the magistrate had thought best to have the dying man's last deposition, and preparations for this solemn business were now actively going forward.

But now a single circumstance intervened. Mr. Rokeshaw knew his own condition; he was rich, childless, and deeply admired Mildred Chaddock. He called her father to him and made a strange suggestion—the suggestion of a marriage to this young lady.

Nothing could have pleased the master of Ashley's Hope more. A union between these two had long been a familiar idea with Mildred, though, as we know, no formal betrothal had ever taken place.

When she entered the room the witnesses were already present—those who must be present at the wedding ceremony as well as at the taking of the deposition afterward. She had learned her father's purpose; a beautiful color burned in her cheeks, and there was a singular light in her lovely eyes.

She glanced at Harold Sildyke but once—in that instant the whole firmament seemed to light up.

"There can be no marriage between you and me, Mr. Rokeshaw," said Miss Chaddock, "for I am already a married woman."

There was a general movement of surprise, except on the part of Professor Masque, who took snuff.

"I was married last night to Arthur Mervyn; he is in the house at this moment."

Harold Sildyke looked radiant, indeed. The young lady continued, never flinching beneath her father's horrified and fiendish glare:

"I had long loved Mr. Mervyn, and had met him clandestinely. With the return here of Mr. Rokeshaw, I knew the fate I must look for, and I resolved to avoid it at any risk. I confided my trouble to my music-tutor, Professor Masque. By heaven's good-will, he was enabled to aid me. He announced to me that he was a regularly ordained priest—member of an Italian Order that had been dissolved by circumstances, himself exiled and driven here to seek his living as best he could. My husband could not cross the Stannard Pool at night; but last night he was rowed across by Mr. Harold Sildyke and brought here, where he still remains. The marriage was performed before the altar in Father Masque's room, Mr. Sildyke the witness. If you doubt my words, behold my husband."

She opened the door. Mr. Mervyn, a very handsome gentleman, entered.

The tableau was perfect!

"It is not true!" cried Mr. Chaddock, almost beside himself. "It is all false from beginning to end!"

He screeched a horrid curse at his daughter, and fell writhing into a chair.

Professor Masque now came forward.

"I felt, for many reasons," said he, "that I was only doing my duty. My conduct, as well as Mr. Sildyke's, may seem to have been treacherous to my employer; but there was a higher claim upon me. The end justifies the means. Mr. Sildyke is morally blameless. I exerted an influence over him which he found impossible to resist—yet a perfectly legitimate influence, in which there was nothing the least discreditable to any one."

"You forget the attempted murder," sneered Mr. Rokeshaw. "That was but a minor incident."

"Mr. Sildyke has but one really suspicious circumstance against him in connection with that affair," pursued the music-tutor, without the least emotion. "I mean the money which he sent away this morning; but that money was furnished by me."

"Then you will be good enough, I suppose," said the magistrate, in a cool tone of voice, "to inform us who *was* the assassin?"

Professor Masque had been calm, and even sad, as we have said; but now he suddenly reached forth his arm, seized the wrist of Skettles, the servant, and drew off the black glove upon that frightened gentleman's right hand. It was at once evident that Skettles had lost a finger since the day before, which a little raw cotton in the glove but badly supplied, except as to appearances.

Skettles uttered a cry of terror, and rushed from the room.

The magistrate released the prisoner.

TWO TOO MANY.

An Old Trapper's Story.

What wur the closest 'scape I iver hed frum the Injuns? Wall, young feller, I reckon thur's so mony on 'em it's mighty hard to purtickilurize, like. Did I iver tell ye 'bout the time I got away frum the Crows, up on the Yallerstun? Didn't? Wall, thet wur clost enuf, I kin tell ye.

'Twur nigh onto thirty years ago thet I wur trappin' round Chimley Rock, all alone by myself. I wur a mighty ventursome lad them days, an' thort nuthin' at all 'bout the risk, 's long 's beaver wur plenty—an' 'pears to me I never see game so thick as 'twur that year.

I'd made myself a camp on a little island in the river, and was hevin' the best of luck—didn't see a Injun or the sign o' one for nigh two months, and got careless, like.

Wall, in visitin' my traps one arternoon, I seen bar signs. Not a grizzly—I knowed too much to go arter one o' them fellers 'ithout a kumrade—no, this wur a thunderin' big black bar, from his tracks, an' I made up my mind to trail him in the mornin'.

I started out soon arter sunup, an' followed the trail till late in the arternoon, an' I lost it in the shingle. 'Twur gittin' late, an' I concluded to go back to camp. As near 's I could jedge, I wur about eight miles from camp, but not more 'n a mile frum the river, fur the trail hed run kinder parallel to it, ye see.

Thur wur a spring clost by whur I left the trail, and I stopped to git a drink afore startin'. I wur jest risin' up frum the water, when I heerd a twig snap; an' lookin' up, I see five durned red niggers a-comin' right to'rd me, and not more'n thirty rod off, either.

I lit out o' that mighty suddint, you can bet, an' in course the minute they seen they wur diskivered they give a yell an' come tearin' arter me. My jints was a blamed sight more suple them days than they be now, and the way I legged it wasn't slow, I reckon. I made fur the river, thinkin' mebbe I cud give 'em the slip an' git across, an' then I knew I cud fool 'em and throw 'em off the trail among the rocks on that side.

When I got down to the river-bank 'twur dark, an' gittin' darker every minute, bein' as thur wur a fog risin' from the water.

I cudn't hear nothin' of the Injuns, an' I begun to think mebbe they'd lost the trail. I hed a notion that they mought hev a canoe *cachéd* thur, so I kimmenced lookin' fur it. All to onct I heerd the niggers comin' down the bank. They'd struck the river a little above me.

I wur badly skeered, I tell ye, fur thur wur no place to hide, an' I knowed well enough 'twan't no use strikin' back into the timmer.

"I'm a gone case," thinks I—"wiped out, sure!" when jest as I come to thet conclusion I spied a thunderin' big log, or rather, a hull tree, thet had been brought down by the Spring floods, an' jist lodged by one eend on the bank, t'other eend reachin' out into the stream.

Wall, I wa'n't long in gittin' out to the far eend of the log, which wur partly under water, but afloat. I straddled the log, with my legs in the water, and held my rifle acrost it, in front of me, and then bowed myself down and hugged the bark like a 'possum.

Jist as I got settled, and wur a-thinkin' what a durned nice thing it 'ud be if the stick 'ud only float off, down come the redskins to the edge of the bank, and stood thar, within fifty feet of me, a-peerin' round, kinder puzzled like, as if they wur wonderin' whar on airth I'd got to.

Wall, thinks I, if they diskiver me now they'll lift my hair, to a sartinty. They spoke to one another; but I

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couldn't make out what they wur sayin', though I knowed thur lingo tollable well. D'reckly one on 'em spoke a little louder, and my ears wur sharp enough to catch the words. He 'peared to be the head buck of the party, and said to t'other niggers :

"Whar is the canoe ? It must be close by ; step on the log and find it."

One of 'em handed his gun to the next one, and, steppin' on to the log, began to walk to'rd me. P'r'aps I didn't hug bark and hold my breath as he stooped down a'most over me, and kimmenced feelin' fur the canoe.

He didn't 'pear to find it quick enough to suit the fellers on the bank, and another of 'em jumped onto the log to help him. The jar set the durned thing afloat, an' splash it cum right into the river, chuckin' the two red niggers into the water. 'Twa'n't no time fur laughin', but I wur fit to bust when I seed how the old log throwed 'em cawallup into the water.

Hows'ever, they mighty quick got hold of the log again, and, in a minute more, thur wur three of us sittin' straddle of it, and a-floatin' down-stream with a right smart current.

Thet wur a durned purty purdickerment, wurn't it, young feller, floatin' down the Yallerstun straddle of a log, 'long with two pison-sarpents of Injuns ?

The fellers on shore, when they fust seed the fix we were in, set up a laugh, 's if they thort it wur a mighty good joke ; but 'twarn't no laughin' matter—leastways, to me—and my *shipmates* 'peared to be of the same 'pinion. They called to thur kumrades on the bank to hurry up and git the canoe and take 'em off.

Meanwhile we had floated two or three hundred yards down-stream, an' I wur a-sittin' straddle o' the small eend, jist as quiet as a deer listenin' fur the hounds, an' wonderin' how I wur goin' to get out of the scrape.

All to onct, one of the Injuns, in tryin' to shift his position on the log, rolled the thing part way over, and come durned near spillin' me inter the water. In tryin' to save myself, I must 'a made considerable noise, fur, when I got fixed again, I cud hear 'em mutterin' to each other, an' seed thet they knowed thur wur somebody or sumthing onto the log beside themselves.

How the Injuns looked I cudn't tell, fur it wur so dark I cudn't see thur faces, but they must hev been wuss skeered than I was, fur *I* knowed who *they* wur, but *they* didn't know who *I* wur.

They kept on jabberin' to each other, and at first I thort mebbe they wur goin' to quit the float and streak it, but d'reckly they stopped talkin' and began peepin' to'rd whar I wur *cachéd*, like a couple of cock-turkeys lookin' fur worms.

Then one of 'em said, "Don't you see something ?" "Yes," answered the other, "dark lump—bear, perhaps." And the first speaker calls out, "Who's there ?"

I hed nothin' to say, an' I growed small so fast, tryin' to squeeze myself out of sight, that my skin hung as loose as a Mackinaw blanket on a lodge-pole. They kept peepin' at me, an' finally I heerd one say, "It's no bar—it's a man. Look at his head !"

Jist about then I wur so mad at myself fur gittin' into such a durned fix, that I wished my head wur under the log, or anywhere else 'cept on my shoulders ; but I sot up straight, fur I knew they'd seen me, and I thort it wa'n't no use to play 'possum no longer.

Wall, when I straightened up, the Injun nearest me calls out again, "Who's thar ?" "*I* am here," says I, speakin' in thur own language. The minute I opened my meat-trap he laughed an' says to the other nigger, "He's a paleface." The reesin he knowed thet so quick wur bekase I cudn't speak thur durned jaw-breakin' lingo 'zactly right. Then he turned to'rd me agin an' said, "What are you doin' there ?" "Sittin' down straddle of the small eend," says I. Then they both gave an unearthly war-whoop.

I tell you, young feller, it made me feel skeery, fur it did seem as if I wur scooped sure. Then they told the other redskins on shore to get the canoe an' be quick. The others answered 'em, an' ran down the shore, laughing an tryin' to find the canoe. I kinder made up my mind thet something had got to be done mighty quick, an' my dander begun to rise. "Come here," says one of the Injuns on the log, beckonin' to me—"come quick, before the others come. I want your scalp."

Wall, when he said thet, I cudn't stand it no longer. My har wa'n't a-goin' to hang in no Injun's lodge—not ef I cud help it ; so I throwed up my rifle, took aim at the red nigger, an' blazed away. He give a yell, jumped up like a buck, an' fell splash in the water. As soon as I fired, the Injuns on the bank screamed out the war-whoop, and the other redskin on the log yelled out to 'em to come quick and bring his gun. I jumped up and crawled to him ; he gathered himself up and stood his ground. The fust thing I knowed, he cum down on me all of a heap, breakin' an old limb into a dozen pieces over my head and shoulders—lucky fur me the limb wur rotten. His blow staggered me for a minute, but I soon rekivered myself, and, catching my rifle with both hands, I give him a sidewipe with the bar'l that knocked him off inter the water. As he cum up, I grabbed him by the har, an' as he tried to git up on the log, I jest held him under water.

Bein' on the log an' he in the river, I ruther had him in a fix, and I jest kept bobbin' his head under. At first the bubbles cum up like I wur fillin' a bottle with water. You know when a bottle is full it won't bubble ; then I jedged he war full of water, so I let him go, an' he went down to the bottom, an' I didn't see no more of *him*.

I was jest tryin' to load my rifle when I heerd the Injuns push off their canoe, and the splashin' of the water as they paddled to'rd me. 'Twur too late to load, an' I knowed I cudn't kill more'n one of 'em anyway. An ideе kim inter my noddle that mayhap I mought fool 'em agin, so I shoved my rifle under the log and made it fast with a piece of a lariat I had fur a sling. Then I chucked away my coonskin cap, and crawlin' clean to the eend of the log, eased myself off inter the water, leavin' nothin' outer water 'cept my head. Thar wur a small limb stickin' out from the under side of the log, an' I jest kĕp' holt of it with both hands and never stirred a muscle.

'Twarn't more'n a minit arter I got fixed, 'fore the canoe run aginst the log. The Injuns looked fur their kumrades, and called 'em by name ; but they didn't find 'em, not very much. Then one on 'em got on the log and crawled to'rd the eend whur I wur *cachéd*. Soon's he got near me, I sunk altogether an' held my breath. Bein' the small eend of the log, it began to sink, an' the redskin crawled back agin faster'n he came.

I heerd 'em jabberin' to one another, an' one says, "They must have killed him," and another said, "They are all gone."

They wur a good deal puzzled, an' pretty mad, too, I reckon, but 'twur no use—they cudn't make nothin' of it, so arter a while they paddled back to the shore, an' I cud hear 'em movin' up an' down the bank an' callin' to each other, like they wur lookin' fur their kumrades. I cud 'a 'told 'em whar to look fur the durned niggers, but 'twurn't none o' my funeral, so I crawled up onto the log agin an' floated away quite comfortable like.

A little arter sun up the currint kerried the log on a pint

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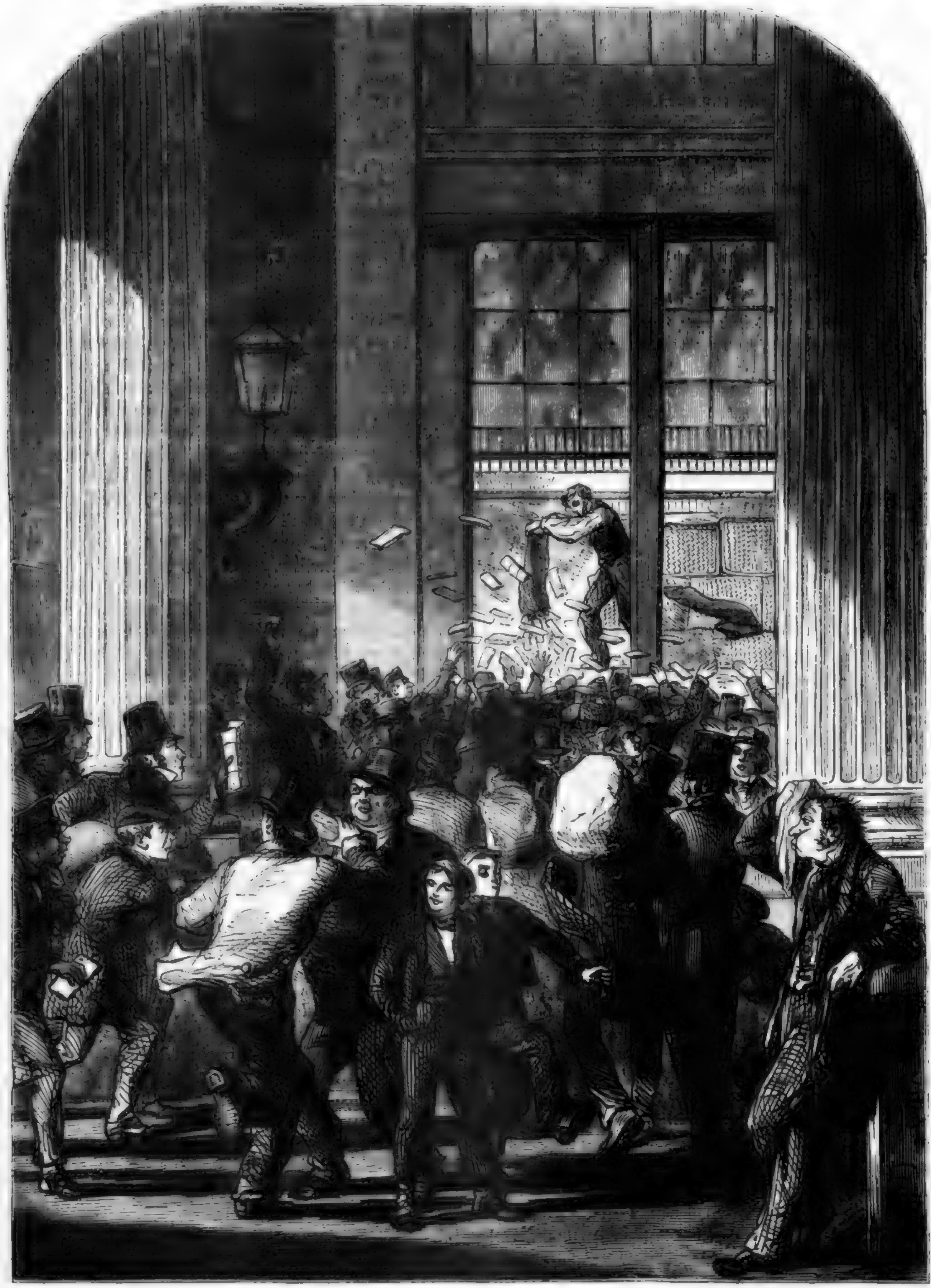
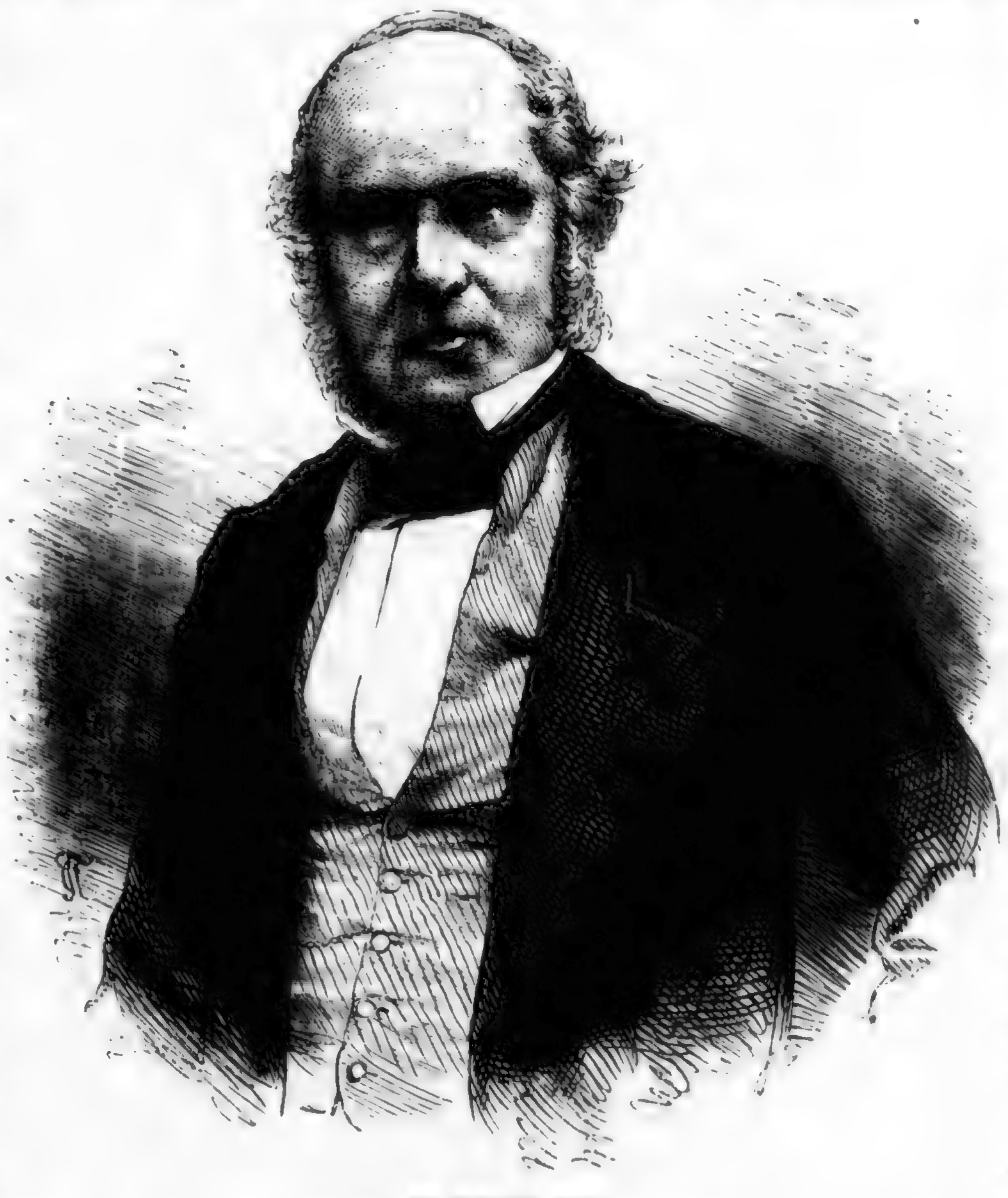
stickin' out inter the river, jest whar the Big Horn empties inter it. Thar I landed, mighty stiff and cramped, I kin tell ye, but hevin' my skelp all right. an' two more nicks fur to ornament the stock of the old shootin'-iron. I concluded I hedn't no more bizness in that air kentry jest then, so I jest legged it fur Fort Bertholet, 'an got in thar in about ten days, safe an' sound. 'Bout two months later, I went back up the Yallerstun with "Long Bill"—you know him, young feller? He wur a young trapper them days, an' we found my traps and peltries jest where I'd *cachéd* 'em, so, ye see, I didn't lose much by the operation. An' now ye've heerd the yarn out, I reckon we'd better turn in, if we 'spect to git arter them buffler termorrer!



THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, LONDON.

SIR ROWLAND HILL, INVENTOR OF PENNY POSTAGE.

WHO that owns young relatives or friends, whether school boys or girls, has not been asked for postage stamps—not new ones, but old ones to stick in an album? "Can you get me a black penny? Do you know anybody who has a red three-cornered Cape of Good Hope?" These are questions which the friend of juvenile stamp-collectors has to answer whenever he has been coaxed into promising that he will do his best to supply an album. The taste for stamp-collecting, however, is one which grown-up people should encourage, for it greatly helps to educate boys and girls into a knowledge of contemporary history and geography.



SIR ROWLAND HILL.

The name and birthland of the first collector of stamps are not known. All one can tell for certain is that in 1861—that is the exact date—the passion for stamp-collecting spread of a sudden everywhere. In those days the divers stamps that could be obtained did not exceed 500; nowadays an album, to be complete, would have to contain about 3,200 different sorts. In 1861, Turkey, Egypt, China, Japan, Greece, Persia, Roumania, Servia, with several other countries and colonial dependencies, had no stamps; on the other hand, Hanover, Lubeck, Hamburg, Bremen, Hesse-Cassel and the Pontifical States were independent, and issued stamps, which have now become scarce. The gray stamps of the Dutch Province of Limburg used originally to be the rarest, because there had been but a small issue of them, and Limburg itself was a small place; but, somehow, there is no great difficulty in obtaining them now. Russians, again, were not easy to procure, because the ill-paid postal authorities in the Czar's service had got into the habit of removing the stamps from letters sent abroad. The Russian stamps do not bear the Czar's head, but the double spread eagle in a 'scutcheon—light blue on a buff ground, green on red, or yellow on black. These make pretty stamps, but they are no longer scarce, because they belong to the category of what collectors call "unchangeables"—that is, stamps whose patterns have never been altered, nor are likely to be. The "changing" stamps are those which bear the head of the ruler in countries where the government is not very stable. Spain has had a fine diversity of stamps during the last twelve years—those of Isabella, the republic (two patterns), the commune of Carthagena, Amadeo, Don Carlos, and, lastly, of Alfonso. The last three kinds are very finely executed reproductions of photographs, and form a part of a category which are more picturesque generally than the stamps which bear a medallion head, like those of England. The design of the Queen's head on English stamps has not been altered since the first issue was made, but some of the colonies have recently adopted stamps with a photographic likeness of Her Majesty taken since her widowhood. The Emperor of Brazil bravely caused the stamps in his empire to be altered two years ago because the old ones represented him as a young man with a black beard. In the new ones his Majesty has a white beard; but what would happen if he were to shave? Leopold II. of Belgium once remarked, laughingly, that he was condemned to wear his beard for life, if he wished his subjects to get a correct idea of him. For the same reason Leopold I. and Napoleon III. could not have let their face-hair grow. It is said that during Marshal MacMahon's septennate the Duchess of Magenta was very anxious to see her husband's image set on postage stamps, and designs with the Marshal's head were prepared when it had been decided to abolish the stamps bearing the emblematic head of the republic; but the postal commission rejected the MacMahon stamps and chose the present design, which represents two figures of Commerce and Plenty. If the MacMahon stamps have not all been destroyed, they would be as great treasures to a stamp-collector as the one or two "Victoria and Albert" penny stamps which are said to be extant, though they were never officially issued.

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As every collector knows, the rarest English stamps among those actually issued are the black penny, with the obliterating mark in red ink (black was only used later); the postal envelope with the brown octagonal penny embossed; and the postal envelopes with pictorial borders, black for one penny, and blue for twopence. Genuine specimens of this sort must needs be very rare; so that collectors ought to beware of those offered for sale, as there has been a good deal of stamp-forging since it was discovered that amateurs would give several pounds for rarities. It is all the easier to forge stamps for collections, as a sham obliterating mark can always be slurred over the parts where the engraving is defective; experienced collectors, however, should be able to detect false stamps by their bad coloring.

How important the stamp trade had become at one time may be judged from the fact that two or three years ago the Parisian police found it necessary to disperse an assemblage that used to be held daily toward one o'clock outside the Cirque des Champs Elysées, and which was a very bourse of stamp-collectors. Here schoolboys used to meet wily traders who cheated them out of their money; and here, too, a weekly journal was sold, which dealt exclusively with the subject of stamps. This print had a good many subscribers, and was pretty ably written; it contained, among other things, a regular list of quotations of the market value of stamps, and advertisements from persons who had collections to dispose of.

A collection having 3,000 genuine stamps of different sorts is worth at this date over $500; but one purporting to have a specimen of every stamp that was ever issued would command quite a fancy price. It is believed that not more than three or four of this kind are in existence, and one of them belongs to a prince of the Duchy of Taxis, whose family for a long time enjoyed a postal monopoly in Germany.

Sir Rowland Hill is the man who inaugurated cheap postage. With his decease ends one of the most beneficent careers of the century. Mr. Hill was born at Kidderminster in 1795. He came of an honorable family, and his elder brother, Matthew Davenport Hill, Recorder of Birmingham, attained considerable reputation as a former member of Parliament nearly fifty years ago. Sir Rowland's early life, however, gave no promise that the time would ever come when his brother's reputation would be obscured by his own. After being educated at his father's boarding-school in Birmingham, he became a teacher in the institution, and thus quietly spent seventeen years of his early manhood.

In 1835, for the first time, he became connected with the public service, having been in that year appointed secretary to the commissioners for the colonization of South Australia. By the publication of a book on "Post Office Reform," two years later, he first broached the great reform with which his name will always be associated.

There is an interesting story of the accident by which his mind came to be turned to this subject. The poet Coleridge, in making a tour through the lake district, stopped at a wayside inn, and while he was there the postman came along, bearing a letter for the waiting-maid. She took it, examined it carefully, and then returned it, telling the postman that she could not afford to pay the shilling charged for postage. The poet, finding that the letter was from the girl's brother, insisted upon paying the fee, though the young woman seemed strangely reluctant to have him do so. She explained this singular conduct by showing him that the letter was blank, though it bore on its outside some marks which she had taken pains to note before handing the letter back to the postman. These marks, by a system which the two had arranged, conveyed to her the information that her brother was well, and by this ingenious system of cheating the Government they were able to carry on a system of correspondence without paying anything for postage.

The anecdote really told the whole story of the postal system in Great Britain half a century ago—the rates of postage were so high that but comparatively few of the people could use the mails at all, while all manner of devices were resorted to for the smuggling of news.

Mr. Hill was impressed by the poet's little narrative, and he devoted all his energies to securing a reform. As is always the case with reformers, Mr. Hill met serious opposition. When he proposed his scheme of penny-postage privately to the Postmaster-General, it was contemptuously rejected. But the public soon took up his cause when he published his arguments, based as they were upon convincing statistics, like the fact that the annual revenue of the Post Office had decreased from 1815 to 1835, despite the growth of population and the increase of business; so widespread had become the practice of sending letters through other channels than the mails.

Mr. Hill urged that, if the rate were made a penny a half-ounce, it would not pay to smuggle letters, while correspondence would ultimately increase, so that the greater number of letters at the reduced rate would bring the Government a larger revenue. The public were not slow to see the point, and petitions for the reduction began to pour in upon Parliament.

In January, 1840, the penny post was established, Mr. Hill having received an appointment in the Treasury in order that he might help carry out the new system. The result justified his predictions. Within the year, the number of letters increased more than two-fold, and they yielded over half the revenue which the former exorbitant charges had realized.

But Mr. Hill still met opposition in high quarters, and in 1842 was removed from office; but four years later he was recalled to the public service. This time he obtained his proper place in the Post Office Department, where he served as secretary to the Postmaster-General until 1854, and from the latter date as the chief secretary until his health compelled his retirement from office in 1864, at the age of sixty-nine.

Few reformers live to see their dreams so fully realized as Mr. Hill. In 1838, the last year of the old system of exorbitant charges, the number of chargeable letters delivered in the United Kingdom was 76,000,000. In the first year of the new *régime* this number had more than doubled; in 1854 it had grown to 443,000,000, while in 1878 the aggregate reached nearly 1,900,000,000. The effect of the change upon the revenues was as Mr. Hill had predicted. Within ten years the gross receipts had reached the old figures, and since then they have grown steadily and larger.

Neither the Government nor the public failed to reward the national benefactor. Upon his retirement from office he was awarded his full salary of £2,000 a year during the remainder of his life, and the same year Parliament made him a grant of £20,000. As early as 1846 he had received a public testimonial of over £12,000, and subsequently another of about £10,000 was tendered him. In 1860 he was made Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., and in 1864 he received the first Albert gold medal of the Society of Arts, and the honorary degree of D.C.L. from Oxford. Two years ago a subscription for a memorial statue was opened, no contribution over £1 being received, and £6,600 was almost immediately received from over 100,000 persons. Only a few months ago the unusual honor of the freedom of the city of London was conferred upon Sir Rowland, the ceremony taking place at his residence, as his health had already begun to fail.

Altogether his life has been most honorable, and few names among the benefactors of the human race in modern times will stand higher than that of the man who opened the advantages of the mails to the poorest citizen. America, as well as England, owes a heavy debt to Sir Rowland Hill; for, unless he had blazed the way of postal reform in Great Britain, this country must have long continued to suffer under the hardships of postal communication.

Rowland Hill was born in obscurity, and grew up without further distinction than that of having a fine talent for mathematics. When he published his pamphlet in 1837, setting forth the details of his beneficent system, he had never been inside of a post-office. His plan was the result of patient study and scientific deduction, set forth in an unpretending pamphlet, and it rested solely on its merits. The post-office authorities were bitterly opposed to it, on the ground that the revenues would be greatly decreased; but the idea of cheap postage struck the public as a very excellent and practical one, and an agitation on the subject commenced, which ended, after a vigorous debate, in the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee, at the close of the year 1838, to give the subject a thorough examination. This committee made an exhaustive report, filling three folio volumes of statistics and calculations and testimony. So overwhelming was the evidence that the cheaper the rate the greater would be the number of letter-writers and newspaper-mailers, that the plan of Rowland Hill was adopted and ordered to be put in operation in 1840.

One of the resolutions of the Parliamentary Committee stated "That, in the opinion of this committee, the evidence taken before them abundantly proves that the present high rates of postage are extremely injurious to all classes, both in their individual and social capacity, interfering as they do with their progress in intellectual and moral improvement, and, in some degree, with their physical welfare; also, that these rates, by restricting the transmission of letters of advice, invoices, orders, etc., produce a most serious injury to commerce, and consequently to national prosperity; that by checking communication between persons interested in the same object, or engaged in the same pursuit, they tend greatly to retard the progress of the nation in art and science; that by circumscribing the operations of the different societies instituted for the spread of religion, the advancement of morality and the promotion of charitable objects, they have an injurious effect on the character of the poorer classes, and also interfere in their domestic comforts."

Other objections stated to the high rates were, the limitation of education, the prevention of the transmission of medical advice, and the delay and expense which hindered the correspondence of the legal profession.

Dr. Lardner, when before the committee, said that a "tax on bread was the worst, but postage is a tax on the bread of the mind." Lord Ashburton said, "A tax upon communication by letter must bear heavily upon commerce; it is, in fact, taxing the conversation of people who live at a distance from each other."

The committee found that the actual cost of transporting letters was thirty-two per cent., and the remaining sixty-eight per cent. was a tax imposed upon the letters to pay for the free distribution of the newspapers and franked letters and documents. At that time, in England, an additional tax of 236 per cent. was added for revenue to the Government, and of the whole sum paid for postage, the actual cost of the letters was only nine and one-half per cent., and the tax was nine times the actual cost.

Proceeding in this mathematical way, the demonstration of the necessity and advantage of cheaper postage was complete, and the soundness of Rowland Hill's proposition was afterward shown, from the fact that, while in 1837 the number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom was 75,000,000, they had increased to 271,000,000 in 1845.

It was in that year that Mr. Merrick, of Maryland, introduced the Bill to establish reduced rates of postage in the United States. The Bill provided that a uniform rate of letter postage should be established at five cents per half ounce, irrespective of distance. An Ohio man named McDowell succeeded in slipping in an Amendment imposing double postage on all letters carried over 300 miles. The Bill, as amended, passed. It was framed after an attentive investigation into Rowland Hill's system. Rowland Hill, in fact, was the means of giving us the first great reduction in postage. We owe him a debt of gratitude. He demonstrated, in the face of much opposition, that the plan was a practicable one. All the civilized peoples have taken the hint from him, and there has been a continual progress to still lower rates, with the resultant of greater facilities for commerce, literature, the arts and sciences, and a rapid growth in intelligence.

In 1810 there were only 2,000 post-offices in the United States. In 1879 there are 41,000, and the letters delivered run into the hundreds of millions. In 1855 a stimulus was given to letter correspondence by the reduction of the rate per half ounce to three cents. Whether in the future there will be a further reduction depends upon the popular demand and the wisdom of Congress.

When it is remembered that in 1816 the rate for a single letter under 40 miles was eight cents; under 90 miles, ten cents; under 150 miles, twelve and a half cents; under 300 miles, seventeen cents; under 500 miles, twenty cents; and over 500 miles, twenty-five cents, the advantages we now enjoy are very apparent. The increase of letter-writing and postal facilities has kept pace with our population more than is the case with Great Britain.

Sir Rowland Hill lived to see the vast expansion of his system through the world, and the organization of an international postal treaty at Berne, by which the leading peoples of the world reduced foreign postage to a very low figure. Under the Berne Treaty, a letter can be mailed for Europe in this country for five cents. It used to cost not less than fifty cents for a single sheet. As a logical result, foreign correspondence has largely increased with the adoption of low rates.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, THE VOLUNTARY CAPTIVE.

Protestantism will not canonize all the saints in the Roman calendar; but there are some before whose transcendent merit all differences caused by education, country and creed vanish. All will place in the highest rank among the great and good, Vincent de Paul, whose single gift to suffering humanity of the Order of Sisters of Charity entitles him to immortality.

Where did he learn that wonderful charity that embraced every form of human suffering? In affliction and bonds.

He was the son of a farmer in Languedoc, who, wishing his son to enter the Church—in those days the poor man's only avenue to elevated position—sold the very oxen from his plow to give Vincent an education.

The young man reached the priesthood, and the death of a relative at Marseilles, leaving him a legacy, induced a visit to that city.

Returning by sea, he fell into the hands of Tunisian corsairs, and ere long Vincent, with his fellow-passengers,

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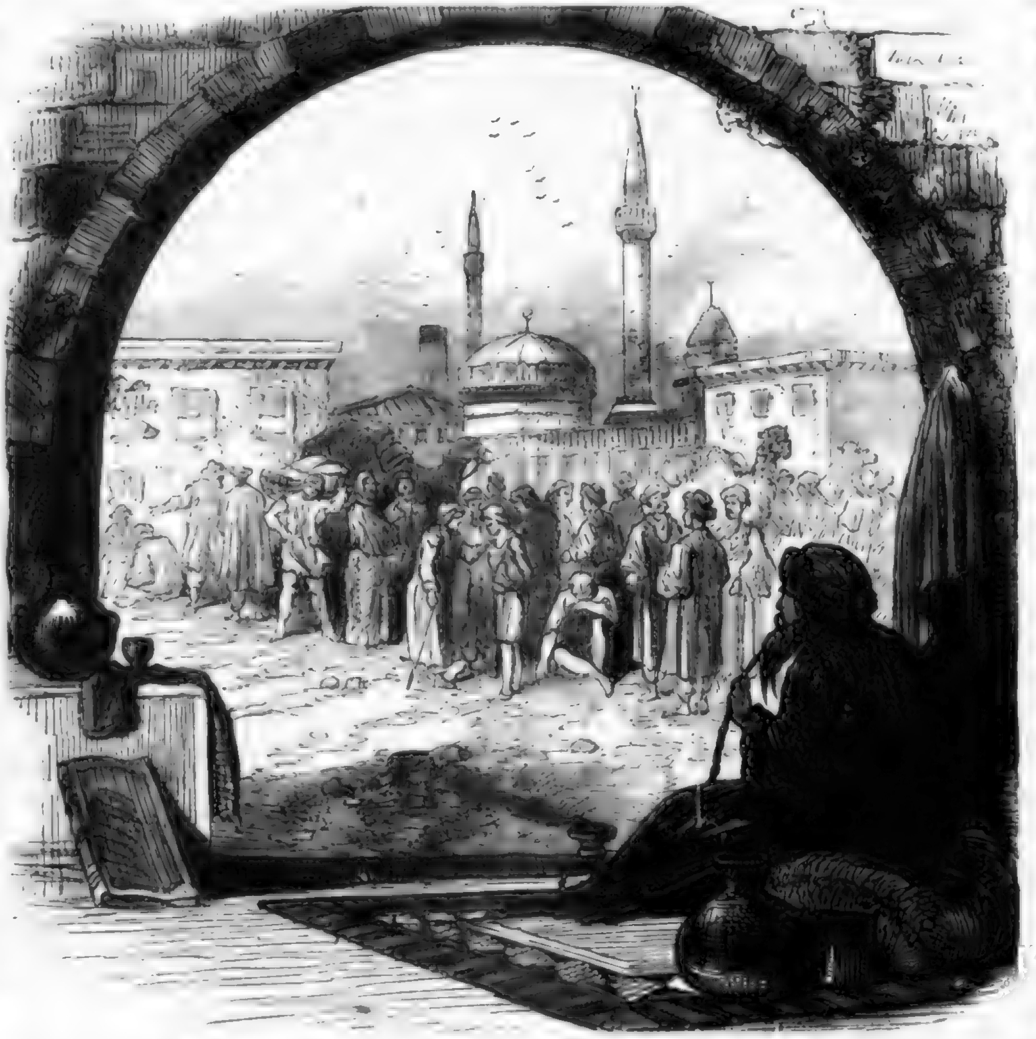
arrayed in the blue and white garments of slaves, trod, in mournful procession, the narrow streets of Tunis. The indignities which their position entailed were borne by Vincent with patient submission to Divine Providence, and not in vain did the words of the young priest, confirmed by his own example, fall on the grief-stricken ears of his comrades.

After two years' slavery, he awoke in the heart of his second master, an Italian apostate, compunction and remorse. They fled together, and reached Christendom.

Thenceforth the life of Vincent was one of devotedness to his fellow-men. No stranger to life's woes, he learned to soothe them all. In the galleys, where crime had brutalized men, he labored with zeal; and once when a prisoner, driven frantic by the want in which he knew his wife and children were pining, confided his grief to Father Vincent, that apostle of benevolence took his place, wore a convict's chain, and did convicts' work, and shared convict society. He was sought out and released, but carried to his grave the marks of his self-imposed fetters.

Thenceforward his power over the most hardened was supreme. His captivity in Africa made that form of suffering one dear to his heart, and he ransomed by his exertions more than a thousand captives.

The institutions that he founded still exist, continuing his work in his spirit; and we need but add one strange fact—when Rome canonized St. Vincent de Paul, France, through her Parliament, protested!



ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, THE VOLUNTARY CAPTIVE.—SEE PAGE 603.

LIFE AGAINST TIDE.

A Woman's Story.

It was one of those foolishest of all episodes—a lovers' quarrel.

We had been engaged for more than a year, having become acquainted at the house of my aunt, in London, while I was visiting there, and he had now been on a visit of some days' duration to my parents' home at Crag's Head.

He had been there before, and won, without effort, admiration and friendship; for his were qualities of heart and soul—always earnest, ever truthful—which never failed to attract.

We had been out walking to the Crag—a rugged promontory jutting out into the bay—when the little difference between us arose. It grew out of some willful assertion of mine, which he gravely corrected, and I prolonged a useless discussion until I quite lost my temper.

Hard as the confession is, I must make it here in justice to him—I quite lost my temper; I wished him leagues away, and was sorry he had ever come to Crag's Head, and hoped all sorts of adverse difficulties would beset him before he got away; for all of which I was heartily sorry, and would have given worlds to recall, before the sound of my voice had died on the air.

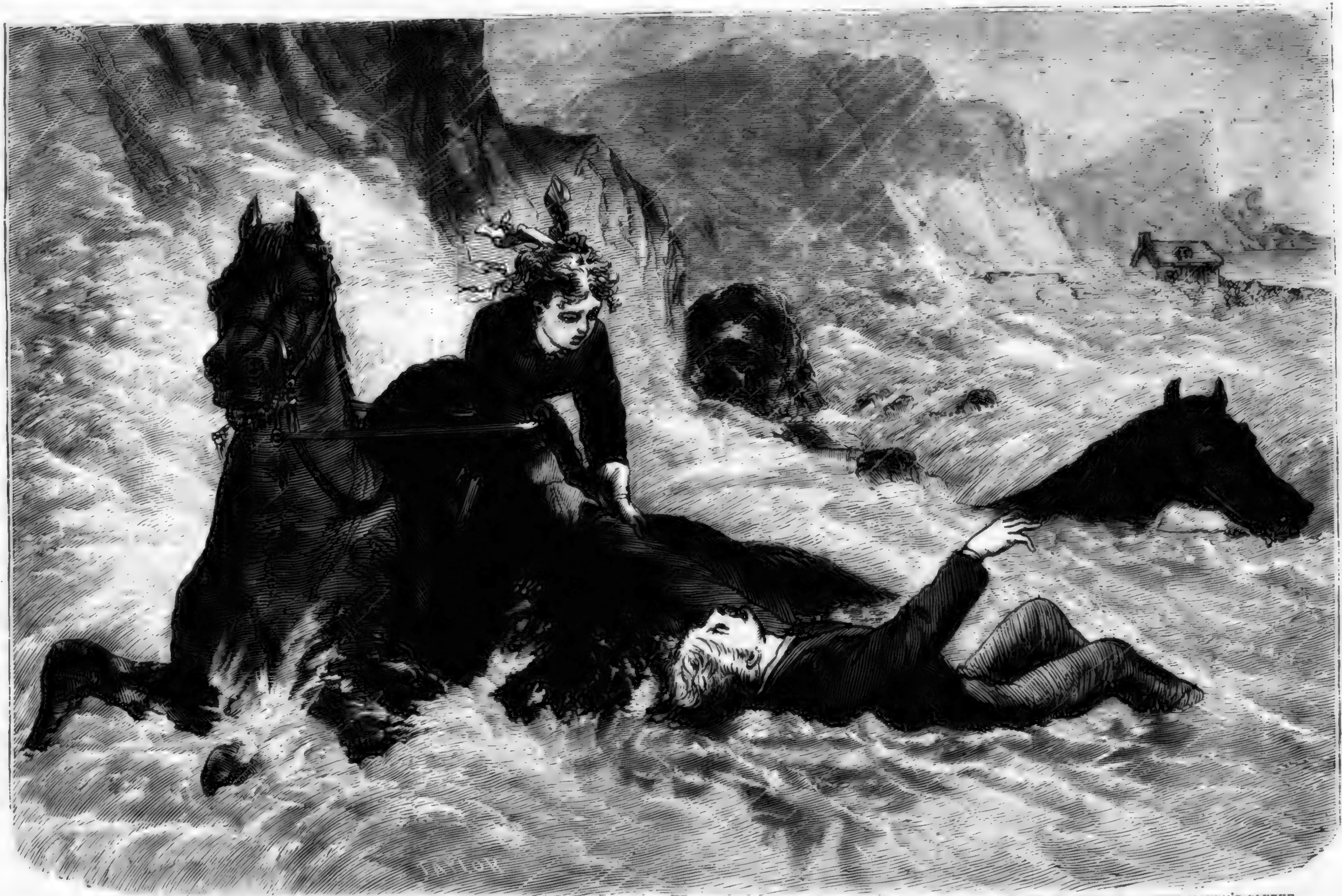
But he was proud and passionate too, though never easily moved as I was, and I cannot wonder now that my language and manner—half-serious, half-earnest, as it was—should have been exasperating in the last degree.

In utter silence we finished our walk back to the house; and when my better spirit was just beginning to exert its influence, and I began to feel how unjust and wrong I had been, and how kind and forbearing his words were in contrast, he suddenly turned to me at the garden-gate, put out his hand, and said farewell, in a tone so cold and harsh that all my contrition and tenderness was instantly dispelled.

God forgive me! I know now, for I have deeper insight into a true man's nature, why his voice then seemed so strange and repressive; why the agony of parting, which he had forced himself to contemplate in that silent walk homeward, took such deeper hold upon his heart than that of the giddy girl by his side.

My response to his brief words of parting was as formal, as distant, as his own; for, if I had any thought about the matter, which is doubtful, I could not have believed him serious, or questioned his intention of returning to me. And while the words were yet on my lips, he bowed to me formally, as if impatient of a moment's longer restraint, and was gone.

I saw him hurry down the lane in the direction of the



LIFE AGAINST TIDE.—"WITHOUT SLACKING REIN FOR AN ISTANT IN MY ONWARD COURSE, I SHIFTED THE LINES FROM HAND TO ARM, AND, LEANING FROM MY SADDLE, CAUGHT HARRY'S SLEEVE, AS, STRUGGLING TO RISE, HE WAS BEING SWEPT BY ME."

stables, saw his horse brought hastily out to him, saw him fling himself hurriedly into the saddle, and a minute later saw the sparks flying in showers from beneath his horse's hoofs, as he took the rocky roadway winding from Crag's Head to the coast-road below.

Not till I saw him—a mere speck in the distance—disappear from view did my feeling of resentment abate; and then a revulsion of feeling came. I burst into tears.

"Come, come, lass; what ails thee?" questioned a not unsympathetic voice in my ear; and turning hastily, I found my old father, who had been many years an invalid from a fall while hunting, standing leaning on his staff at my elbow.

He looked at me, and then at the rising dust, in the direction my gaze had been turned.

"Ah, I see how it is, lass. Harry has gone for a gallop, and has refused to take thee with him. Tut, tut! why worry? He'll be back again soon, no doubt."

I dried my tears, and struggled to regain my composure.

"It is not that," I said, with as much indifference as I could assume. "Mr. Lovelace has gone for good—at least, we parted in anger; and no doubt he has started for London."

"Mr. Lovelace! Heighty-tighty, lass! And so *dear Harry* and *my Harry* are no more! But I might ha' expected it; ye're just a brace of unthinking noodles! Pray the lad may get the better of the affront ye've no doubt put upon him, for if he goes on to the village of Duncleugh Kirk, he'll no get back the night in safety; should he then attempt it, ye'll have much to answer for. Dandy says the sands at Dryson's Firth are all abroad again, an' shifting wi' every tide."

"Much he knows about it," I responded, with the shadow of my resentment still upon me, but rapidly giving place to a feeling of apprehension, as the full import of my father's declaration fell upon me.

"It is true, Jennie, lass," he responded, with some commiseration in his voice. "Ye ken Dandy has been the rider for the weekly mail this many a year—is a close observer, and never brings false alarm—not he. Sorry I am the lad's gone, for it's no likely he'll hear Dandy's report of the sands."

"It will make no difference to Mr. Lovelace, in any event, I am sure," was my response, preparing to go up to the cottage; "for he is certainly off for London, and will have passed Dryson's Firth hours before the turn of the tide."

And with these words I hurried up the garden-path, and disappeared indoors.

But, notwithstanding my brave words, I was apprehensive, and began to grow more and more uneasy as the time went by.

During the forenoon, as this uneasiness increased, I went out again to the crag where we had walked in the morning—this time to scan more closely wind and sky and sea, for, of course, upon these and the tide would depend the power of the shifting sands.

A less practiced eye than mine would easily have foretold thick weather from what I saw.

There was a hazy bank of drifting cloud coming slowly up from seaward; a murky stillness in the air that grew oppressive; a misty blur upon the sun, through which it glared hot and red; vast flocks of sea-gulls flying low, and screaming discordantly in and out among the fissures of the tall crag; while the outgoing tide lazily lapped the shore with a hollow, moaning sound, like the breathing of some huge giant lulled to momentary slumber, from which he will awake to scatter destruction on all around.

I returned from this prospective examination—if I may use the words—with a thorough conviction that a storm was brewing, such as our lives at Crag's Head had long since taught us would burst in sudden fury upon us when it did come, and rage with tremendous violence while it should last.

Should it come with the turn of the tide, I shuddered to think what the effect would be upon the shifting sands at Dryson's Firth, for surely no human being could pass there then, and live.

There was an upper road to Duncleugh Kirk, but seldom used, inasmuch as it was over a mountain-spur and through the foothills, rocky and dangerous, by reason of being neglected and sadly out of repair.

Few persons of late years, going or coming, took that route, for the coast-road, winding along by the sea, and in many places washed by it at high tide, though longer, was far safer and pleasanter.

At least it always had been until the recent breaking through of a new inlet at Dryson's Firth had left the old roadway near that point but little more than a sand-bar, which, it appeared by the report of the mail-carrier, had now become untenable, shifting treacherously at high tide, and insuring swift and terrible destruction to all who should seek to pass over it.

These were the reflections anxiously made after my return to the cottage, succeeding another brief interview with my father. What could I do?

From my earliest girlhood I had been accustomed to horseback exercise, and had a fleet, powerful steed, black as night, and gentle as a spirit of self-sacrifice, standing in the stable.

Should I order it saddled and speed away in pursuit of my absconding lover, find him, confess my folly, and bring him home again?

This was the question.

Pride said No; love and apprehension said Yes. But perhaps he would return, if at all, before the turn of the tide. Surely his anger had had ample time to cool. If he loved me, as he had so often professed, and which I still believed, he could not go on to London without seeing me again.

For an hour after I reached this point with myself I remained in doubt and hesitation, struggling with hopes and fears and wishes, and watching and waiting.

Then my resolve was taken.

I would make some trifling purchase an excuse for the journey, and I would go to Duncleugh Kirk.

Not by the coast-road, however, for I might meet Harry coming back, repentant and anxious for forgiveness, and a certain spice of willfulness made me feel that it would be pleasant to have him reach home in that state of mind, and find me absent and seemingly indifferent.

I am older now, and can properly appreciate the weakness and wretchedness that prompted such a thought. But I was young, and a woman, and had wrought a quarrel with my lover.

I determined to go by the upper road over the mountain-spur, and to return by the lower, in case I saw nothing of Harry, and found the danger by the coast-road mostly imaginary.

That, I knew, would depend upon the hour of return, the storm impending, and the tide.

I set out at once, opposing no argument to the trivial objections speedily raised, but mounted, and was off at a canter.

I found, on reaching the higher roadway on the mountain-spur, every indication of the coming storm increased, and my uneasiness increased with it.

In vain I reasoned with myself that Harry had surely pressed on for London. Something appeared to whisper the contrary, and to impress me with a certainty of his regret and forgiveness, and attempted return by the coast-road.

Still I argued to myself, should such prove the case, would there not be plenty of advisers to warn him of anticipated danger?

Thus debating, I darted easily along, and into the village of Duncleugh Kirk.

Fortunately, I was saved the trouble of making inquiries, which might otherwise have been necessary in the furtherance of my object, by volunteer information at the place where I made my little purchases, and where both of us were quite well known.

Mr. Lovelace had been there—had been there twice! He had called earlier in the day and written a letter, which he had left for mailing. (It was a sub-postoffice). He had ridden rapidly away; been gone perhaps two hours; and, calling again, requested permission to take the letter he had deposited from the mail, as he had postponed a contemplated visit to London, which seemed that morning necessary, and would return at once to Crag's Head. The letter, my informant had noticed when she took it from the box, was addressed to me, and my appearance there so soon afterward appeared to greatly interest her, and stimulate this rather confidential communication.

I thanked her, and hurried promptly out, for the men about the office were all talking of the coming storm, and some of them connecting it with the shifting sands at Dryson's Firth.

Mounted again, I rode rapidly through the village, reflecting on what I had heard with a gush of feeling which I still easily recall.

I was aroused by the voice of an old man, half landsman, half sailor, who called out to me to beware of the coast-road if I was going beyond the Firth; and, glancing about me, I saw that I had already entered upon it.

But I did not draw rein, nor swerve from that route.

There were only two ways of reaching Crag's Head by land from that point—the two I have mentioned; and, as I had come by the upper road, it was evident that Harry (dear Harry, now!) had returned the way he came, unmindful of admonitions and possible dangers of the shifting sands of Dryson's Firth.

He had been gone but a short time; my horse was superior to his in point of speed, for we had frequently tested that, and mine had less weight to carry, which must make a vast difference in my favor when put to the trial now.

Might I not overtake him before he reached the Head? And if so, how I should surprise him, and how much easier to say forgive and forget!

I touched up Black Diamond under the impulse of the thought, and sped away along the sandy road like an arrow from a bow.

I have said that I was accustomed to horseback exercise, but I was more; I was entirely at home in the saddle; could ride at full speed without touching rein or stirrup, and had often practiced it in mere bravado.

To show my nerve, I had indeed in younger years stood on the horse's back, with one foot on the saddle and one behind it, while my dear old father cracked his whip, and watched me go round, very much in the same manner as you see it at the amphitheatre.

Thus, fearless as to horse and rider, and both in almost boisterous spirits, we dashed away until the road beneath seemed to rush and flow like a current of the sea.

For some time I had been riding between wide, low banks, like those of a broad river, when suddenly a slight turn brought me out close upon the shore, and a dash of spray in my face and the blackening heavens gave me the latest indications of the progress of the storm. Not an agreeable one, as may be believed.

One glance at sea and sky, and bending low to my horse's mane to shut out the possible horrors, with a stimulative word of encouragement I pressed forward.

As I advanced, the roar of the surf grew almost deafening, and the spray came in intermittent dashes that drenched me to the skin, and yet I had no thought of faltering or turning back.

I reached Dryson's, and he came rushing down from his isolated cabin, imploring me by gesture to pause; but, with a negative response, that was caught up by the wind and drowned by the surf, I clattered on to the crazy old structure by courtesy termed a bridge, and was across and away before the man could repeat his remonstrative gesture.

I had caught sight of a dark, moving object, not far in advance, and my heart quickened its pulsations like the bounds of the gallant horse beneath me. It was Harry—dear Harry (my Harry, now!), I was sure, and he was fast nearing that strip of treacherous sand, where a whiter gleam of water inside showed the breaking through of the new inlet.

If my condition had been greatly excited up to this time, it was so no longer.

My spirit felt the necessity of the occasion—a necessity only to be met and sustained by corresponding calm.

The wind had already increased to a gale; scarf, bows and mantle went flying away like wreaths of smoke in blasts of Autumn; my horse only responded under my touch by renewed efforts; and with such fierce joy as I hope I may never know again, I saw how his long strides diminished the distance between two sundered hearts.

Every moment was bringing Harry to greater danger. Every moment was bringing me to share it with him. Together we would fight our way through peril of shifting sand and tide and tempest; or together we would perish in a last struggle for each other.

Oh! if I could save him!

He had grown conscious of danger, as I could see, for he used whip and spur, though with little effect, for his horse seemed jaded.

I had observed the tide rise higher and higher as I advanced, and now looking ahead of me—always ahead now—I saw it roll in upon the washed roadway, which was here a mere strip of sand, and obliterate it, as one wipes out chalk-marks with a wet sponge.

A crisis was at hand!

I touched my noble steed, and in a moment more the tide had swept beyond us; but the gap between myself and my lover was almost closed.

Was it human insight, or spiritual recognition?

He turned in his saddle, saw me, and uttered a wild cry.

At that instant, freed for the moment from the pressure of the rein, his wearied horse faltered and staggered from its course; struggled desperately to regain its footing, but in the effort lost it altogether; fell, ingulfed by the incoming tide, dragging down its master, and was swept away.

In all the hours of conscious peace and home and safety I believe I was never calmer than at that supreme moment. I know my brain was never clearer, my action never more responsive to the lightning of my thought, than then.

How I had strength to do what I did, I have never been able to explain, but the rest is all clear to me.

Without slacking rein for an instant in my onward course, I shifted the lines from hand to arm, and leaning

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from my saddle, caught Harry's sleeve as, struggling to rise, he was being swept by me.

My grasp held!

And with a spring, aided not a little, perhaps, by the bounding of my horse, I lifted him to a place beside me.

But the sands had begun to move, and the horse's footing was not tenable an instant. Sink, swim, rise, fall—get forward and onward, with firm rein and steady eye, until at last—heaven be praised!—the solid roadway appeared above the tide, which recoiled like a penitent thing, as if conscious of the life I had staked against it.

We were in safety!

Blow wind, howl storms, shriek tempests, rise tide, shift sands, sink roadway! You have done your worst—and your best, for ye have united hearts in bonds of self-abnegation and mutual love that hoary time nor human weakness nor perils nor death can mar nor break!

Till we reached the Head no word was spoken between us, but, heart to heart and lip to lip, we rode in a silence sacred as the outburst of a thousand voices in hymns of choral thanksgiving and praise.

THE ANGER OF AN ELEPHANT.

The violent passions in animals are displayed chiefly in the beasts of prey, whose fierce vindictiveness is known to all. But even the mild, half-reasoning elephant will sometimes show a whirlwind of passion, even when unprovoked by attack. Owen, in his voyages, narrates an incident which occurred at Delgoa Bay:

"A party of officers and men belonging to H. M. S. *Leven* had been hunting hippopotami, and were returning along the banks of the river, when a rustling, as if of a hippopotamus, was heard amongst the reeds. Two of the officers, Messrs. Arlett and Barette, entered them, with a view of driving out the animal; the former gentleman was a little in advance, and eager in pursuit, when he was heard loudly to exclaim, 'Here he is!'

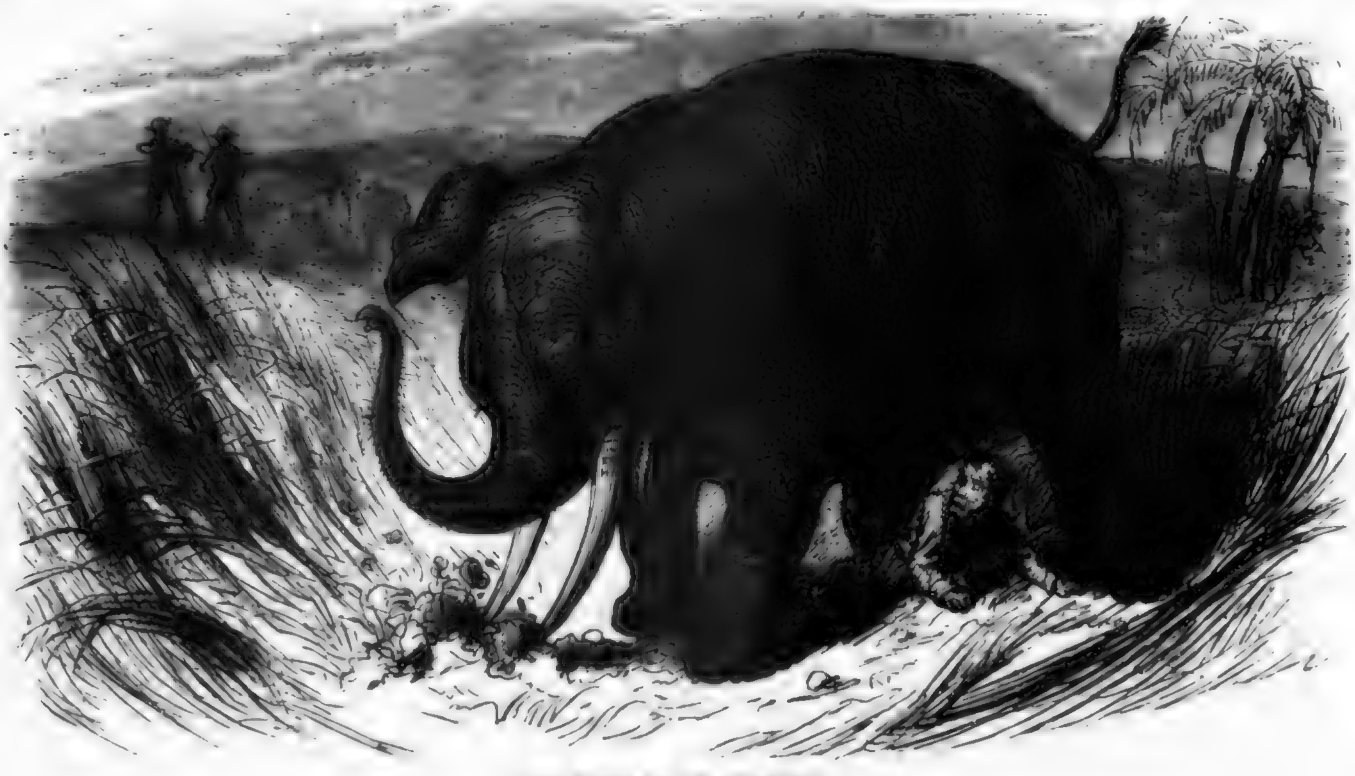
"The shrill, angry scream of some large animal instantly followed, and in a few seconds Mr. Barette rushed out with his face covered with blood, and calling loudly for assistance, as Lieutenant Arlett was attacked and thrown down by an elephant. The party were immediately on the alert, in search of the unfortunate officer, whom they expected to find a mangled corpse. As they approached, the elephant, alarmed at the numbers, retreated, leaving his victim on the ground in a state scarcely to be described. He was stretched motionless on his back, covered with blood and dirt, and his eyes starting from their sockets, in all the expressive horrors of a violent death.

"Every attention was paid to him, but it was long feared that life had fled. Some water was procured, when, after his face had been washed, and a little introduced into his mouth, he showed symptoms of returning life; but it was some time before he recovered his senses and became sufficiently collected to give a connected account of the occurrence.

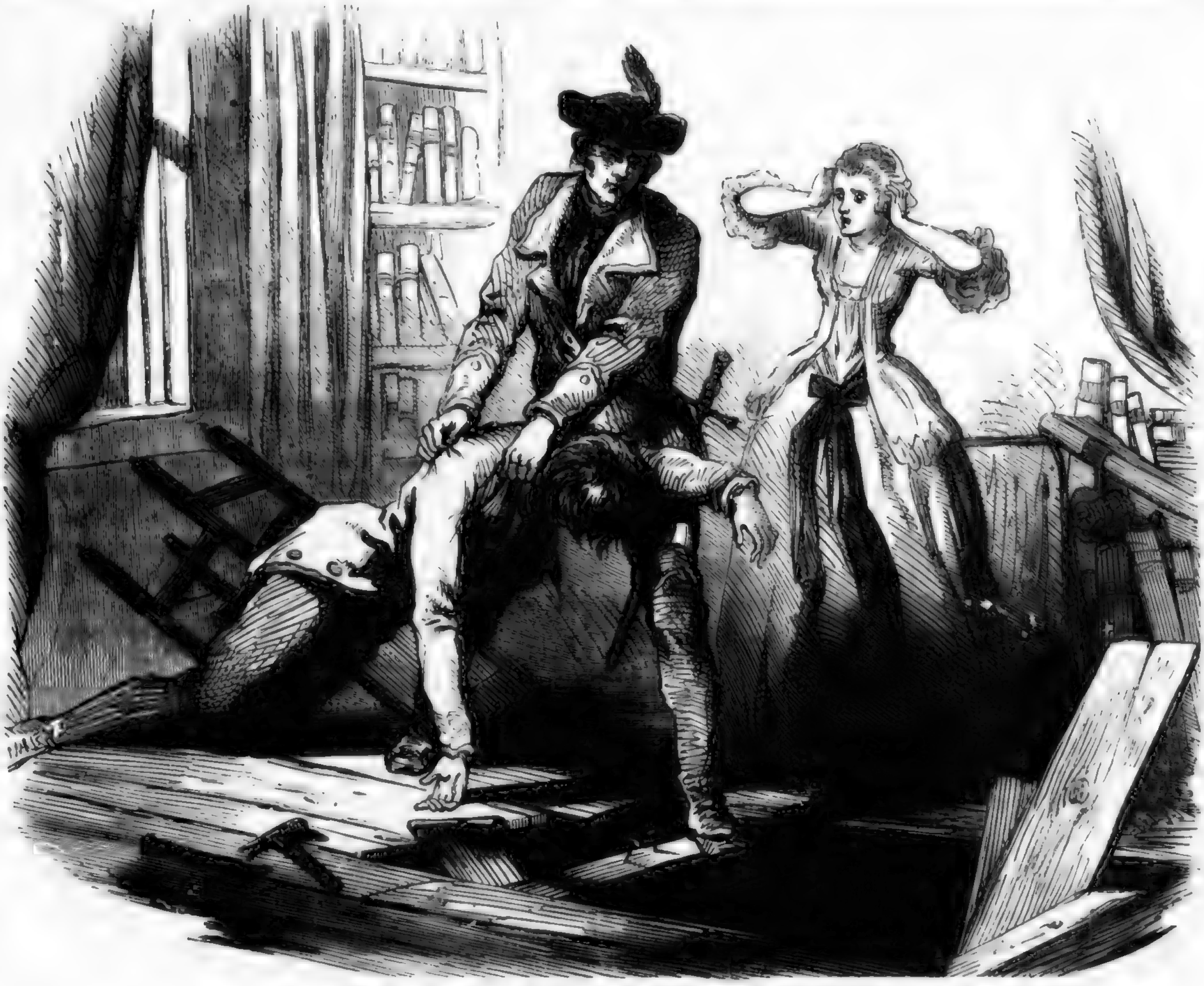
"It appeared that, from the thickness of the reeds, he was close to the animal before he was at all aware of his situation; but immediately on making the discovery, he uttered the exclamation already mentioned. This had scarcely escaped him, when he discovered that, instead of a hippopotamus, he was almost tumbling over an enormous elephant. The animal, which appeared highly irritated at the intrusion, waved its trunk in the air, and the moment he spoke, reared upon its hind legs, turned short round, and, with a shrill, passionate cry, rushed after him, bearing down the opposing reeds in its way, while Lieutenant Arlett vainly attempted to effect his escape.

"For a short time he had hopes of evading his pursuer, as the animal perceived one of the seamen mounted on the top of a tree, about twenty feet high and three in girth, menacing it by his voice and gestures, while preparing to fire. The elephant turned short round, and shrieking with rage, made a kind of spring against the tree, as if to reach the object of its attack, when its ponderous weight bore the whole to the ground, but fortunately without hurting the man, who slipped away among the reeds.

"The ferocious animal still followed, foaming with rage, to the rising bank of the river; the man, crying loudly, 'An elephant! an elephant!', until, closely pressed by his pursuer, they both came upon the top of the slope, when



THE ANGER OF AN ELEPHANT.



A JUDGMENT OF GOD.—THE GAMEKEEPER HIDING THE YOUNG COUNT'S BODY.

the party, who had heard his cries were prepared, and instantly fired a volley as the elephant appeared. This made him return with ten-fold fury to Mr. Arlett, who, in his eagerness to escape, stumbled and fell, the huge beast running over him and severely bruising his ankle.

"As soon as he had passed, Mr. Arlett arose, and, limping with pain, attempted once more to retreat, but the animal returned to the attack; its trunk was flourished in the air, and the next moment the unfortunate officer was struck senseless to the ground. On recovering himself, his situation appeared hopeless, his huge antagonist standing over him, chafing and screaming with rage, pounding the earth with his feet, and plowing it with his tusks. When the party first saw them, Mr. Arlett was lying between the elephant's legs, and had it been the intention of the animal to destroy him, the placing of a foot upon his body would in a moment have crushed him to atoms."

A JUDGMENT OF GOD.

CHAPTER I.

A MYSTERIOUS INTERVIEW.

On the right bank of the Memel, near the town of Tilsit, is situated the estate of Turellen.

It had recently come into the possession of a wealthy old lady, the widow of the Count of Ruthenberg. This person lived exceedingly retired, associating but little with families in the vicinity. She was, however, frequently visited by her relatives from Courland. She was a Russian by birth, but had left her country a few years previous to the opening of this narrative, to reside in Prussia.

The Countess of Ruthenberg had been very beautiful in her youth, and had played an important and brilliant part at the court of St. Petersburg, before the time when the Emperor Alexander I. became pious, or even thought of becoming so. At last, however, she fell into disgrace, and retired to the chateau of Turellen, which had belonged for many years to her family. She had no children, and lived in the greatest luxury in her retreat, which she rarely left, except to visit some of the German watering-places.

She had resided in Prussia four or five years, when strange rumors were set afloat about the chateau. The countess had received a visit, a month previously, from one of her nephews from Courland—the young Count of Ruthenberg, who, a fortnight afterward, suddenly disappeared. One night he took leave of his aunt as usual, and retired to his chamber. The next morning his bed was found undisturbed, his clothes in their usual place, but of the count himself not the slightest trace was discovered.

The countess had at first manifested the utmost anxiety, but soon after spoke of the matter with great indifference. The Ruthenbergs were all strange people. Perhaps the young count had embarked in some adventure; perhaps some sudden caprice had seized him, in the pursuit of which he had been led on further than he had intended to go, and from which he would doubtless return in due time. But a fortnight elapsed, and yet no traces were found of the young count, nor was any news received from him. The rumors which were afloat began to assume a serious shape, and it was even asserted that, on the night of his disappearance, strange noises had been heard proceeding from the chateau, followed by stifled cries for assistance.

These rumors reached my ears, and as I was then justice of the peace of Lithuania, and as the chateau of Turellen

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was within the circle of my jurisdiction, I thought it my duty to inquire into the affair, and to that end wrote to the bailiff of the vicinity for information.

He replied by assuring me that the rumors afloat were certainly well founded, but that the countess was not at all uneasy, and attributed the count's disappearance to a mere freak, which was quite in keeping with his reckless character. As regarded the noises and cries said to have been heard, he had been able to obtain no positive information.

A few weeks later, after I had almost forgotten the affair, I received a visit which surprised me greatly. At a late hour in the evening a carriage stopped before my door.

A few moments after, my servant announced that a stranger had insisted upon speaking with me, but refused to send up his name, and was awaiting me in the parlor.

A man in my position is of course accustomed to receive mysterious visits.

I went below at once, and found myself in the presence of an old gentleman, elegantly dressed. He was a tall, slender man of stately bearing, whose exquisite politeness was quite in keeping with his general appearance. His whole air and manner, together with the mocking smile which played about his thin lips, bespoke the diplomat.

"I am Count Alexander Ruthenberg," he said, "attached to the Russian Embassy at the court of ——."

"How can I serve you, count?" I inquired.

"I have a confidential communication to make to you, of a most serious nature. Can I rely upon your discretion? on the most complete discretion—the most absolute silence?"

"Assuredly; at least, so long as they do not conflict with my duties as a judge."

"It is precisely to you, in your capacity as judge, that I address myself, to learn if what I am about to relate to you can be verified or not. Outside of this, personally, the result is a matter of indifference to me. But to my story. The Countess Ruthenberg of Turellen is my sister-in-law."

"Ah!"

"I have been visiting her during the past week. A month previous to my arrival, my nephew, Count Paul, had been with her, and suddenly disappeared after a sojourn of a fortnight at the chateau."

"I am aware of this fact."

"Have you entertained any suspicions concerning his disappearance?"

"Many rumors have been afloat in reference to it, but I have been unable to verify them."

"I fear that I can enable you to do so. My sister-in-law thinks that this disappearance is a youthful freak; but the countess is a woman who looks at things from a frivolous point of view. It is her habit to do so."

A scarcely perceptible sneer curled the lips of the diplomat, and he continued in a light tone:

"The young man has doubtless been guilty of some folly, but I fear it has cost him his life."

"Then you think that there has been a murder?"

"Have the kindness to follow me attentively. Last year my sister-in-law visited the watering-place of Ems. There she engaged, as a companion, a very beautiful young lady. A few days after this, a young man came and offered his services as a gamekeeper. My sister-in-law also took him into her employ, and he accordingly accompanied her and the young lady to Turellen. Between the young people some mysterious tie existed, or, at any rate, they met frequently in secret. They must have been acquainted before entering the household of the countess. But you will ask what connection can there be between these circumstances and the disappearance of my nephew?"

"Indeed, count, I cannot see ——"

"I beg that you will hear me out. Two months since, my nephew came to Turellen. He was—I wish that I could say he is, but, unfortunately, I can only speak of him in the past tense—he was very wild, reckless, headstrong, and neither his father nor my sister-in-law had ever checked him in his wayward and evil habits.

"He had just passed a year in Paris, to complete his education, when he made this visit. Here he met the young lady companion, who, as I before mentioned, was exceedingly beautiful, and with whom he immediately fell violently in love. He had never been thwarted in any of his wishes, so he persecuted the lady with his attentions; while she, finding that her repulses only increased his passion, at last demanded protection from my sister-in-law.

"The countess is frivolous, and attaches little importance to matters of this kind; so she coldly informed the young lady that she never interfered in affairs of the heart.

"'But the heart has nothing to do with this affair,' replied the young companion. 'Then it is only a flirtation, and I am still less disposed to give myself annoyance about it,' added the countess; and she repeated the conversation in the same light tone to the young count, who, in consequence, became doubly pressing in his suit.

"The persecuted young girl, it appears, now confined herself to her apartments, which she left only when sent for by her employer. Doubtless she made some arrangements for leaving the chateau at this time, for she wrote many letters. There seems throughout to be something mysterious in her history—however, this is not to the point.

"But in proportion as she took pains to avoid being in the presence of my nephew, the gamekeeper (the handsome fellow who had been brought from Germany) sought to keep the count always in sight. He followed him constantly with looks full of anger and menace. Was it from jealousy, or some other cause? This question I have not been able to answer in my own mind.

"On the night of my nephew's disappearance, the companion had served tea, and remained with the countess until ten o'clock, when she retired to her own apartments. A few moments subsequently, my nephew also bade his aunt good-night. He was never seen afterward. You were doubtless familiar with all these circumstances before, sir?"

I bowed assent.

"But probably your knowledge of the affair rests here? The young lady occupies (for she is still at Turellen) a sitting-room with an adjacent bedchamber, on the ground floor overlooking the garden. Next to her apartments is a third room, which communicates with them.

"The countess never enters this room, which is used as a library, and her companion, who was the only person who frequented it, rarely closed the door opening into it from her chamber. The key remains, or did remain, in the lock. It was easy, therefore, to gain access through this library to her chamber; the windows of the latter have heavy inside shutters, while there are only blinds to those of the library.

"The night of my nephew's disappearance was toward the last of April. One, or several of the windows of the library were open. He retired to his own chamber, but only for the sake of appearances, for he speedily extinguished his light, and went out softly, closing his door, so that the inmates of the house might suppose that he was asleep. He next quietly descended the stairs and entered the garden without being perceived; he then directed his steps to the side of the chateau inhabited by the young lady in question.

"The lights were out in her rooms. He listened for a moment to assure himself that she was sleeping, and hearing no movement, he entered the library through one of the windows, making use of a peach-tree growing beneath it. The blinds were not latched, but only tightly closed, for during the day he had entered the library and arranged them to suit his purposes. He had therefore only to push them open and jump into the room.

"Once there, he was, so to speak, almost in the young lady's chamber, for, as you will remember, the door leading into it from the library was never locked."

CHAPTER II.

HYPOTHESIS OF A MURDER.

I HERE thought fit to interrupt the count. For the last few moments I had listened to him with the utmost astonishment. What he had first related to me he might have learned by questioning the servants, or from the admissions of his frivolous sister-in-law. But how, and by what means, had he become acquainted with the latter details?

"Count," I inquired, "have you received any news from your nephew since his disappearance?"

"None, sir."

"Then there are parties who must be aware what has become of him?"

"None that I know of."

"Yet you relate to me circumstances which can only be known to himself, or to some one who had closely observed his conduct."

"Assuredly; but I have not yet finished my recital."

"Have the kindness to inform me of the source whence you have obtained your information."

"I am quite prepared to do so. I have never been a detective, nor even a magistrate——"

"It is difficult to realize the fact."

"But I am a diplomat—an old diplomat."

"Well?"

"Well, I am a careful observer, and can deduce conclusions from my observations as well as a detective."

"Then you are only giving me the benefit of your observations and deductions?"

"Sir, I have made human nature my study. I knew my nephew well; I have also fathomed the countess and her companion. I have observed everything at Turellen—the arrangement of the house, the inmates, and the life which they lead. Rest assured, therefore, that I am able to draw just conclusions from my observations."

"Do these conclusions relate to your nephew's disappearance?"

"Precisely. Shall I continue?"

"I beg that you will do so."

"My nephew being in the library, approached the young lady's room and listened. All was quiet. He opened the door softly and entered the room. She was sleeping. He whispered, 'Alice!'

"I believe this is her name. She awakens, is about to call for assistance, but he closes her mouth with kisses. She had recognized his voice; besides, the moon was shining brightly on this April night.

"She starts from his embrace with horror, and is again about to scream for assistance. But the young count is a true Ruthenberg, and his will is of iron; besides, had he not been a student at a German university, and completed his education at Paris?

"'My dear girl,' he said, quietly, 'if you alarm the servants they will find me here—in your chamber.'

"'Wretch!' she cries, 'leave here instantly!'

"'It would be a crime to obey you, my fair Alice, a crime against your beauty and your love.'

"'Infamous wretch!'

"The conversation continued for some time in this strain. The girl is the soul of honor, and is courageous and energetic. She was maddened by despair. She remembered her poniard, and finding no other means of deliverance, she seized it and plunged it into the bosom of the count. It touched a vital part, and he fell dead at her feet!

"She has escaped one danger only to incur another. She is in despair. Then comes to her assistance the mysterious gamekeeper, or perhaps she goes in search of him. What is she to do? Shall she relate what has happened? But she has committed a murder, and not strictly in self-defense, for she had but to call for assistance and a dozen servants would have responded to her summons.

"She must dispose of the corpse. But how to do so? The slightest accident would betray her. There was no time to lose. The gardeners would at an early hour be at their work. The blood-stains in her chamber must be effaced before daybreak.

"But where conceal the corpse? If it were not borne away from the chateau detection was inevitable, and to hide it in either of her own rooms was also to expose herself to great danger. There remained, then, only the library as a place of concealment. No one save herself frequented that apartment.

"They bore the corpse into the library, then raised some of the boards of the floor, and after having dug a sufficiently large hole beneath, they deposited in it the body of my nephew, threw back the earth and replaced the floor. The body still lies there!"

The count ceased speaking. But even before he had concluded I had decided upon my plan of action.

"Count," I inquired, "would you be willing to repeat before a notary what you have just told me?"

"No, sir, I should be silent; and if you were even to allude to our conversation, I should deny that it had taken place."

"Then pray may I inquire, since you are so determined on this point, why you have thought proper to communicate your suspicions to me?"

"In order to induce you to cause a judicial investigation of this mystery. For I supposed that, after you had listened to my communication, you would feel yourself in duty bound to do so."

"Our laws forbid a judge to notice anonymous denunciations."

"I sincerely regret it. My nephew is certainly dead, at least I fully believe so. True, an inquiry would not restore him to life, and one man more or less in the world, even when that man is a Count Ruthenberg, makes no great difference. Still, I very much wish an investigation could take place."

"Without being considered impertinent, may I inquire why?"

"Why? I will tell you frankly. I am desirous to know if my observations were just, and if my deductions and conclusions are correct."

Although his reply bordered on cynicism, the frivolity of this Russian diplomat was so original that one could not but admire him in spite of it. Besides, his communication, although he refused to give it publicity, and although it did not oblige me to prosecute my inquiries further, piqued my curiosity, and I continued the conversation, in

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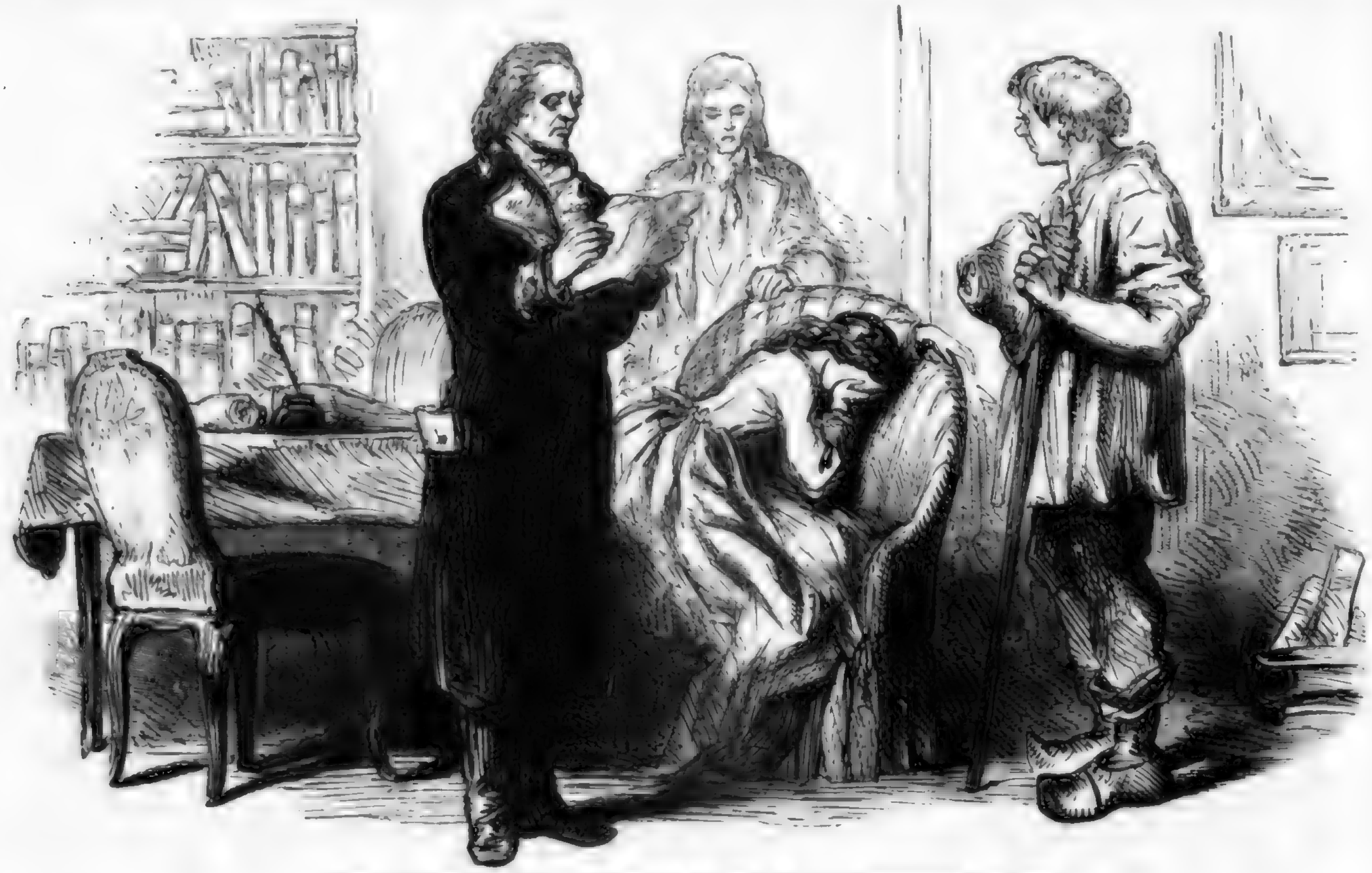


NEWS BROUGHT TO THE MAGISTRATE OF THE HEAD GAMEKEEPER'S DEATH.

order to ascertain how far I could depend upon what he had said.

"Count, I will only begin the investigation which you desire on one condition."

"And what may that be?"

"I will go to Turellen, to interrogate your sister-in-law, and if she shares your suspicions——"

"She does share them, and will not hesitate to admit it. But what will you do afterward?"

"I will question all the other inmates of the chateau."

"All! The young lady also?"

"Most assuredly."

"Ah, if this be so, sir, I agree beforehand to your conditions."

"Then assure me, on your honor, that the facts which you have related to me are true, and that you are convinced of the exactitude of the conclusions at which you have arrived."

"Will you give me your word not to mention at Turellen my visit to you? I warn you that, should you speak of it, I will deny it in the most positive manner."

"I promise, on my honor, to keep your secret."

"And I in turn give you the assurance which you require. I wish you success in the prosecution of your inquiries, sir, and have the honor to bid you good-night."

He rose, bowed and departed, and I soon heard his carriage-wheels sounding in the distance.

CHAPTER III.

THE COUNTESS OF RUTHENBERG.

My visitor left me a prey to the most contradictory emotions. He had apparently no direct interest in this matter, at least I could not perceive that his denunciation arose from any personal motive. But was it not to be feared that he had been influenced by some sinister consideration, and only wished to make use of me to accomplish an evil design? Besides, in sifting what he had told me, I found that he had presented but few actual facts, and that his recital was mostly made up of his own conclusions, and these were vague materials on which to begin an investigation.

What, I asked myself, is the object to be gained in prosecuting this affair? To prove a murder, doubtless. But also to place the culprit in the hands of the law.

Now, who is this culprit? The count himself had admitted her to be a virtuous and charming girl, who, without friends on whom to rely, and surrounded by evil-minded and unscrupulous persons, to save her honor, and urged on by despair, had committed an action which, however, under a strict construction of the law, could not come under the exculpation of a homicide in self-defense.

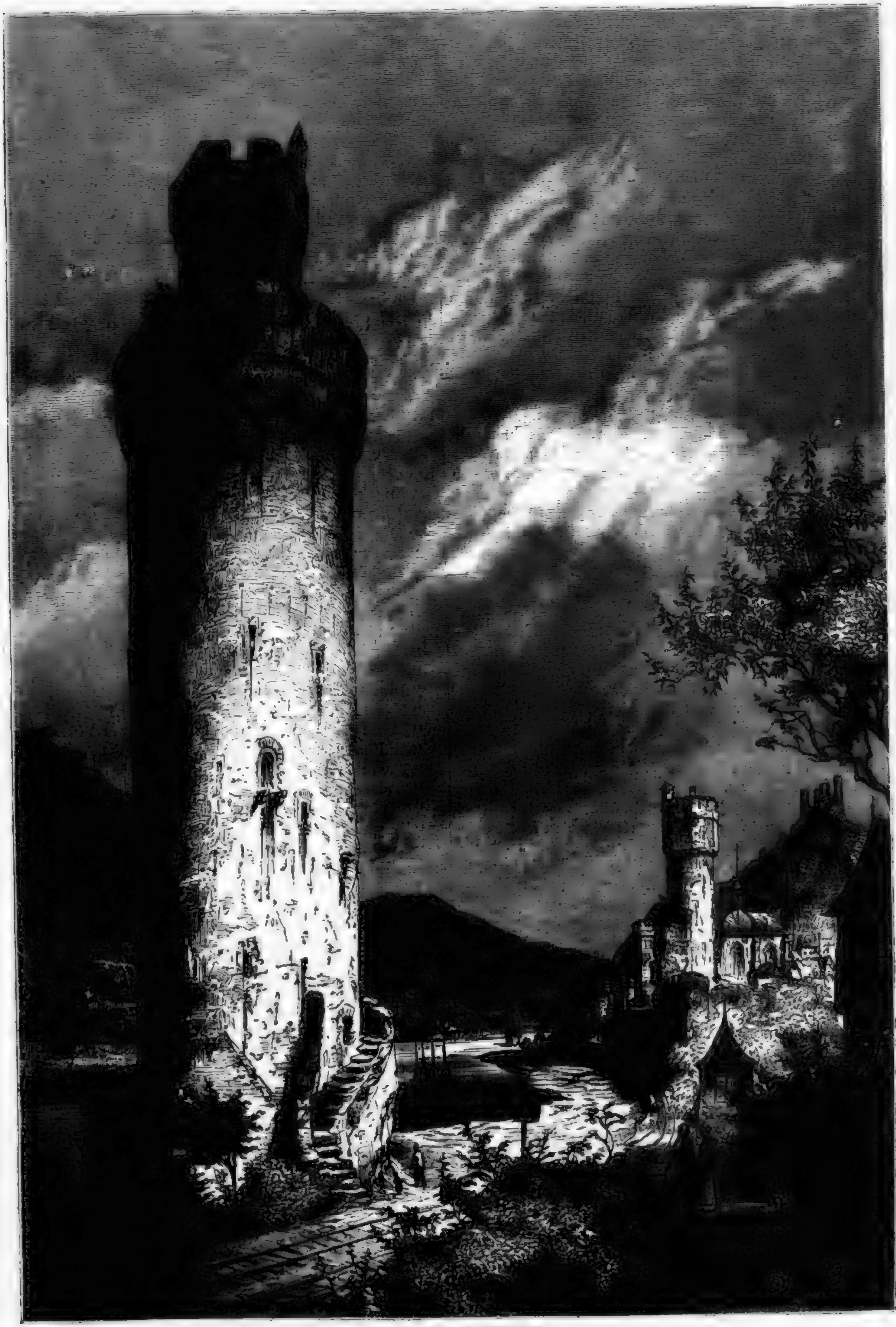
And the victim? Was he not one of those vulgar debauchees, destitute alike of soul and honor, and was not his fate simply a just retribution for his brutal conduct?

And yet, how could I avoid prosecuting my inquiries? In my capacity of judge I had heard the denunciation by the count, and however much he might persist in refusing it publicity, it was still my duty to investigate the whole affair.

If his conclusions were unfounded, it would have the advantage of removing all suspicions from the young lady implicated; and, in the contrary event, it might still result to her benefit, for the count had admitted that he was not the only person who suspected her, but that his sister-in-law entertained the same suspicions with himself, which were at any moment liable to assume shape and take the form of a criminal accusation, in which case many extenuating circumstances that I could adduce might possibly fail to be brought forward.

My duty, as well as the young girl's interests, demanded that I should take immediate action in this matter.

Shortly after forming this determination, I found myself at Turellen, in the presence of the countess. I had involuntarily painted her, in my own mind, as a woman on whom age had conferred *embonpoint*, but who still preserved traces of her former beauty, with perhaps indications of her early frivolity in the way of freedom of speech



THE CHATEAU OF TURELLEN.

and lightness of manner. In my first supposition I was right; in the latter, entirely at fault. I had judged her by man's standard, and was consequently deceived. Appearances, of which men are so often regardless, are everything to women. They can only live respected by preserving them intact; she alone dares to trample them under her feet who is dead to all sense of virtue and honor.

The Countess of Ruthenberg was still handsome. Her simple and elegant toilet was so harmonious and becoming, that you would have supposed her forty rather than sixty years of age. But her manner was that of a woman who had lived the greater number of years. Her bearing was grave and dignified—her expression cold and almost severe. I saw at once that her powers of dissimulation were great, and that I had an adroit woman of the world to deal with.

I felt that I must begin by informing her frankly of the object of my visit, for she was too shrewd, on the announcement of my name, not to have divined that I visited her in my official capacity.

"Madame, I am a justice of the peace, and my duty as such must excuse my troubling you with this visit."

In spite of her reserve, she politely rejoined:

"I could have wished, sir, that I owed this honor to some other cause. In any case, however, you are most welcome, and I am all attention to what you may have to say."

"Some time since you were visited by your nephew, the Count of Ruthenberg, and a fortnight afterward he suddenly disappeared."

The countess bowed assent.

"Have you heard from him since then?"

"I have not, sir."

"Have you any suspicions as to the cause of his disappearance?"

"Permit me, sir, to inquire, before replying, if you attribute his disappearance to a murder?"

"Personally, I have no suspicions; but there are rumors afloat which it is my duty to verify or dispel. Do you yourself believe that a murder has been committed?"

"I have no reason to believe so."

"How, then, do you account for your nephew's disappearance?"

"It is to me an inexplicable mystery, which I can only hope that time will unravel."

"May I inquire who are the inmates of your chateau?"

"Myself and servants."

"Are they numerous?"

"I have a young lady companion, a butler, six lackeys, three maids and two cooks. Do you wish also to know the *personnel* of my kitchen?"

"No. You have also a gamekeeper, I believe?"

"Yes; but he does not reside in the chateau. He occupies a cottage in the neighboring wood, about ten minutes' walk from here."

"Has he a family?"

"He is a widower, and resides alone with his daughter."

CHAPTER IV.

PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATIONS.

I PAUSED in surprise. The count had mentioned a gamekeeper, but as a young man who had some mysterious relations with the companion. There was, then, some misunderstanding. Nevertheless, the existence of this gamekeeper, who, with his daughter, resided in the vicinity of the chateau, arrested my attention, and I had a presentiment that this circumstance was in some way connected with the success of my investigation. So I continued my inquiries:

"Is this gamekeeper the only person inhabiting the forest?"

"His cottage is entirely isolated."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"He is a stern man, who performs his duties with the utmost exactitude."

"And his daughter?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"What is her reputation?"

"I have not inquired concerning it, and have never heard anything in favor of, or against her."

"Then you have not seen her?"

"Yes, she sometimes comes to the chateau."

"Is she pretty?"

"Yes, she is very pretty."

My presentiments were becoming verified; for I too had formed conclusions, differing entirely from those of the count. The nephew of this latter had doubtless met the gamekeeper's daughter in the chateau or grounds. This pretty girl had pleased him, and she had not repulsed so rich and handsome a suitor. Some evening the father had surprised them. He was a stern man, and what followed might easily be imagined.

The countess had read my thoughts. She shook her head.

"No, no," she said, "there was no love affair between my nephew and this young girl."

"Are you sure of that, madame?"

"Had such been the case I should have known it."

A slight smile passed over her lips. It was the first time that she had smiled. I read in her eyes, "Had he sought this young girl he would have informed me of it."

"You have doubtless an under-gamekeeper?"

"Certainly."

"Is he young?"

"About twenty years of age."

"How long has he been in your employ?"

"I brought him with me from Germany last Summer."

"And has your female companion been long with you?"

"The same length of time."

"Is she still young?"

"She is scarcely twenty."

"Do you know anything of her family or past history?"

"No, sir. Last year at Ems I sought a young lady as a companion. She was presented to me—she pleased me, and I engaged her without inquiry."

"Have you not had cause to regret your choice?"

"No, sir. She is a perfect lady in point of education and manners, and of a most amiable disposition, although exceedingly reserved."

"And you have found no reason to question her morality?"

"On the contrary, sir, her principles are above suspicion."

"Pardon me, madame, this inquiry, but my duties as a judge require me to make it—what relations existed between this lady and your nephew?"

I had expected to have seen a faint, mocking smile curl the lips of the countess. But her expression was cold and unchanged, and yet I fancied that I could detect a feeling of uneasiness beneath her calmness and assurance. Scarcely, however, had I had time to remark this when it had disappeared.

She replied to my question in a firm, quiet voice, not unmixed with pride—a pride, the equivocal significance of which I fully understood.

"Sir, their relations were always such as should have existed between the nephew and the companion of the Countess of Ruthenberg."

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I thought these words somewhat out of place from the lips of a woman like the countess; they neither agreed with what I had heard of her or of her nephew. But as the lady had taken refuge in her pride, I knew it would be folly to attempt to induce her to make an admission which she had denied with such hauteur. I therefore changed my tactics.

"Do not the apartments of your companion overlook the garden?"

"Yes, sir; they are on the ground floor."

"Do they not adjoin a library?"

The troubled expression became this time more marked upon her face. She looked at me inquiringly and uneasily; then, as if fearing that her glance had betrayed her, she suddenly dropped her eyes.

It was evident that I was making some progress now. The countess soon recovered her self-possession, and replied calmly:

"There is an old library, certainly, adjoining her chamber."

"Have you visited that library since the disappearance of your nephew?"

"No, sir; I have not been in it for over a year."

"Since the evening in question, have you noticed any change in the manner or conduct of your companion?"

"None, sir."

"Pardon me, madame, if I dwell so much on this circumstance; but I consider it highly important, and I beg you will endeavor to call to mind——"

"Do you suppose me capable of concealing from you the truth?"

"I will be frank with you, madame. In the conversation we have just had, you yourself have furnished me with a clew——"

"I, sir?"

"Which it is my duty to follow up. To this end, therefore, it is necessary that I should interrogate the persons in your employ."

Provoked to such an extent as to be thrown off her guard, she exclaimed, angrily:

"You have promised to be frank with me?"

"Certainly, madame."

"Well, tell me the name of the person who last night paid you a visit, regarding this matter?"

She had betrayed herself. My words had convinced her that her brother had communicated his suspicions to me. She had divined their nature, and this at once convinced me of their importance. I made her a diplomatic reply:

"Madame, the law imposes it as a duty upon a judge sometimes to refuse to answer inquiries, and yours is among the number."

She placed her hand before her eyes and appeared to reflect, remaining motionless for some moments. She felt that she had betrayed herself. But this consciousness, the breast of the proud and adroit countess, whose life had been a constant triumph, and who now found herself beaten with her own weapons by a poor country judge, was full of bitterness. It had awakened all the evil passions of her corrupt nature, and her pride and the self-possession which never desert a true woman of the world were all that prevented her from giving expression to her anger and her hatred.

Suddenly she drew up her head, and, rising from her chair with a look of pride and scorn, in a cold, cutting tone, said:

"Sir, honor is to me above all other considerations, and I should deem myself dishonored if I became guilty of treachery. You are free to fulfill your official duties in my house, but I will no longer be annoyed by your interrogatories!"

She bowed slightly, and quitted the room with the tread of an empress, but she was nevertheless defeated!

CHAPTER V.

SUSPICIONS CONFIRMED.

LIKE her brother-in-law, the countess believed her companion guilty of the murder of her nephew, and both had arrived at this conclusion through a thorough knowledge of the two persons and the place. The diplomat, whose frivolity respected nothing, and who, besides, had nothing to conceal, had at once, and without scruple, communicated his suspicions to me for the simple pleasure of ascertaining whether his judgment was correct. The countess had manifested greater reserve.

She was a woman habituated for many years to guard appearances. The revelation of the murder would have induced much discussion, and have tarnished the honor of her house and family, and she preferred leaving her nearest and dearest relative buried in an obscure corner of the chateau, rather than create a scandal.

She also feared lest the inquest should betray that she had permitted, perhaps encouraged even, the improper advances of her nephew, and that some responsibility might therefore rest upon her own head. I was reflecting upon what further steps I should take, when a servant came, by his mistress's orders, to inquire my wishes.

"Is the countess's companion at home?" I inquired.

"She is in her own apartments, sir."

"Have the goodness to conduct me to her."

"She is there," he said, after leading me through a long corridor at the other end of the chateau.

I knocked at the door. My heart beat violently. I was about to fulfill one of the most painful duties of my calling, and I could not but feel compassion for the poor girl whose agonizing incertitude I was about to convert into a still more terrible certainty.

A soft voice bade me enter. On doing so I perceived a beautiful young girl bending over an embroidery frame; she rose to receive me with the easy, well-bred air of one accustomed to society. She, however, betrayed a little astonishment, mingled with uneasiness.

I saw at a glance in her noble and beautiful countenance that I should find this young girl a totally different person from the countess. While the expression of the latter was full of cunning and secretiveness, hers was all honesty and candor.

"Mademoiselle," I began "I am the justice of the peace of ——."

She had murdered the count! Nothing but the consciousness of crime could have caused her such terror at this simple announcement. She became pale as death. The needle with which she was embroidering fell from her hand. She staggered to a sofa, and motioned me to be seated. Then began my cruel questions.

"Have the goodness to tell me your name, mademoiselle?"

"Alice Braun," she replied, in a scarcely audible tone.

"Where were you born?"

"In a village on the banks of the Rhine."

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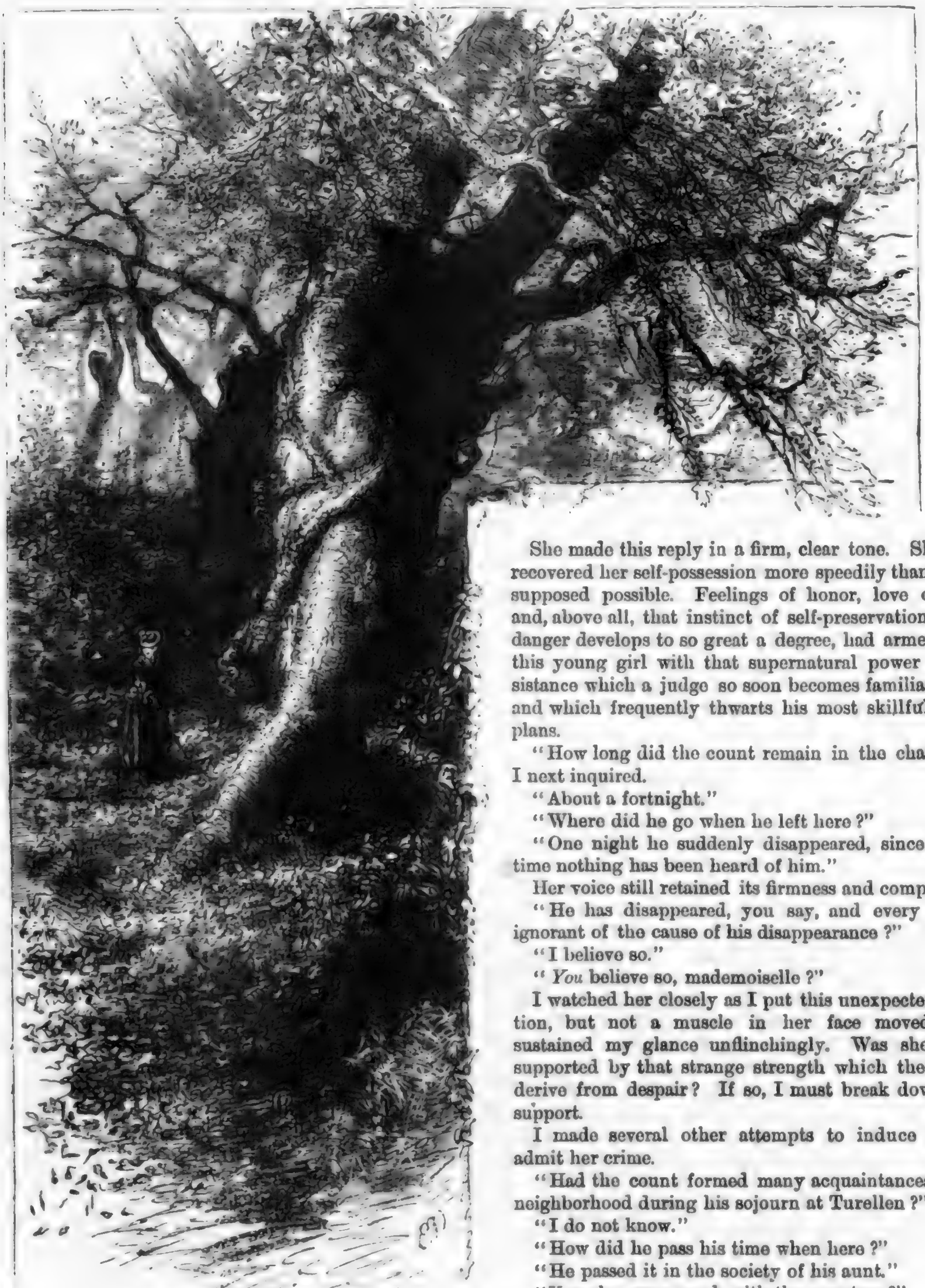


THE WOODS OF TURELLEN.

"When did you come to Turellen?"

"Last Summer. I was at Ems when I entered the service of the countess."

"Where had you resided previously?"

"In a chateau on the banks of the Rhine—as *demoiselle de compagnie.*"

"The nephew of the countess came to Turellen, I believe, some weeks since?"

"Yes, sir."

She made this reply in a firm, clear tone. She had recovered her self-possession more speedily than I had supposed possible. Feelings of honor, love of life, and, above all, that instinct of self-preservation which danger develops to so great a degree, had armed even this young girl with that supernatural power of resistance which a judge so soon becomes familiar with, and which frequently thwarts his most skillfully laid plans.

"How long did the count remain in the chateau?" I next inquired.

"About a fortnight."

"Where did he go when he left here?"

"One night he suddenly disappeared, since which time nothing has been heard of him."

Her voice still retained its firmness and composure.

"He has disappeared, you say, and every one is ignorant of the cause of his disappearance?"

"I believe so."

"*You* believe so, mademoiselle?"

I watched her closely as I put this unexpected question, but not a muscle in her face moved. She sustained my glance unflinchingly. Was she really supported by that strange strength which the guilty derive from despair? If so, I must break down that support.

I made several other attempts to induce her to admit her crime.

"Had the count formed many acquaintances in the neighborhood during his sojourn at Turellen?"

"I do not know."

"How did he pass his time when here?"

"He passed it in the society of his aunt."

"You also were much with the countess?"

"It was among my duties to be so."

"Were you frequently alone with the count?"

"Never, sir."

She replied in a proud, pained tone; but her voice, up to this time so firm, now became somewhat tremulous.

"Did he not, on several occasions, profess love for you?"

"I cannot conceive, sir, your object in making such inquiries!"

Her self-possession had returned, and if I was to accomplish anything it must be by giving my interrogatories a different turn.

"Did the count hunt frequently?"

"No, sir."

"Did he wander much about the grounds?"

"I think not."

"Do you know the daughter of the gamekeeper?"

"She frequently comes to the chateau."

"Did she come here during the count's stay?"

"I do not know."

My last inquiry caused her to muse for a moment, but she soon after shook her head gently, as if admitting to herself that she was deceived, while an expression of sadness and pain spread over her countenance.

"Has not the countess a gamekeeper in her service?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she not bring him with her from Ems last Summer?"

"She did, sir."

"Were you not acquainted with him before he entered into the employ of the countess?"

Her face became crimson. She reflected for a moment, then replied, calmly:

"He had been employed in the vicinity of the chateau where I resided before coming to Turellen."

Now was the moment to strike a decisive blow!

"Mademoiselle, does not your chamber adjoin a library?"

"Yes," she answered, faintly.

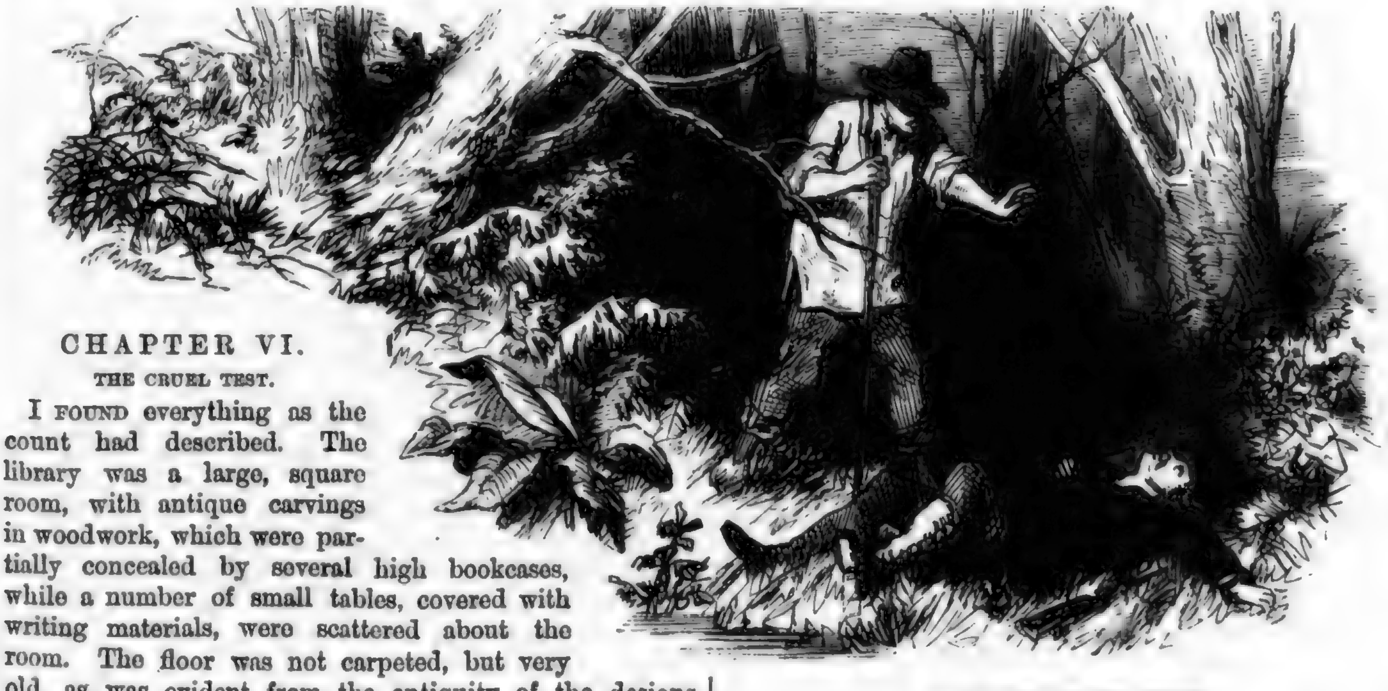
The question must have affected her deeply, for she shuddered from head to foot.

"Will you have the goodness to conduct me to it?"

She was deadly pale, and trembled like an aspen. I had risen, and she endeavored to do the same, but was obliged to cling to a chair for support.

"Be so kind as to follow me," she said at last, making a strong effort to recover her self-possession.

And, passing through her bedchamber, she opened the door which communicated with the library.



THE SUICIDE IN THE FOREST.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CRUEL TEST.

I FOUND everything as the count had described. The library was a large, square room, with antique carvings in woodwork, which were partially concealed by several high bookcases, while a number of small tables, covered with writing materials, were scattered about the room. The floor was not carpeted, but very old, as was evident from the antiquity of the designs upon it; but no indications were visible of the spot where the boards had been raised.

Besides the door communicating with the chamber of the young lady, there was another leading into the passage. The room had three windows, all overlooking the garden. One faced the hall door, the other two were opposite the bedchamber. Beneath one of these was a peach-tree, now in full blossom. I took in all these features at a glance.

Was the young count actually resting here? This girl, who stood before me, pale and trembling, had she really been guilty of this terrible crime? If so, how great her agony, how fearful her anxiety, in finding herself so near her victim, who was perhaps beneath her feet at this very moment, and she in the presence of a judge, who was soon to be succeeded by the executioner! In many of the old German chronicles the executioner is frequently called "the cousin of the judge."

If one plank in that floor were raised, the murder would be discovered, and the judge, possessed of her terrible secret, had but to surrender the criminal to the executioner. And she knew all this!

She had recovered herself considerably, but must by this time have become aware that I entertained certain suspicions, which I had determined to verify or dispel. She watched my looks and movements with an anxiety which proved that she was aware that on these perhaps depended her life or death.

She awaited my next words with the liveliest anxiety. I remained standing in the centre of the room.

"Mademoiselle," I continued, "I will no longer annoy you with my inquiries. I will simply relate a story to you. This story is very sad—even terrible—and I fear that it is true. After you have heard it, you will comprehend that my duty as a judge compels me to investigate it."

This commencement caused her to shudder. She cast down her eyes, and said nothing. I resumed:

"The scene of the story is laid in this chateau; in fact, mostly in this very room."

She started, and raised her eyes to mine for a moment with a terrified expression.

"Yes, mademoiselle, I have reason to believe that it ended in a terrible tragedy in this library."

She trembled in every limb.

"One day a young man arrived in this chateau. He was a debauchee, destitute of honor and of shame. He insulted a high-toned, virtuous girl."

On her beautiful brow, white as marble, stood cold drops of agony.

"He had even the audacity to enter her chamber."

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She trembled so violently that she could no longer support herself. I took her hand and led her to a chair, into which she sank, apparently utterly unconscious of what she was doing.

My conduct was cruel, and I suffered bitterly through the terrible test to which I was forced to subject this young girl. But it was only by surprising her by some sudden shock that I could elicit her confession; in any other case, I should have been forced to subject her to a long examination, which would but have prolonged her torture.

Now confession, even to the criminal who has no hope of pardon, is a great solace to the heart, and relieves it of a terrible weight. It is the first step toward repentance, which calms and soothes the conscience. Besides, any certainty, however sad, even that of death itself, is less harrowing than the agony of doubt. I continued:

"He gained access to her chamber. She vainly endeavored to induce him to leave her. Tears, prayers, threats—all were of no avail. Then she seized a poignard."

"No, no!" she exclaimed.

I stopped and looked inquiringly at her. She dropped her eyes and remained silent. The time had not yet come when she would divulge her terrible secret. Nevertheless, the feeling that she could not long conceal it, and the instincts of self-preservation, produced an awful conflict in her breast. She was so pale and weak, that but for the convulsive movements of her frame, I should have supposed that she had lost consciousness. I went on:

"She seized a poignard, and, listening only to the promptings of despair, plunged it into his breast. He fell dead at her feet. The most terrible anguish succeeded to her despair. But it was necessary to efface all traces of the crime, and to dispose of the body. She succeeded in doing both."

She looked around her in a wild, terrified manner. Doubtless the fearful scene was before her eyes. Suddenly her glance became fixed and motionless, and was riveted on one of the dark corners of the library, as if something more powerful than her will retained it there.

"It is there," said I, pointing to the corner, "that the body lies—there beneath those planks."

"No, no, it does not! No, I swear to you!" she ejaculated.

Her voice was terrible in its anguish. She threw herself at my feet. I endeavored to raise her, but she clung to me convulsively.

"Let me die here!" she exclaimed. "Oh! sir, have pity on me! Kill me here in the same place!"

"Rise," I said, "and do not give way to despair. Before thinking of death, think of your conscience, of the justice of man, and, above all, of that of God, whose mercy none may hope for who do not repent and expiate their faults."

These words calmed and strengthened her. She rose, and I conducted her to the sofa, taking a seat beside her. Then grasping her hand, in as firm a voice as I could command, I said:

"You must tell me all, mademoiselle; you must relieve your mind from the secret which oppresses it."

Although still deeply agitated, she was about to reply, but her strength was not equal to the task, and she burst into a flood of tears.

"Let me relieve my heart thus," she said.

The past, a happy past, doubtless, suddenly rose up before her. I allowed her to weep on; even the bitterest tears are a solace to the heart. With her they were an eternal adieu to the memories of the past, to the hopes of the future, to her youth and her life.

Her thoughts doubtless wandered back to her joyful childhood, to the paternal roof, where she had lived so carelessly and so happily. Still so young, yet she had been obliged to leave her friends to enter into the service of strangers; and there, persecuted, menaced, her honor at stake, she had committed a murder to preserve it. She had no one to assist, no one to advise, her! And though an opportunity were afforded her of appealing to her family, what use would there be in doing so? Could she call upon her poor mother, already doubtless sufficiently tried, upon her sisters who loved her, to witness her crime, her shame, and probably her death? Ah, far better to die alone, without an arm to sustain her in this struggle, than to share the terrors of her expiation with those innocent hearts!

Doubtless all this had passed through her mind, but her tears had afforded her some relief. She was more collected, and looked her position in the face with more calmness. She began her sad recital voluntarily.

"Now I am ready," she said. "Shall I tell you even what relates to my early history?"

"I must know all that concerns you in the past, as well as in the present."

"I will be frank with you, sir, and will conceal nothing."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONFESSION—MORE MYSTERY.

"My father was a bailiff, in a village on the banks of the Rhine. When he died, four years since, I was in my fifteenth year. He left no fortune, and my mother, an invalid sister and myself found ourselves reduced to a small widow's pension, on which they are still managing to live in Coblentz. Fortunately, I had received a good education, and at once sought a position as governess or companion. At the end of about six months, I was engaged in a neighbor's family who had known my father. There I remained until last Summer, when I entered the employ of the countess."

She paused. And I fancied, now that she had come to this eventful period of her life, that she was in doubt as to whether she was right in relating to me its history.

"Why did you leave this family, who had known your father?" I inquired.

Her resolution was taken.

"I will tell you all," she replied. "I there made the acquaintance of a young Englishman, who was stopping with his family in the neighborhood. Harry Weston and myself became mutually attached, but his parents, who were very wealthy, refused their consent to his union with a poor girl like myself. His entreaties finally induced me to consent to a private marriage. It was solemnized by a clergyman, on condition that we separated immediately afterward, never to meet again until Harry had obtained his parents' consent to our union. As he could not absent himself from his family, I resolved to leave the country. Then I engaged with the countess.

"Harry was unwilling that I should go entirely among strangers, so he sent with me a family servant whose devotion and fidelity could be relied upon. Anthony Rieder, who is honest as he is brave, was to accompany me everywhere, and to serve as an intermediary between my husband and myself, and if need be as a protector. When I entered into the service of the countess, he also was enabled to secure a situation with her.

"Harry has not yet obtained the consent of his parents, but they are tenderly attached to him, and we are both young and have confidence in the future.

"Ah!" she continued, sadly, "we *had* confidence before this terrible affair, but now there is no hope for either of us!"

After a short silence, she went on in a calmer tone:

"I lived contentedly here, for hope consoled me. But my happiness was of short duration. The countess's nephew arrived at Turellen. He came with the intention of remaining only a week, but prolonged his stay.

"I soon found that it was I who detained him here, for he told me so openly. He was thoroughly unscrupulous, and made a boast of being so. He had no faith in the female sex, and with his usual effrontery intimated that I also was accessible. His aunt made light of all this, even in his presence. I met his insolence by silent contempt, feeling strong in the protection of Anthony, the gamekeeper. But I was much surprised that the count subjected me to his persecutions, even before his aunt. I had not counted on this. I shut myself up in my apartments, but the countess summoned me to return to her presence. I then insisted upon leaving the chateau, but she refused to permit my doing so, under the plea that the term for which I had engaged had not yet expired. I then resolved on flight, but neither Anthony nor myself had sufficient means to undertake a journey, and it would have been time lost to have asked for our salaries; the countess would have divined our object in doing so, and would have refused to make any advance.

"This was the state of affairs ten days after the count's arrival. Four days later came the sad tragedy.

"I served tea that evening. The count was there as usual. During the day he had treated me with frigid politeness. But he was thoughtful, and whenever his eyes rested upon me, his face wore such a peculiar expression that I felt that he was meditating some sinister purpose. I was ill at ease; a strange terror took possession of me, and I retired at an early hour to my own room. He made no effort to detain me, nor did the countess either, although she had been in the habit of doing so for many days previously. Far from reassuring me, this sudden change of manner redoubled my fears.

"On reaching my chamber, I rang for the maid and sent for Anthony, in order to communicate my fears to him, and to urge his exercising more than ordinary watchfulness that night.

"The maid came back, saying that he had gone out to attend to his duties, and was not likely to return before midnight.

"It was then ten o'clock, and I was nervous and uneasy. The more I reflected upon the count's sinister expression, the more convinced did I become that he had formed evil designs against me. I even thought that he had sent Anthony away, lest he should interfere with his plans.

"I carefully closed my door, windows and shutters. The latter are strong and substantial, and can defy attack from the outside. I felt that I was safe from this quarter, but unfortunately did not feel equally so about the library windows, the blinds of which are old and insecure, and there would have been little difficulty in forcing them open. The door which communicates with my chamber had a lock, it was true, but it was so weak as to be of little protection. I had ascertained all these facts a few days previously. This lock could easily be forced without being heard by the servants, for the thick walls would probably have deadened any sound. If an attempt, therefore, was made to enter my chamber, I felt that it would be through the library.

"I consequently resolved not to retire before the return of Anthony, and to call for assistance at the slightest noise. In order to enter my chamber the count would be first obliged to burst open the door, and before he could have time to accomplish this I could make my way to the passage and arouse the servants, who were at no great distance. For greater security, I placed the poniard which Harry had given me in my bosom.

"I could have desired my maid to sleep in my chamber, it is true, but the girl would probably have feared to disobey the countess's orders, which were very positive, that all her domestics should retire to their chambers at a certain hour, and not leave them. Besides, in case my suspicions were not verified, it would have been an admission of my fears, which would have compromised my employer's and my own reputation.

"My best plan, therefore, was to secure myself as far as possible from intrusion. I closed my own rooms carefully, drew the bolt of the library door, and examined the windows, two of which I found closed, as also the blinds. But the third—" and here she pointed to the window facing her room—"was open, and the blinds fastened back. This circumstance astonished me, for I remembered having closed them before supper.

"Perhaps, however, I might have forgotten to do so. As I drew near to shut them, I looked out into the garden; all was silent and I saw no one. Reassured by this, I put my arm out of the window to draw in the blinds, when suddenly I felt it strongly grasped by a man, concealed beneath the peach-tree under the window. I sought to draw my arm from him, but did not succeed.

"This sudden and unexpected attack had deprived me of all presence of mind. Instead of putting my head out of the window and calling for help in the garden, where my screams would have been heard, I involuntarily started back, and they were deadened by the thick walls.

"I was about to raise my voice again, when a man appeared at the window. I recognized him; he was the count. He jumped upon the window-sill without loosening his hold, and placed his hand over my mouth. Vainly did I endeavor to repulse him; I was unable to scream. The wildest terror came over me on finding myself thus at his mercy! The only being on whom I could rely for succor was absent. I felt myself the victim of an infamous plot, dishonored and miserable for the balance of my life, and forever separated from the husband of my love. I scarcely knew what I did. My left hand, which the count had seized, still convulsively clutched the blind, but my right hand was free, and with this I drew my poniard. The count was about to leap into the room. I raised my weapon—then ——"

She stopped; her voice was stifled by emotion. Her face had become of ashen paleness, and she looked wildly about her. She was evidently living over again those terrible moments.

"Well, what followed?" I inquired.

She buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

Poor girl! she had arrived at that cruel point in her story which might seal her fate. Another word, and she felt that she consigned herself into the hands of justice, perhaps into those of the executioner. Was it therefore astonishing that her voice refused further utterance?

She had wished to be clasped, pure and faithful, to her husband's breast, to present an innocent forehead to her mother's kiss; but she could never again enter the presence of either husband or mother.

"What followed?" I again inquired.

She subdued her feelings after a time, and continued in a voice full of emotion and with eyes cast down:

XUM

"Then I saw a hand, clasping a large poniard, strike a desperate blow at the count's breast. A moment afterward, he fell upon the floor at my feet—a corpse! What followed for some time after this, I do not know, for I fainted."

She stopped again, and again found relief in tears.

THE STREET-SINGER.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 626.

As for myself, an immense weight seemed lifted from my heart, and I breathed again freely as I felt that for the poor child there was still life and hope.

The compassion with which this unfortunate young girl inspired me, the nobility of her character, the evident sincerity of her confession, had produced so profound an impression upon my mind, and I was so completely under the charm of her influence, that I did not at first question the truth of her last words. But doubts soon after arose in my mind.

A justice of the peace is rarely credulous, and the intervention of this hand, armed with a poniard, which arrived at such an opportune moment to save the young girl from a murder she was on the eve of committing, was something so marvelous and supernatural, that my reason refused to admit it. Besides, I had remarked that up to that point she had made her confession with exceeding frankness, but that subsequently she lowered her eyes, and her voice lost its firmness and clearness.

Nevertheless, although I did not implicitly credit her story, I had no right to decide that it was untrue. It was my duty to weigh carefully all the circumstances connected with it, and to question all the inmates of the chateau, until I obtained proofs of its reliability or falsehood.

Anthony, the younger gamekeeper, was blindly devoted to her. For many days he had watched over her with the utmost care. Might he not, at that fatal moment, have been hovering around her windows?

When she became more calm, I said:

"You lost your consciousness?"

"Yes, I fell into a fainting fit."

"And when you recovered, what happened?"

"My position was agonizing in the extreme; the corpse lay beside me as evidence of the murder. But that another hand had committed it, and that I had fainted through fear alone, were circumstances by no means clear to my mind, but vague as in a dream. And yet my poniard lay near me. I examined it by the light of the moon. Not a drop of blood sullied the blade; it was pure and stainless.

"Who, then, had killed the count? I asked myself. Anthony? But if so, why had he thus left me? Could it be, knowing, without a doubt, that I should be accused and convicted of the murder, that he would have abandoned me in this dreadful position? I could not believe it. But the thought occurred to me that perhaps he had taken flight to preserve his life, and that as soon as he arrived in a place of safety, he would confess his crime.

"Although this was not at all in keeping with my knowledge of the character of the intrepid gamekeeper, still it was barely possible, and my position was none the less agonizing. I was alone with the corpse; I should be accused of murder, and pass through all the tortures of a judicial investigation, and the shame of an imprisonment.

"Oh, sir, how cruel is the position of a young girl, away from all who could befriend or protect her, in the midst of strangers! I never felt this so bitterly as during these awful moments.

"The window was still open, and the moon shone brightly on the face of the corpse. My solitude, my miserable thoughts, the horrible vicinity in which I found myself, threw me into a state bordering on madness. Suddenly I heard a noise in the garden, then hurried steps approaching the library. The wildest terror seized me, and I flew to the window. It was Anthony. I uttered a scream.

"'Did I alarm you, mademoiselle?'

"'Whence come you, Anthony?'

"'I have just returned from the forest. All this evening I have been more than usually anxious about you, and should have returned earlier, but I was not alone. As soon as I could possibly get away, I hastened here by the shortest road, and seeing this window open at such an hour, I hurried to it, to ascertain if aught was wrong.'

"His gun and hunting accoutrements, which he still carried with him, attested the truth of the statement. It was not he, then, who had killed the count!

"'Great God! What has happened?' he inquired, as his eyes fell upon the dead body.

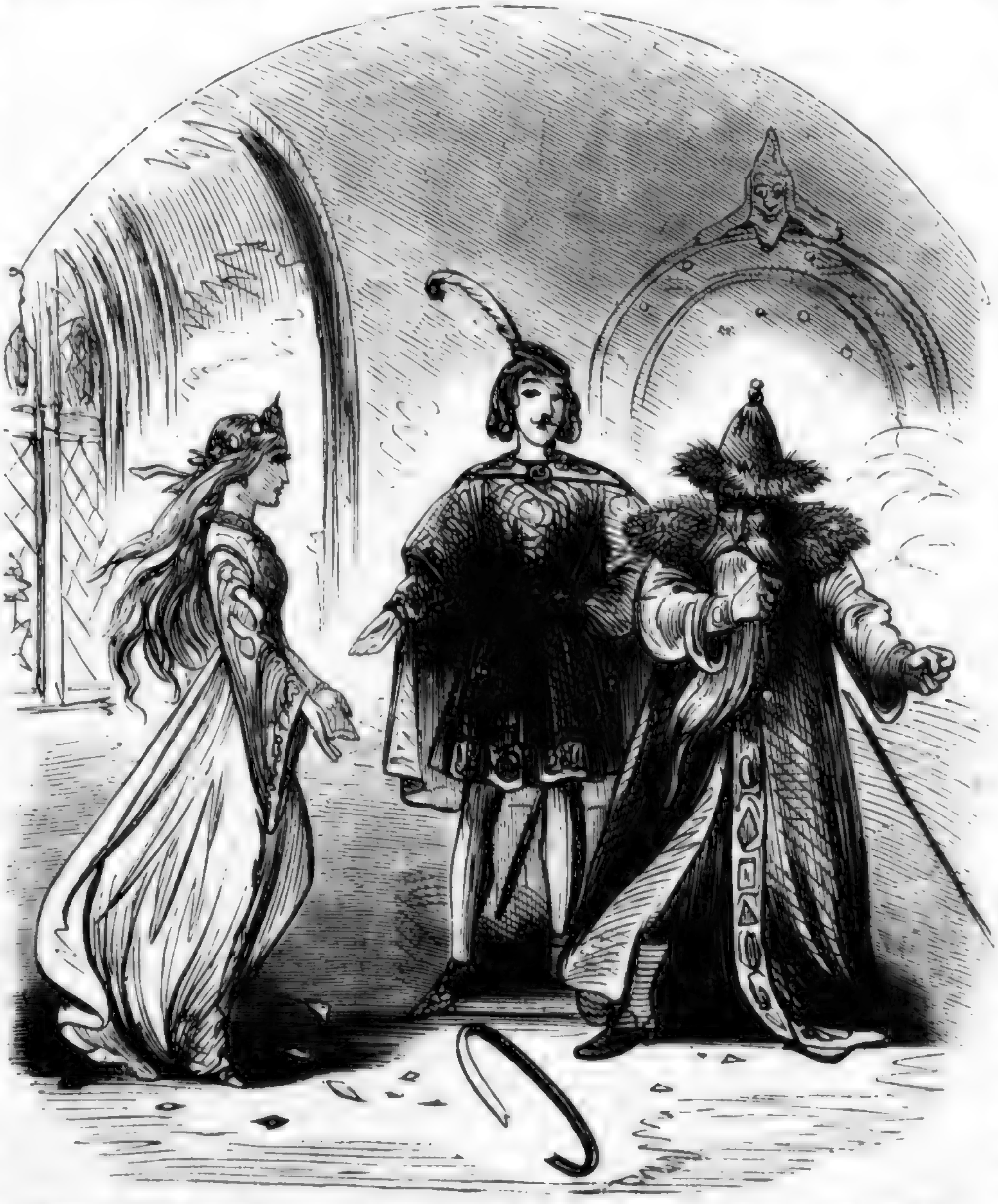
"He leaped into the library, closed the window, and I told him all.

"Like myself, he was unable to unravel the mystery. We next reflected upon what was best to be done in this emergency.

"'There is no time to be lost!' he exclaimed. 'Suspicion cannot fail to rest upon you, and the real murderer will avail himself of this fact to make his escape. For had he intended to acknowledge his crime, he would not have disappeared thus. Appearances are so strongly against you, that you can scarcely hope to establish your innocence. This powerful family will require some victim, and you will be unable to escape. I might save you, if you would only permit me,' said the brave fellow.

"'Never, Anthony, never! I would proclaim your innocence with my latest breath, even though by so doing I should condemn myself. Never will I allow suspicion to rest on you!'

"'I feared you would not consent,' he said, sadly; 'there remains for us, then, but one hope—the concealment of the corpse.'



STORY OF THE THREE WONDERFUL COMPANIONS—A BOHEMIAN FAIRY LEGEND.—SEE PAGE 626.

"He reflected for a moment. His first impulse was to bear the body into the forest, but the watchdogs on scenting the corpse would have howled and directed attention to Anthony's movements. We consequently resolved to inter the count in the library. It was easy enough to remove the boards in the floor, and replace them, without leaving any trace. It was then only eleven o'clock, and we had still time sufficient before us to dispose of the corpse during the night. And even in the daytime there was little fear of our being disturbed, as no one but myself entered the library, excepting, perhaps, at rare intervals, some visitors, who were shown through the chateau. The countess has a library of her own, and the servants never enter this one except by my orders. We labored all night; and when day broke our task was completed. The body was buried, the floor replaced, and all traces effaced of the murder.

"The bloody deed was concealed. Did the countess entertain suspicions? This I know not—she certainly manifested none. Her conscience, if so, must have been sufficiently remorseful to compel silence. If she really believed that a murder had been committed, and that Anthony and myself were implicated in it, how poignant must be her remorse!"

Such was the history told by the young lady.

The old Count of Ruthenberg, this diplomat as astute as he was frivolous, had then come pretty near the truth. His observations respecting the parties and place were certainly very exact, and his deductions therefrom singularly correct. His judgment only erred in its excessive frivolity. But was he really as near the truth as I supposed? Was the murder committed by Alice Braun, Anthony, or some person unknown?

I continued my interrogatories to ascertain whether what Alice had told me was indeed true, or whether it was a skillful tale invented by an adventuress. Her manner and her words had produced the most favorable impression upon me, and I had conceived an exalted opinion of her honor and her virtue. But a justice of the peace must not trust entirely to appearances.

"You say you are married? Have you a certificate to prove the fact?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir; the minister who united us gave one to both Harry and myself, in which the time and place of the marriage are stated."

"Have you received letters from your husband?"

"I will lay before you all our correspondence."

She conducted me to her chamber, and opening a bureau, took therefrom a small box containing the certificate and letters. Those of Weston were the only ones that I glanced over, and I found them overflowing with love and respect for his wife.

She was not, then, an adventuress! I was rejoiced in having acquired this certainty, and began to indulge in hopes of a happy future for the unfortunate girl.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXHUMATION OF THE CORPSE—A NEW WITNESS.

The next thing to be done was to interrogate Anthony. If he were the murderer (and I was convinced that I could draw the admission from him), then Alice would be safe. If he were guiltless, I should be able to ascertain whether her story to me agreed in every point with that which she had related to him, and also if he really believed in her innocence—a circumstance which would greatly influence my future conduct.

My first duty, however, as prescribed by law, was to make a formal accusation against Alice Braun. I sent my carriage for two surgeons from Tilsit, that an inquest should be held upon the body, and I ordered the driver also to bring with him two of my subordinates to the chateau.

These precautions taken, I desired Alice to show me her poniard. It was a delicate but strong weapon, of English manufacture. I could not discover upon it the slightest stain, nor indeed on the floor of the library, which I carefully examined.

My clerk arrived. And after having dictated a brief summary of Alice Braun's confession, I desired the young lady to await me in her own apartments. I wished to be alone in the library when I questioned Anthony, and ordered him to be brought before me. On hearing this order, Alice manifested unmistakable signs of uneasiness.

"You wish to interrogate Anthony?" she inquired.

"Certainly. Your fate depends in a great measure on his disclosures."

"But he is no longer here."

"Where is he, then?"

"I have sent him away."

"Explain yourself."

"I could no longer remain in this house. As it was doubtful whether the countess would permit me to leave before the term for which I had engaged had expired, and as I had no money with which to travel, I was forced to have recourse to Harry, for my mother is too poor to assist me. But it was my duty to explain to my husband my motive for wishing to leave here, and as I feared to send so important a letter by post, I thought it best to make Anthony the bearer of it."

"And the gamekeeper has not yet returned?"

"He will not be here before the end of a week. He had so little money! He must have gone nearly the whole distance on foot."

"This is a very unfortunate circumstance!"

"But he will certainly return."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it. I can promise you that he will not delay a single day."

Her tone was so earnest that it carried conviction with it. But the absence of Anthony was none the less an unfortunate circumstance for her, since it forced me to place her under arrest. I told her this.

The suffering which she had undergone in the last few hours had so crushed her, that she seemed almost insensible to this latter blow.

"During the past few weeks I have often thought of this terrible moment, but I did not suppose it so near at hand," she said, with a deep sigh.

Poor girl! She would be condemned, until the gamekeeper's return, to all the agonies of doubt, and all the horrors of imprisonment, and I could devise no means to save her from these trials.

Suddenly an idea presented itself to me respecting that stern gamekeeper, and his pretty, coquettish daughter.

"You became thoughtful," I said to Alice, "when I spoke to you of the gamekeeper's daughter."

"No, no," she replied, sadly shaking her head. "It was only from a foolish notion of mine."

"You know nothing about her?"

"Absolutely nothing."

Nevertheless, I sent the officers in search of the gamekeeper and his daughter, with orders to arrest them separately, but to treat them with the consideration due to witnesses.

When the two physicians arrived, I directed the floor to be raised, and the count's body to be exhumed. It was found in a far advanced state of decomposition, but not sufficiently so as to preclude recognition.

Alice Braun was of course obliged to be present during the exhumation. It was a terrible trial for the poor girl, but she went through with it as if sustained by supernatural strength. The sight of the corpse produced a most fearful effect upon the countess, who was also obliged by law to be present. I had previously informed her that her nephew had been murdered and interred in the library, but that I had as yet been unable to learn the circumstances under which the murder had been committed, nor to discover the murderer.

This intelligence had deeply moved her. Her conscience doubtless bitterly reproached her. But she exercised sufficient self-control to conceal her remorse and only betray her grief. I led her up to the corpse. As she passed Alice, she darted at her a look of such intense hatred as to prove that she considered her the murderess. The young girl, however, met it unflinchingly. The countess was unable long to remain in the presence of the dead; she uttered a superhuman cry of remorse and despair, and fled from the room.

Alice must have been innocent; her conduct in the presence of the corpse contrasted so strongly with that of the countess, that I could not for a moment doubt her. But however deep this conviction might be in my own mind, it of course had no value in the eye of the law.

One circumstance favorable to the accused, but unfortunately of not sufficient weight to refute the strong evidence against her, was disclosed during the inquest. A large wound existed in the region of the heart. This organ, as was shown by the autopsy, was almost severed in two, and death must have been instantaneous. The wound had evidently not been produced by the straight, narrow poniard shown me by Alice; it could only have been inflicted by a broad, short blade.

"Perhaps by a hunting-knife?" I inquired of the physicians.

"Probably," they replied.

But they could not affirm this with certainty, as the body was so far decomposed, particularly in the immediate vicinity of the wound. I looked forward with the liveliest anxiety to the result of my interrogation of the gamekeeper and his daughter. It was the last hope for the young girl, and I dreaded to see it disappear. The officers only succeeded in finding the daughter, but one of them remained at the lodge, in order to conduct the father to the chateau as soon as he reached home. The only person whom I allowed to remain with me during the examination of the young woman was my clerk, whom I was obliged by law to permit to be present. The girl knew, doubtless, that the young count had been assassinated, and that the body had been exhumed, for the news of my visit and its result had probably already become tolerably widespread; but she was of course ignorant of the rest.

In my presence she seemed dumbfounded. She was a handsome girl, full of that coquetry which desires to please at any cost. She had doubtless encouraged the count, who made advances to every woman who was young and pretty. The confusion and mortification of the girl told this plainly enough, but nothing beyond.

"Did you know the young Count of Ruthenberg?" I inquired.

She blushed, and cast down her eyes.

"He passed a fortnight at the chateau, about two months since," she responded.

"Then you were acquainted with him?"

"I have often seen him."

"You have also frequently spoken with him?"

She blushed again.

"He addressed me once or twice."

"He has been in your house?"

"Only once."

"Was he alone there with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where was your father?"

"Hunting, in the forest."

"Was this in the daytime, or the night?"

"It was not yet dark."

"But it was near evening?"

"Well, yes, sir."

"Were you ever alone with him on other occasions?"

"Where could I have met him?"

"That is just what I wish to know."

She trembled, and became so confused that she did not dare raise her eyes. It was evident that her relations with the count were of an equivocal character. I continued:

"Was your father aware of your intimacy with the count?"

"He never mentioned it to me."

"Did he never speak to you of the count?"

"I do not remember."

"You are evading my question."

"Well, inquire of my father."

CHAPTER IX.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED—A JUDGMENT OF GOD.

IT was evident that she had resolved to make no further admissions; she had even overcome her confusion. Either her father and herself were innocent of the murder, or they had agreed beforehand on what they should reply, in case of a summons. In either event, it was useless to pursue my inquiries further; it was sufficient for me to know the relations existing between the young woman and the count, without informing myself of the details.

I was almost hopeless of any good result, but still I again sent an officer in search of the gamekeeper. His daughter, who was present when I gave the order, manifested uneasiness at his tardiness in making his appearance. Her anxiety surprised me, as I could not account for it.

A short time after this, a man who had a letter for me was brought in by the officer. He was one of the day-laborers in the garden. He was pale and trembling, and gave a start of horror on perceiving the gamekeeper's daughter, who sprang toward him, exclaiming:

"You have seen my father?"

"Yes," replied the man, casting down his eyes.

"Is he dead?"

"He has just killed himself!"

This is the account which the man gave of the affair: At the entrance of the forest he had met the gamekeeper, who, after handing him a note, which he desired him to deliver at the chateau, plunged into the thicket. A moment afterward the laborer heard the report of a gun, a short distance from him. He had been impressed by the strange, wild manner of the gamekeeper, and, apprehending some disaster, he entered the forest and found the poor fellow with a bullet through his head—dead. He at once, in terror, started for the chateau, to give me the letter and inform me of the suicide.

The gamekeeper then was indeed guilty, and my conjectures were correct!

On hearing this terrible relation, his daughter sank into a chair, in a state bordering on madness.

I read the note. The gamekeeper wrote that, learning that the murder had been discovered, and that Mademoiselle Braun had been accused of it, he preferred, rather than allow an innocent person to suffer for his crime, to confess his own guilt. Besides, his conscience had long upbraided him for his concealment. He found himself incapable of surviving his shame, and left it for his daughter to inform me of the rest.

After hearing this letter, the girl became fearfully excited.

"Yes," she cried, "he killed that villain, but I was the cause of the murder—the cause, too, of my poor father's death!"

She was too much excited at the moment to be able to respond to my questions; besides, I had a still more urgent duty to perform—to put an end to the sufferings and anguish of Alice, by assuring her that her innocence was established. After having informed her of the suicide of the gamekeeper, I read his letter to her.

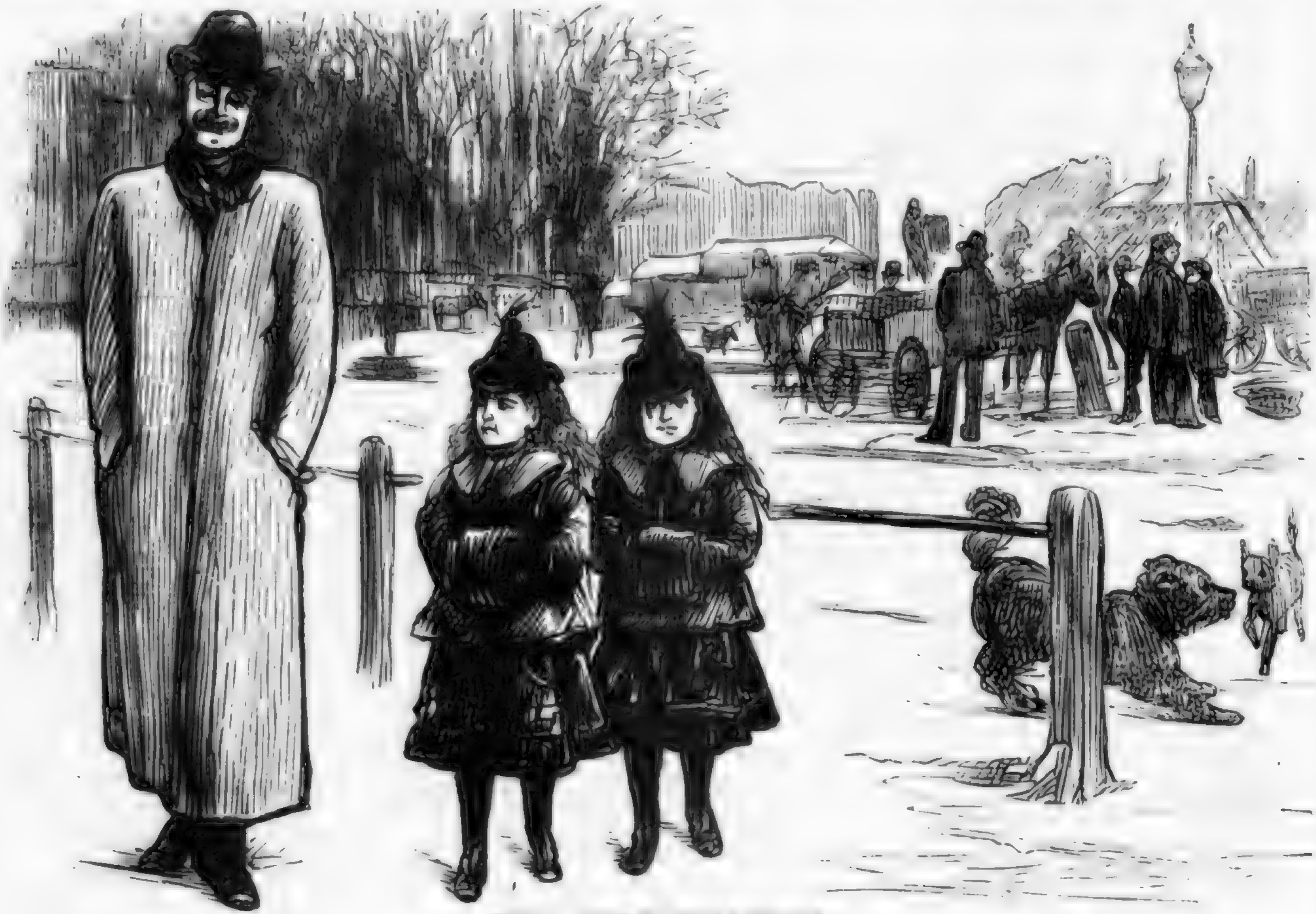
I shall never forget the noble and touching expression which relief and gratitude to Heaven spread over her pale and beautiful countenance. She took my hand and pressed it tenderly between her own; then she begged me to permit her to retire for a moment. She wished to pour out her thanks to God.

XUM

I returned to the gamekeeper's daughter. She made a full confession, dictated by repentance; she had now no motive for concealing the truth; her father was dead, and she was innocent—in the eye of the law.

Her father had suspected her intimacy with the count, without being quite convinced of the fact. He had several times accused her of it, but she had always repelled his accusations with indignation, without, however, entirely allaying his distrust.

The night of the murder, she was to have had an interview with the count in the park, but her lover did not come at the appointed time, and she walked toward the chateau in the hope of meeting him, or at least ascertaining the cause of his delay. She saw him approaching the library, and, curious to learn his motive for being in this distant part of the garden, she cautiously glided along to watch his movements. But suddenly, by the light of the moon, she perceived that some one was following her, and soon discovered that it was her father.



EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

ELDER OF TWINS: *"It's very vulgar to say 'You be Blowed' to each other, like those men do—isn't it, Uncle Fred?"*
UNCLE FRED: *"I believe it is generally considered so, my dear."*
ELDER OF TWINS: *"Yes, indeed! Ethel and I, you know—we always say, 'You be Blown!'"*

Struck with terror, she concealed herself behind a clump of bushes. The gamekeeper, having lost sight of her, was undecided for a moment as to what course to pursue. But having heard a noise in the direction of the library, and supposing that his daughter had taken refuge there, he hastened to the spot. He found the window open and the count about entering through it, in spite of the efforts of a woman to prevent his doing so. He did not for a moment doubt that this woman was his daughter, who, terrified by the sight of her father, wished to prevent her lover's following her into the room.

Certain of his child's dishonor, and deaf to everything but his rage and mortification, he approached the window with stealthy steps and plunged his knife to the hilt in the bosom of the count, just as the latter was about to spring into the room.

The count fell at once. The gamekeeper turned suddenly and beheld his daughter at his side. Divining her father's purpose, the wretched girl had sprung after him, a prey to the wildest agony, but she reached him too late. She led him home. He wished at once to give himself into the hands of justice, but finding that the murder was not discovered he had remained silent, to protect the honor of his child.

Man's justice could not call to account this wretched girl, whose levity had been productive of such terrible results. What punishment God's justice may have had in store for her I know not. I am ignorant even of her fate.

As Alice Braun—or, rather, Madame Weston—had anticipated, Anthony returned at the expiration of a week. But he did not come alone; Harry Weston accompanied him. The terrible position in which his wife was placed had decided the young Englishman to inform his parents of his marriage, and after a time they had consented to receive the wife of his choice.

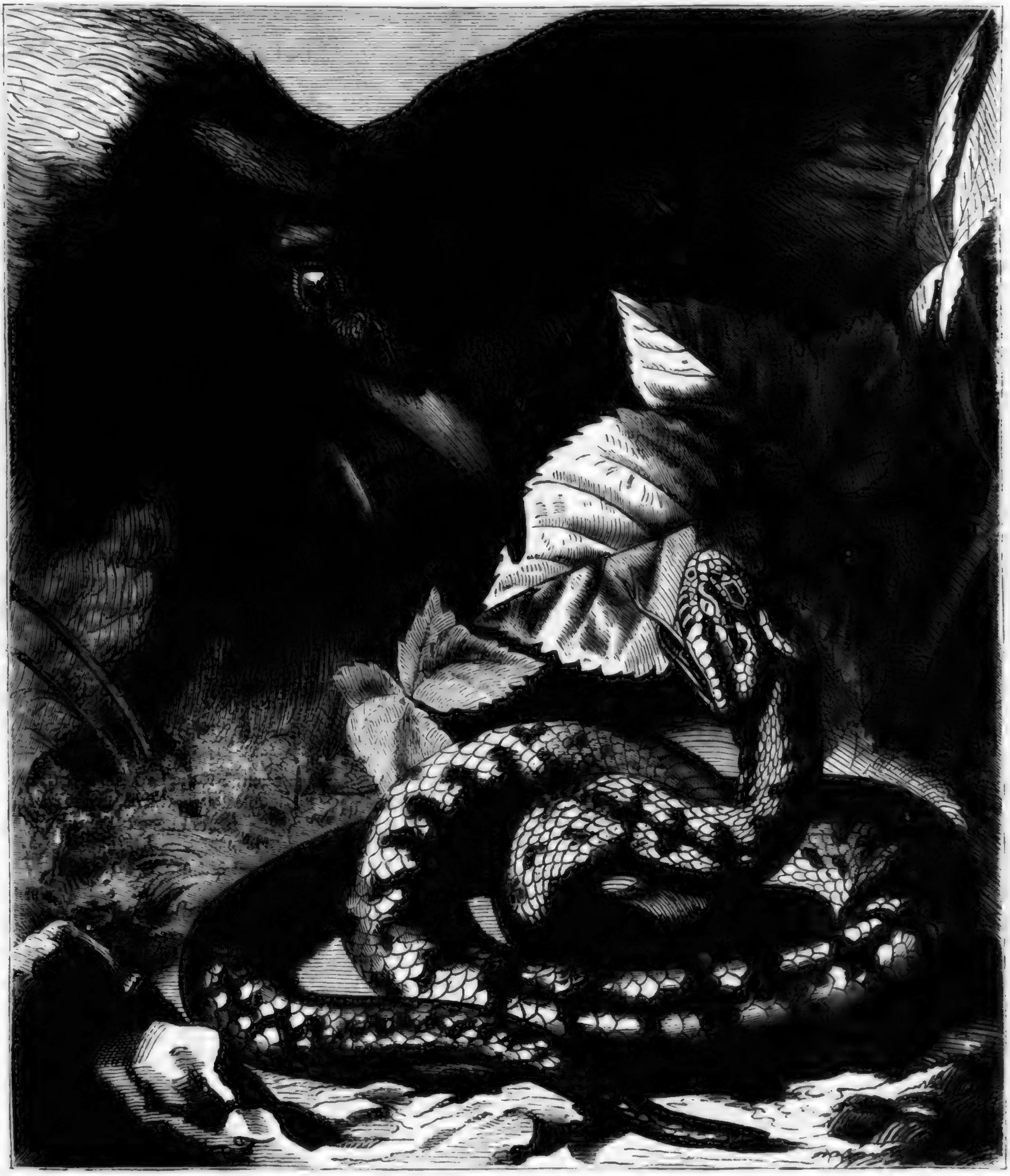
* * * * * * *

I might have told this history in a more dramatic manner. I could, for instance, have introduced Alice's husband at the moment when she was accused of the murder, and have rendered, by the turning of a few incidents, the evidence against her still more overwhelming.

But I have only wished to relate a strange incident in criminal history, and to relate it precisely as it took place. Besides, is not such a story, without any embellishments, sufficiently replete with anguish and with tears?

THE RAVEN.

This truly handsome bird is spread over almost all portions of the habitable globe, finding a livelihood wherever there are wide expanses of uncultivated ground, and only being driven from its home by the advance of cultivation and the consequent inhabitance of the soil by human beings. It is a solitary bird, living in the wildest district that it can find, and especially preferring those that are intersected with hills. In such localities the raven reigns supreme, the eagle himself scarcely daring to contest the supremacy with so powerful, crafty, and strong-beaked a bird.



THE RAVEN AND THE ADDER.

The food of the raven is almost entirely of an animal nature, and there are few living things which the raven will not eat whenever it finds an opportunity of so doing. Worms, grubs, caterpillars, and insects of all kinds are swallowed by hundreds, but the diet in which the raven most delights is dead carrion. In consequence of this taste, the raven may be found rather plentifully on the Scottish sheep-feeding grounds, where the flocks are of such immense size that the bird is sure to find a sufficiency of food among the daily dead; for its wings are large and powerful, and its daily range of flight is so great that many thousands of sheep pass daily under its ken, and it is tolerably sure in the course of the day to find at

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least one dead sheep or lamb. Sometimes the raven accelerates matters, for if it should find an unfortunate sheep lying in a ditch, a misfortune to which these animals are especially prone, it is sure to cause the speedy death of the poor creature by repeated attacks upon its eyes. Weakly or ailing sheep are also favorite subjects with the raven, who soon puts an end to their sufferings by the strokes of his long and powerful beak. Even the larger cattle are not free from the assaults of this voracious bird, which performs in every case the office of a vulture.

Sheep and cattle do not, however, form the whole of a raven's diet, for besides the insects which have already been mentioned, this bird eats snakes, mice, rabbits, birds of various kinds, including young partridges and pheasants, and will invade the farmyard when pressed by hunger, and carry off the young poultry. Even the hedgehog falls a victim to the raven, who cares nothing for his spiked armor, but drives his sharp bill through the poor beast, tears away the prickly skin, and devours the carcase at his leisure. In Northern America, and indeed in many other countries, the raven is a regular attendant on the hunters, and follows them for the purpose of feeding upon the offal of the creatures which they kill.

The tongue of the raven is rather curiously formed, being broad, flat, covered with a horny kind of shield, and deeply cleft at the extremity. At the root are four rather large projections or spines, the points being directed backward.

THE STREET SINGER.

"Ecco! l'aurora d'un giorno glorioso."
"Lo! it breaks, the glorious day."

UNKNOWN, uncared for, perhaps unnoticed too,
But for her voice, which scarce could fail to sue
Some listener by the way,
She glances upward, sings as she goes by,
And breathes the humid air; and oft doth sigh
It should be so unlike her native sky,
In bright Italian day,
When first she heard the lay,
"Ecco! l'aurora d'un giorno glorioso."

And thus obey her will those weary feet,
Through smoky alley, lane, or dismal street
Tread step by step along.
Not one she knows, scarce one would question "where"
Her rightful home, or why she strolleth there.
The language of her voice is sweet and rare;
Unknown to that rough throng,
Who listen to her song,
"Ecco! l'aurora d'un giorno glorioso."

But one from her own land in sickness lies
In some dim attic near; and ere he dies
Is roused by words like these.
Of youth and of a far-off land he dreams;
The past by some sweet charm and future seems
Enwoven in one blaze of glorious gleams
Of joy; like light he sees,
Beaming with peace and ease,
"Ecco! l'aurora d'un giorno glorioso."

That voice, an angel to his tranc'd sight,
Glides o'er a vista of ethereal light
Far in the heights above;
Who, singing, scatters flowers to mark the way,
Such gorgeous hues as vie each rainbow ray,
And bids him follow to the gate of day.
To Paradise above
Directs that voice of love,
"Ecco! l'aurora d'un giorno glorioso."

STORY OF THE THREE WONDERFUL COMPANIONS.

A BOHEMIAN FAIRY LEGEND.

THERE was once a king, who was very old and had only one son. One day he called his son, and said:

"Go up into the highest room in the tower, and when thou art there, cast thy eyes around thee and tell me which of the brides which thou shalt there see pleases thee most."

This room had twelve high windows; in each window a virgin was painted on crystal glass in the loveliest rainbow colors, with a royal crown on her head.

Then the prince saw that one window was concealed by a white curtain, which he drew aside.

There stood a virgin dressed in white, with a silver girdle round her waist and a crown of pearls upon her head. She was the loveliest of all, but sad and pale as if she had risen from the grave. The prince said:

"Her alone will I choose, and no other."

After he had left and returned to the king, his father, he told him all that he had seen. Then the old king was filled with sorrow, but in a moment he raised his head, and said:

"Thou has chosen ill, my son. This virgin is in the power of a wicked magician, imprisoned within an iron castle, and none of those who have gone to set her free have ever returned to their homes again."

The prince now departed from the king his father, and rode forth toward the iron castle that he might obtain his bride. At length he lost his way. And as he was wandering through the wood he heard a voice.

The prince beheld a very tall man hastening toward him.

"Wait and take me with you," said the voice. "If you take me into your service, you will never have cause to repent it."

"Who art thou?" cried the prince; "and what canst thou do?"

"I am called Longbody, and can stretch out my limbs to a great length."

"Canst thou help me out of the forest?" said the prince.

"Hum! that is easy enough!" replied Longbody, and he stretched himself again till he was three times as high as the tallest tree. He then looked around, and pointing in a certain direction, said:

"Yonder is the nearest road out of the wood."

Then he drew himself in again, took the horse by the bridle, and went on in front. Before the prince had time to observe it, before them lay a great plain.

"Yonder goes my companion," said Longbody, pointing to the further end of the plain. "You ought to take him with you, too, for he could render you great services."

"Call him hither, that I may see what there is in him."

"It is rather a long way off, master," answered Longbody. "I would rather go and fetch him."

Then Longbody lengthened himself again toward the sky, made one or two steps, seized his comrade and placed him before the prince.

"Who art thou?" asked the prince; "and what canst thou do?"

"Master, I am called Broadbody, and can swell myself out to a great breadth."

They proceeded further on their way, and met one who had his eyes bound.

"Master, that is our other companion," said Longbody. "You ought to take him into your service."

"Who art thou?" demanded the prince; "and why hast thou thy eyes bound in that fashion?"

"Oh, sir, quite the contrary," replied he; "it is just because I see too clearly that I have my eyes bound, for with them bound I can see just as well as you can with yours free. If I take off the cloth, my sight penetrates through the thickest substance. For which reason I am called Keeneye."

"Truly, thou art a valuable fellow," said the prince. "But just look and tell me how far we are from the Iron Castle, and what is going on within,"

"If you rode alone, master," answered Keeneye, "you would not arrive there in a year; but with our help you will be there before the day is over. They are at this moment preparing the evening meal for us."

"And what is my bride doing?"

"She is sitting alone
In the gloomy tower,
Cruelly bound
By magic power."

Then said the prince:

"Let him who is my friend help me to set her free."

And they all three promised. And as the sun was leaving the earth they crossed the iron bridge that led to the old castle-gate.

In the courtyard, in the stable, and in the hall they saw by the twilight many people in rich attire, both men and women; but not one of them moved—they were all turned to stone.

The prince and his companions came at length to the banquet-hall. It was brilliantly lighted, and in the middle stood a table covered with a profusion of rich viands, and laid out for four persons. They sat down and began to eat and drink.

As they were thus occupied the door suddenly flew open and the magician walked in. He led by the hand a most lovely princess, clothed in white. Around her waist she wore a silver girdle, and upon her head a crown of pearls. The prince knew her again in a moment, sprang up and went toward her.

"I know why thou art come hither; thy intention is to bear away this princess," said the magician. "Be it so! It is permitted thee to claim, after thou hast guarded her for three nights together without allowing her to escape. If thou failest, thou and thy three attendants will be turned into stone, like all those who have made the attempt before thee."

He then led the princess to a seat, and withdrew.

Longbody lengthened himself to the fullest extent, and lay all around the room. Broadbody placed himself within the doorway, swelled out his body, and stopped the way so completely that even a mouse could not go through. And Keeneye stood in the middle of the room, like a pillar, so as to keep watch. In a little while, however, all three growing weary, fell asleep and slept the whole night.

When the morning began to dawn, the prince saw that the princess had disappeared.

"Do not be in the least troubled, master," quoth Keeneye, looking out of the window, "for I see her already. A hundred miles from this castle is a forest. In the midst of that forest stands an oak; upon that oak is an acorn, and that acorn is the princess. Longbody shall take me on his shoulders, and we will soon get her back again."

So he stretched himself out, and in less time than one requires to go round a cottage they were back again. Longbody gave the acorn to the prince, and said:

"Let it fall upon the ground."

The prince did as he was told, and at the same moment the beautiful princess stood before him!

The magician entered with a fiendish laugh; but as soon as he beheld the princess there one of the iron rings that were round his waist snapped and fell to the ground. He then took the princess by the hand, and led her away.

The next night the magician again appeared, leading the princess, to be guarded by the prince. Now, although they had all made up their minds to withstand sleep, yet it was no use, for they soon fell into a sound sleep. And when the prince awoke and found the princess gone again, he sprang up, and shaking Keeneye by the shoulders, cried:

"Ho, there! bestir thyself, thou of the sharp eye. Knowest thou where the lady has fled to?"

Keeneye rubbed his eyes a little while, then looked around him and said:

"I already see her! Two hundred miles from here stands a hill; within that hill is a rock; within that rock is a precious stone, and that precious stone is the fair princess. If Longbody will carry me on his shoulders we shall soon recover her."

They got the gem and brought it to the prince, and as soon as he had thrown it on the ground the princess stood again before him. Then, when the magician came and saw her there, his eyes flashed with anger, and a second ring snapped asunder and fell from his body.

The next night the princess escaped a third time. But Keeneye saw her.

"She is a long way off, master, a very long way off! Three hundred miles from here is the Black Sea; in the middle of that sea, lying at the bottom, is a mussel; in the inside of that mussel is a golden ring, and that ring is the princess. Do not be troubled, master, for we shall get her yet. But we shall have to take Broadbody with us this time, for we shall want him."

Longbody then, taking Keeneye on one shoulder and Broadbody on the other, started on his way.

When they had come to the Black Sea, Keeneye showed his companion in what part of the sea the mussel was, but Longbody could not reach the bottom.

Then Broadbody began swelling himself, and drank until the water was low enough to allow Longbody to bring up the ring.

Meanwhile the prince in the castle was very uneasy, and before his attendants returned, the magician appeared in the doorway, and cast his eyes slowly round the room. When he saw that the princess was not there, a grin of malicious delight spread over his face. But before he could utter a word the window was smashed into a thousand pieces, the ring fell on the ground, and behold! the princess stood again before him.

For Keeneye told Longbody what great danger his master stood in. Longbody then made one rapid step, and stretching forth his arm, threw the ring through the window into the room. The magician roared with anger, so that the castle trembled. In an instant a third ring snapped asunder and fell to the ground, and at the same moment the magician was transformed into a raven, and flew away through the broken window.

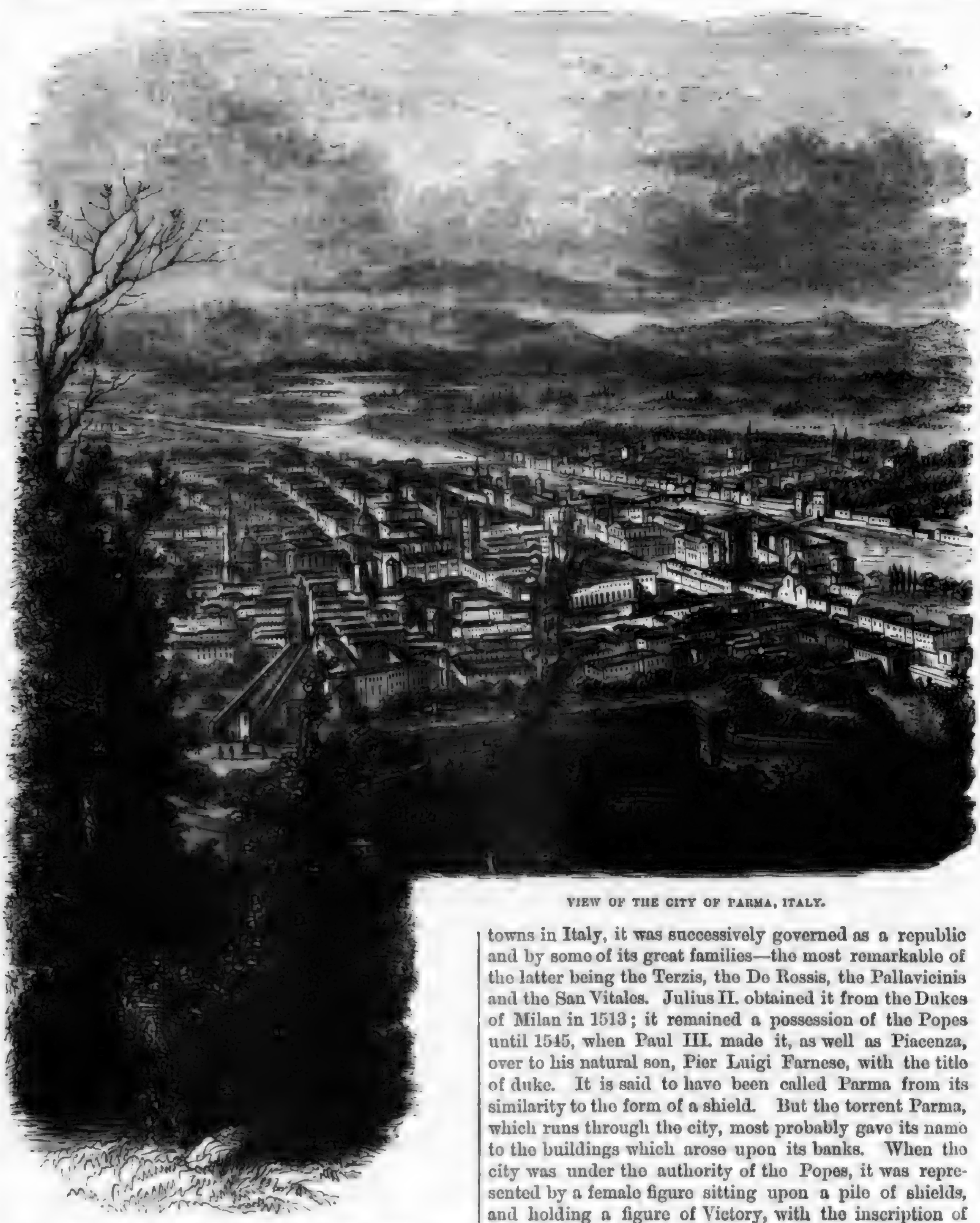
Then the beautiful princess began to speak, and as she thanked the prince for her freedom, a soft blush, like that upon a rose, spread over her cheeks.

Everything in all parts of the castle was filled with life. All was life; all was gladness!

Meanwhile a large number of knights entered the room where the prince was, and thanked him for having given them their liberty. But he answered:

"You ought not to thank me; for if my faithful companions had not been with me, I should, ere now, have been what you were."

Three weeks after this the happy wedding took place.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF PARMA, ITALY.

A GLANCE AT THE CITY OF PARMA.

Parma, though a city of palaces and beautiful gardens, has a singularly lifeless appearance; indeed, it is only once a year, on the occasion of the annual silk fair, that the city seems to awaken to a proper sense of its own importance.

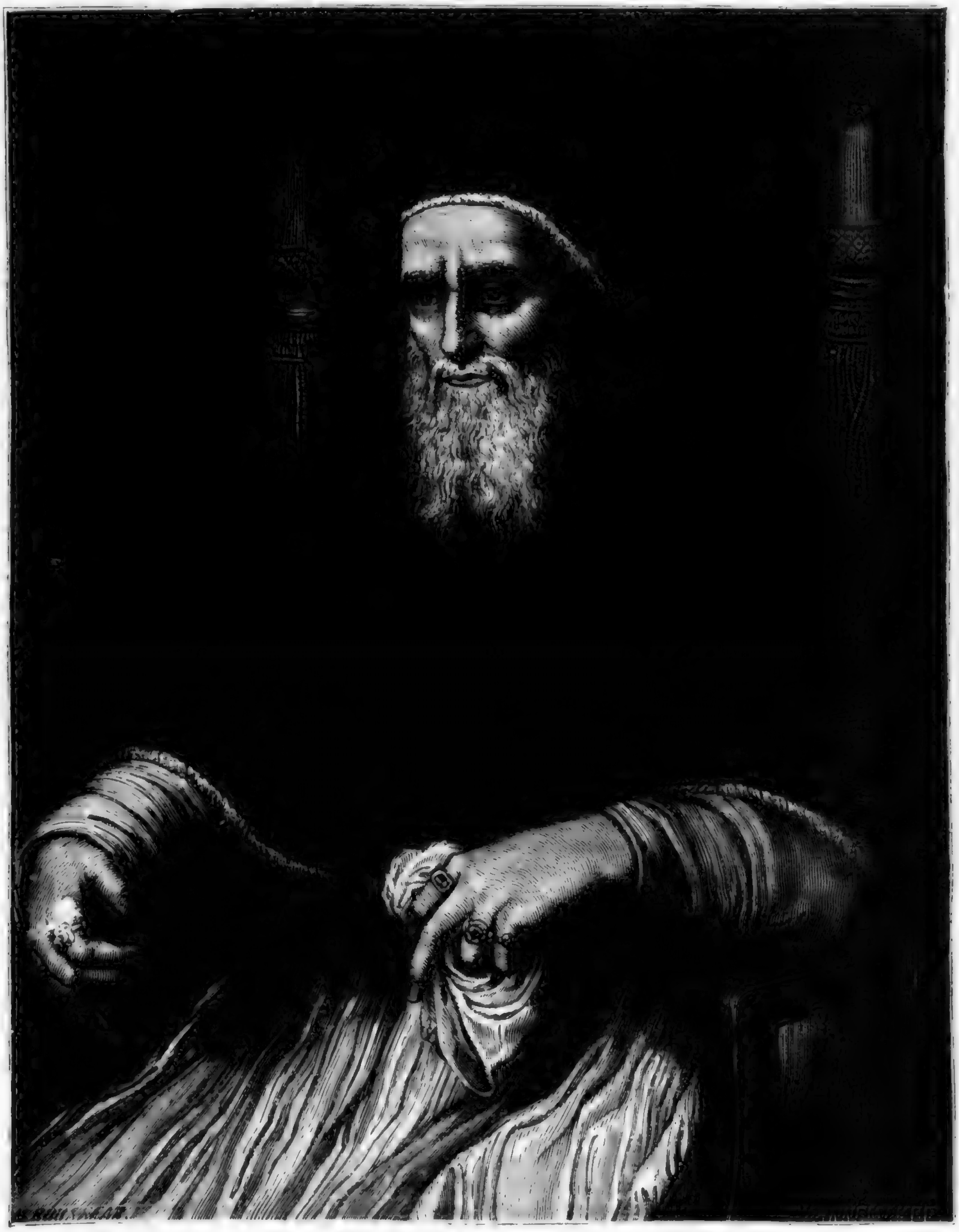
This city, whose population now exceeds 45,000, is of an oval shape, which it has retained from remote antiquity. Situated in the territory of the Boian Gauls, it was reduced to a Roman colony as early as B.C. 187; destroyed during the wars of the Triumvirate, it was rebuilt by Julius Cæsar and Augustus. In the Middle Ages, like most of the large towns in Italy, it was successively governed as a republic and by some of its great families—the most remarkable of the latter being the Terzis, the De Rossis, the Pallavicinis and the San Vitales. Julius II. obtained it from the Dukes of Milan in 1513; it remained a possession of the Popes until 1545, when Paul III. made it, as well as Piacenza, over to his natural son, Pier Luigi Farnese, with the title of duke. It is said to have been called Parma from its similarity to the form of a shield. But the torrent Parma, which runs through the city, most probably gave its name to the buildings which arose upon its banks. When the city was under the authority of the Popes, it was represented by a female figure sitting upon a pile of shields, and holding a figure of Victory, with the inscription of *Parma aurea*.

Parma suffered from an earthquake in 1832, when several houses were so much injured as to require being rebuilt. The Via Emilia, which divides the city into two nearly equal portions, crosses, in the centre, the Piazza Grande, which has on the north side the Palazzo del Commune, with its bell-tower. So complete has been the subversion of the ancient colony of Lepidus, that a few inscriptions, mutilated sculptures and objects of jewelry are all that remain of Roman times.

The name of Parma is connected with some of the principal events in the Lombard League; but little of its medieval character remains, except in the fine group formed by the Duomo and the Baptistery, which stand close to one another at a short distance to the north of the Piazza Grande.

The Duomo, or Cathedral, was consecrated by Pope Pascal II., A.D. 1106; many portions are much later. The principal entrance, forming the central door of the façade, has on each side colossal lions of red Verona marble, the one grasping a serpent, the other a bull; they were sculptured by G. Bono da Bisone, in 1281. The other sculptures of this portal are by Bianchino, in 1493. The sun mystically placed in the keystone of the circular arch, the months by the principal occupations during each on either side; the hunt, the allegory of the pursuit of the soul by the fiend, over the lintel, are curious. A few Roman inscriptions are built up in the walls, indicating, perhaps, how many more are concealed in its core or beneath in the foundation.

The interior, excepting some Gothic interpolations and some modern additions, is in a fine Lombard style, and the arrangement of the triforium is remarkable. Magnificent but perishing frescoes cover the walls. The most important of these are upon the cupola, and were executed by Correggio between the years 1522 and 1530. The subject is the "Assumption of the Virgin." The painter has imagined that the octagon, or drum, from which the cupola rises, embraces the space on earth in which stood the sepulchre of the Virgin; for this purpose, upon the octagon itself, from which the great vault springs, runs a balustrade, above which rises a candelabrum at each of the



POPE JULIUS II.

eight angles, with a number of boys between engaged in lighting tapers, or burning incense and odoriferous herbs. On the balustrade, and in front of the base of the cupola, stand the Apostles disposed around, looking upward with astonishment, and as if dazzled by the great light of the celestial host who transport the Virgin; and above, heaven appears open to receive her. The Angel Gabriel descends to meet her, and the different hierarchies of the blessed circle around him.

In the arches under the cupola, or on its pendentives, are represented the Four Protectors of the City of Parma—St. Hilary, St. Bernard, St. John the Baptist and St. Thomas—attended by angels symbolical of the virtues of each Saint, and with the emblems and ornaments of his dignity. St. John, holding a lamb; angels around darting, as it were, through the clouds. St. Thomas, also surrounded by angels, some bearing exotic fruits, emblematical of this apostle's labors in India. St. Hilary, looking down upon the city with an expression of kindness and protection; while St. Bernard, kneeling, is imploring on its behalf.

This magnificent work, which occupied so many years of the artist's life, was poorly paid for and inadequately appreciated. He was much teased and thwarted by the cathedral wardens; one of them, in allusion to the fact that many more limbs than bodies are visible from below, told him that he had made a "hash of frogs" (*un guazzetto di rane*).

The work is remarkable for its chiar'-oscuro—confined, indeed, as compared with Correggio's oil pictures, to a light scale, especially in the upper portions; for its wonderful foreshortenings, and for the extensive range in the size of the figures, in order to convey by their perspective diminution an impression of great space.

It must be evident that gradations in magnitude will be more full and varied when they comprehend, if only in a limited degree, the perspective diminution of forms. The great Italian artists seem to have considered this essential to distinguish painting, however severe in style, from *basso-relievo*, in which the varieties of magnitude are real. But in the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael this perspective diminution of figures is confined to narrow limits; partly because the technical means may have been wanting to mark the relative distances of objects when the work was seen under the conditions required; but chiefly because figures much reduced in size cannot be consistently rendered expressive as actors or spectators.

In the second compartment of the ceiling in the Sistine Chapel, the effects of the perspective are expressed without restraint; but the indistinctness which was the consequence was probably among the causes that induced Michael Angelo to reduce the space in depth in the other compartments (as regards the figures) almost to the conditions of sculpture.

In Raphael's "Transfiguration," the figures on the mount are supposed to be distant with reference to those below; but, had they been so represented, they would have been devoid of meaning and importance. They are, therefore, by a judicious liberty, brought within that range of vision where expression, action and form are cognizable. One great exception is, however, not to be overlooked; Correggio, who was devoted to picturesque gradation under all circumstances, and sometimes at any sacrifice, adopted a different course.

The perspective diminution in the cupolas at Parma (to say nothing of the objects being represented as if above the eye) is extreme; so that even the principal figures are altogether subservient to the expression of space. This was the chief object; but the grandeur of form and character which the nearer figures exhibit has been justly considered to place these works far above subsequent efforts of the kind, which, in the hands of the "machinists," soon degenerated to mere decoration.

The decay of these frescoes is to be chiefly attributed to the old, insufficient roof over the dome, which still exists under the new leaden one, added to save the wrecks of Correggio's works from destruction. Their present deteriorated state has also been partly attributed to Correggio having used an intonaco containing a proportion of sand. A closer inspection of them may be obtained by ascending to the roof of the church, from four small openings in the drum of the cupola. A good aid toward their study and comprehension will be the examination of the beautiful copies of them in the Pinacoteca by the late Professor Toschi and his pupils.

Petrarch held preferment here. By his will, in which he most truly styles himself *inutile Archidiacono*, he directed that, if he died at Parma, he should be interred in this cathedral. In 1713 a cenotaph was erected in the chapel, at the extremity of the right aisle, to his memory, by Nicolo Cicognari, one of the canons.

The subterranean church is large and well-lighted, and supported by twenty-eight marble columns with varied capitals.

The Monastery of San Giovanni, suppressed by the French, was restored some years ago to the Benedictines. It is a stately building, containing three very handsome quadrangles, surrounded by cloisters. The outer walls were adorned with frescoes, which have all but disappeared from the effect either of time or of violence. The interior is fine; it is traversed by four long galleries, which, in the form of a cross, unite in the centre. At the point of junction are four statues in terra-cotta, executed by Antonio Begarelli, of Modena. The sculptured arabesques on their pedestals, and those on the door of the chapter-house, are by Agresti. The greater part of the conventual buildings are now tenanted by soldiers.

The Campanile, the highest in Parma, and which is detached from the church, was erected in 1614. It is a fine edifice of the kind. Square below, it is surmounted by an octagonal lantern and belfry, and a gallery, from which there is an extensive view over the surrounding country.

Several ancient churches were demolished during the French occupation. Those which remain are principally modern or modernized; a few may be noticed: S. Andrea has a painting of "S. Bernardo," by Sebastian Conca. S. Sepolcro, near the Porta S. Michele, a "Madonna and Saints," by Parmigianino. The celebrated "Madonna della Scodella" was formerly in this church. S. Tomasso, over the high altar, the "Nativity," by Alessandro Mazzola. S. Uldarico, a very ancient conventual foundation on the site of the Roman theatre, the "Nativity" over the principal altar, by Gir. Mazzola. In the Church of the SS. Annunziata, beyond the bridge, founded by Ottavio Farnese, is a half-ruined fresco of the "Annunciation," by Correggio, brought from a desecrated edifice. It has been engraved in Toschi's collection. The painting opposite to it, of the "Madonna," with St. John the Evangelist, St. Bernard and St. Francis, is by Marchesi da Cotignola, and highly prized by Lanzi.

The ancient Farnese Palace, called also La Pilotta, and the buildings connected with it, form a somewhat gloomy and rambling pile of great extent. One portion includes a cortile of fine proportions, but unfinished. It was begun by Ranuccio Farnese I., in 1597, and then adjoined the fine church of San Pietro Martire, which was pulled down to enlarge the cortile.

Entering under the gateway of the palace, by which

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passes the road to the bridge, and ascending the wide staircase, a rich, heavy portal is seen in front. This is the entrance to the Teatro Farnese, built, in 1618, by Duke Ranuccio, and opened in 1628, upon the occasion of the marriage of Duke Odoardo with the Princess Margaret of Tuscany. It is said to be the first theatre in which *boxes*, as we build them, were introduced. The whole is of wood; and though some effort has been made to keep it in repair it is in a most dilapidated state, and seems verging on complete ruin. The light shines through the rafters above, and the decayed floors are giving way below.

To the left of the theatre are the apartments of the Reale Accademia di Belle Arti, founded in 1752. After many changes, the Academy was re-established in 1822. It is now almost exclusively dedicated to the fine arts. Of this establishment the Galleria or Pinacoteca forms a portion. The collection contains nearly 600 pictures, several of the highest importance.

The Pinacoteca occupies a series of fourteen rooms, or divisions.

There is no catalogue, nor numbers on the pictures, nor any indication of the subjects they represent, although the name of the painter is generally attached to them.

The Bibliotheca, or library, founded by Duke Philip of Bourbon in 1769, is said to contain 140,000 volumes. It possesses the very valuable Hebrew and Syriac manuscripts of De Rossi, an eminent Oriental scholar, bought by Maria Louisa for 100,000 francs, as well as his printed books. It is well selected, and is much frequented by readers. Among the literary curiosities are the following: Luther's Hebrew Psalter, with many autograph notes of the great reformer; evidently the copy from which he worked in making his translation of the Bible. A very beautiful MS. of Petrarch, which belonged to Francis I., and was found among his baggage at the battle of Pavia. The autograph collections of the great anatomist Morgagni. A map of the world, made by Pizzicagni in 1367. The Koran found in the tent of the Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha, after the raising of the siege of Vienna. A MS. on the purity of the Virgin, of the fifteenth century, with miniatures. The *Heures* which belonged to Henry II. of France, in each page of which is the emblem of Diana of Poictiers. Autograph letters from Voltaire, Galileo, Prince Eugene of Savoy, Emanuel Philibert, and of General Bonaparte to the Duke of Parma.

The library is fitted up with elegance, and is kept in admirable order for cleanliness and efficiency. In its second great hall is the fresco of the "Incoronata," painted by Correggio, and removed from the demolished tribune in the church of San Giovanni; it represents our Saviour placing on the head of the Virgin a crown of stars. In a room opening out of the first hall are preserved the matrices of all Bodoni's types, 52,000 in number; and in another hall of the library, a series of modern paintings of different episodes from the "Divina Commedia," by Scaramuzza, a Parmesan painter.

Attached to the library is the rich collection of engravings, said to contain 85,000 specimens, of which a large proportion (60,000) were purchased of Massimiliano Ortalli by Maria Louisa, for 45,000 francs.

The Museum of Antiquities, formerly called the *Museo Ducale*, has been formed principally by objects brought from Rome by the Farnese Princes, by several discovered at Velleia in the last century, and by some found among the ruins of Roman Parma. Among other curiosities, it contains some valuable bronzes, many from Velleia, the most important being the great Tabula Alimentaria of Trajan, or the decree for the distribution of his gifts toward the maintenance of the children of the poor. He gives the sum of 1,144,000 sesterces, to be invested in lands, of which the proceeds are to be employed in maintaining 245 males and 45 females, all to be legitimate, together with one *spurius* and one *spuria*—a proof how much the Roman policy, even at that period, respected the sanctity of marriage. Every boy was to receive sixteen sesterces per month, and every girl twelve, but the *spurius* and the *spuria* only ten each. It appears that the whole sum invested produced about five per cent.

The tabula is nearly twelve feet in length by about five in height; the writing is in seven columns. The names and situation of the lands are given, thus rendering it an interesting memorial of local topography. Another inscription contains the fragments of laws to be observed in Cisalpine Gaul. There is a small statue of a drunken Hercules, on the marble pedestal of which is engraved a dedicatory inscription to the demigod by a certain Demetrius; and a small group of Leda and the Swan, without the heads, found also at Parma—a rather indelicate subject, such as would be consigned at Rome or Naples to the cellars of the Vatican or Museo Borbonico. The collection of coins and medals, numbering nearly 30,000, is very interesting, as is also the series of gold ornaments, chains, bracelets, etc., discovered in 1821 in digging the foundation of the new theatre; with gold coins from the reign of Nero to that of Gallienus. The colossal bust of Maria Louisa, in this room, is by Canova.

The Tipografia del Governo (in the Farnese Palace, below the galleries) is known to the bibliographical world as having been under the direction of the celebrated Bodoni. Among his collections may be seen various fine specimens of typography, and different methods of printing music. These, as well as the models or matrices of his types, have been deposited in a room set apart for the purpose in the library.

In 1843, the remains of a Roman theatre were discovered at Parma, near the Church of S. Uldarico.

The torrent Parma has here no beauty; it is crossed by three bridges. In the northwest suburb is the Palazzo del Giardino. It was built by Ottavio Farnese, but was altered and enlarged in 1767. It is partly stuccoed, and looks unfinished, but contains some curious frescoes, which about a century ago were covered with paper-hangings. Parts were uncovered by the French about forty years ago; others very recently; some are still concealed. The frescoes in one room are by Agostino Caracci; but were left unfinished by him, as we learn from an inscription, which says that it is better to see them unfinished by his hand than finished by any other. They represent the "Rape of Europa," the "Triumph of Venus," and the "Marriage of Peleus and Thetis," in three large paintings occupying three sides of the room. On the window side is "Apollo and Daphne." In the centre of the ceiling are three Cupids, and other subjects in lunettes above the four sides. Although slight and coarse in execution, the classical stories they represent are pleasingly told, and with much poetic feeling; particularly that one of Peleus and Thetis, where the coy modesty of the lady, the enjoyment of the Cupids, and the general languid voluptuousness are successfully treated.

There are some mineral waters in the vicinity of Parma, that, enjoying a local celebrity, are much frequented in Summer.

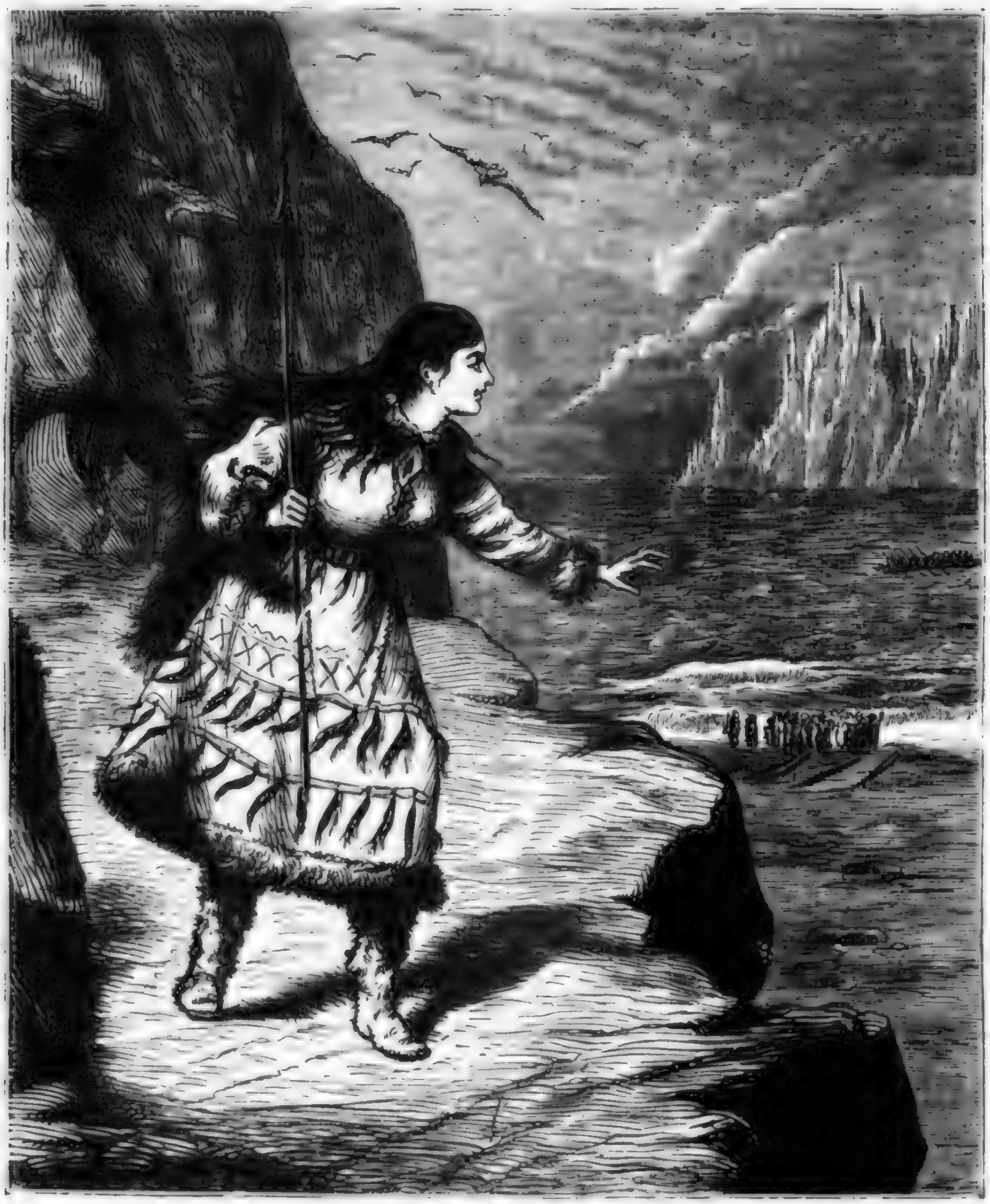
A MAN'S charity to those who differ from him upon great and difficult questions will be in the ratio of his own knowledge of them—the more knowledge, the more charity.

TALE OF ANNINGAIT AND AJUT.

Of the happiness and misery of our present state, part arises from our sensations, and part from our opinions; part is distributed by Nature, and part is in a great measure apportioned by ourselves. Positive pleasure we cannot always obtain, and positive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the Indian groves; nor will any precepts of philosophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diseases. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the pressure of sufferings, but the absence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reason.

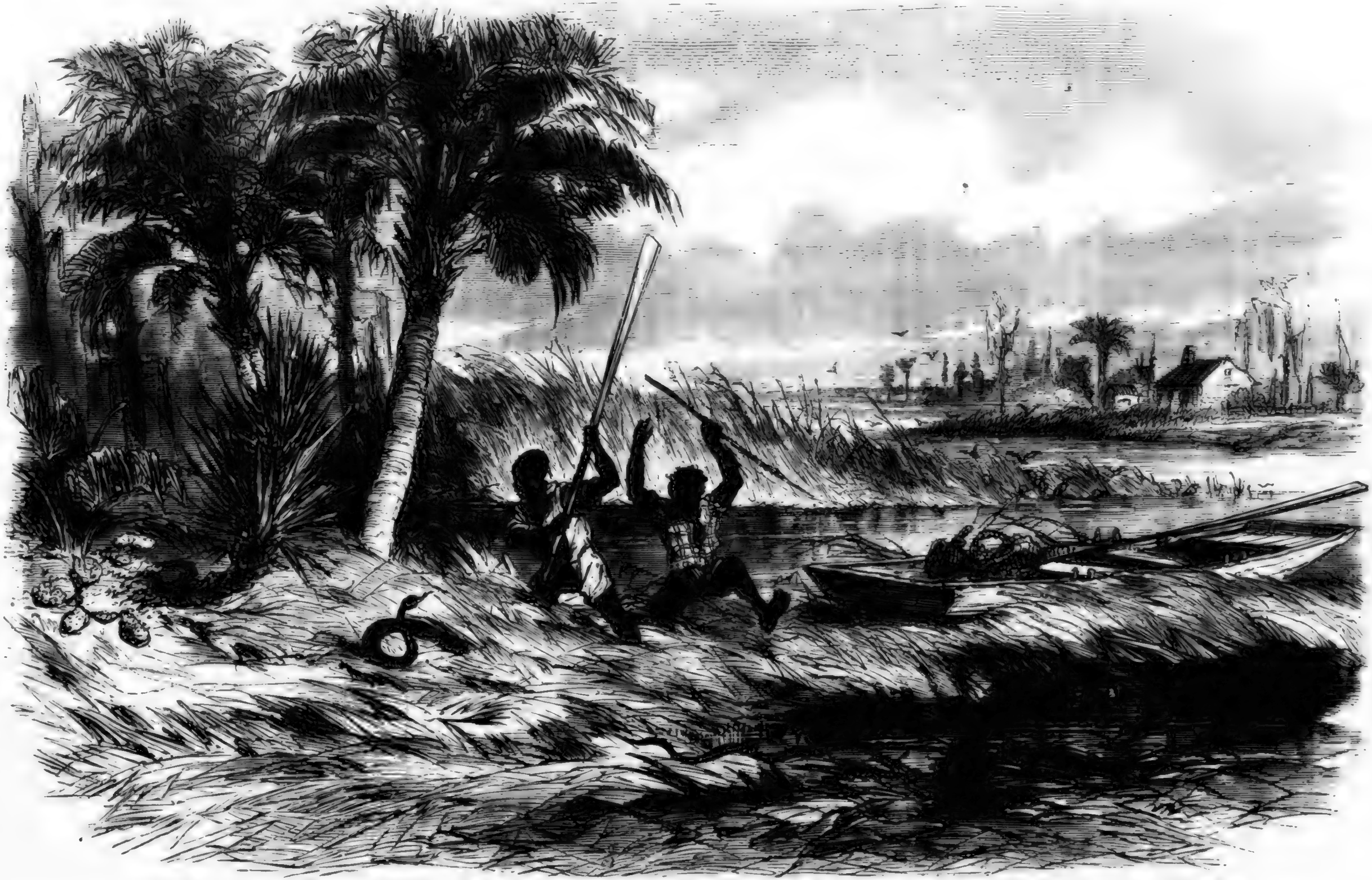
One of the great arts of escaping superfluous uneasiness, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy as not to see, every day, beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

No inconvenience is less superable by art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exercise for this philosophical abstraction. A native of England, pinched with the frosts of December, may lessen his affection for his own country by suffering his imagination to wander in the vales of Asia, and sport among woods that are always green, and streams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts toward the polar regions, and considers the nations to whom a great portion of the year is darkness, and who are condemned to pass weeks and months amidst mountains of snow, he will soon recover his tranquillity; and while he stirs his fire, or throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to Providence that he is not placed in Greenland or Siberia.



AJUT RUNNING TO MEET ANNINGAIT.

The barrenness of the earth and the severity of the skies in these dreary countries are such as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of necessity and distress, so that the care of escaping death from cold and hunger should leave no room for those passions which, in lands of plenty, influence conduct or



NEGROES HUNTING THE MOCCASIN SNAKE ON THE ASHLEY RIVER, NEAR CHARLESTON, S. C.—FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.—SEE PAGE 635.

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diversify characters; the Summer should be spent only in providing for the Winter, and the Winter in longing for the Summer.

Yet learned curiosity is known to have found its way into those abodes of poverty and gloom: Lapland and Iceland have their historians, their critics and their poets; and Love, that extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found, perhaps exerts the same power in the Greenlander's hut as in the palaces of Eastern monarchs.

In one of the large caves to which the families of Greenland retire together to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants Anningait and Ajut, from a supposed resemblance to their ancestors of the same names, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

Anningait for some time heard the praises of Ajut with little emotion, but at last, by frequent interviews, became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection by inviting her with her parents to a feast, where he placed before Ajut the tail of a whale. Ajut seemed not much delighted with this gallantry; yet, however, from that time was observed rarely to appear but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer; she used frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress, and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon Anningait that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise, in which, among other heroic and tender sentiments, he protested that "She was beautiful as the vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme upon the mountains; that her fingers were white as the teeth of the morse, and her smile grateful as the dissolution of the ice; that he would pursue her, though she should pass the snows of the midland cliffs, or seek shelter in the caves of the eastern cannibals; that he would tear her from the embraces of the genius of the rocks, snatch her from the paws of Amaroc, and rescue her from the ravine of Hafgufa." He concluded with a wish that, "whoever shall attempt to hinder his union with Ajut, might be buried without his bow, and that in the land of souls his skull might serve for no other use than to catch the droppings of the starry lamps."

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would soon yield to such fervor and accomplishments; but Ajut, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship; and before she would confess herself conquered, the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labor called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signalizing his courage; he attacked the sea-horses on the ice; pursued the seals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence less to accumulate all that could be necessary to make Winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fishes, and the flesh of seals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride; he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast before Anningait had completed his store; he therefore entreated Ajut that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to such condescension, but proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of Summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities.

"O virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the water, consider," said Anningait, "what thou hast required. How easily may my return be precluded by a sudden frost or unexpected fogs; then must the night be passed without my Ajut. We live not, my fair, in those fabled countries which lying strangers so wantonly describe; where the whole year is divided into short days and nights; where the same habitation serves for Summer and Winter; where they raise houses in rows above the ground, dwell together from year to year, with flocks of tame animals grazing in the fields about them; can travel at any time from one place to another, through ways inclosed with trees, or over walls raised upon the inland waters; and direct their course through wide countries, by the sight of green hills or scattered buildings. Even in Summer we have no means of crossing the mountains, whose snows are never dissolved; nor can remove to any distant residence, but in our boats coasting the bays. Consider, Ajut; a few Summer days and a few Winter nights, and the life of man is at an end. Night is the time of ease and festivity, of revels and gayety; but what will be the flaming lamp, the delicious seal, or the soft oil, without the smile of Ajut?"

The eloquence of Anningait was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promises to meet again before the night of Winter.

Anningait, however discomposed by the dilatory coyness of Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no tokens of amorous respect; and therefore presented her at his departure with the skins of seven white fawns, of five swans, and eleven seals, with three marble lamps, ten vessels of seal oil, and a large kettle of brass, which he had purchased from a ship at the price of half a whale and two horns of sea-unicorns.

Ajut was so much affected by the fondness of her lover, or so much overpowered by his magnificence, that she followed him to the seaside; and when she saw him enter the boat, wished aloud that he might return with plenty of skins and oil; that neither the mermaids might snatch him into the deeps, nor the spirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She stood awhile to gaze upon the departing vessel, and then returning to her hut, silent and dejected, laid aside from that hour her white deerskin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavored to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moss for the Winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of Anningait. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her, she made a fishing-coat, a small boat and tent, all of exquisite manufacture; and while she was thus busied, solaced her labors with a song, in which she prayed "that her lover might have hands stronger than the paws of the bear, and feet swifter than the feet of the reindeer; that his dart might never err, and that his boat might never leak; that he might never stumble on the ice, nor faint in the water; that the seal might rush on his harpoon, and the wounded whale might dash the waves in vain."

The large boats in which the Greenlanders transport their families are always rowed by women; for a man will not debase himself by work which requires neither skill nor courage. Anningait was therefore exposed by idleness to the ravages of passion. He went thrice to the stern of the boat with an intent to leap into the water and swim back to his mistress; but recollecting the misery which they must endure in the Winter, without oil for the lamp or skins for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks of absence in provision for a night of plenty and felicity. He then composed his emotions as he could, and expressed in wild numbers and uncouth images his hopes, his sorrows, and his fears. "O life," says he, "frail and uncertain! where shall wretched man find thy resemblance but in ice floating on the ocean? It towers on high, it sparkles from afar, while the storms drive and the waters beat it, the sun melts it above and the rocks shatter it below. What art thou, deceitful pleasure, but a sudden blaze beaming from the North, which plays a moment on the eye, mocks the traveler with the hopes of light, and then vanishes for ever? What, Love, art thou but a whirlpool, which we approach without knowledge of our danger, drawn on by imperceptible degrees, till we have lost all power of resistance and escape? Till I fixed my eyes on the graces of Ajut, while I had yet not called her to the banquet, I was careless as the sleeping morse, I was merry as the singers in the stars. Why, Ajut, did I gaze upon thy graces? Why, my fair, did I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my love, remember Anningait, and meet my return with the smile of virginity. I will chase the deer, I will subdue the whale, resistless as the frost of darkness, and unwearied as the Summer sun. In a few weeks I shall return prosperous and wealthy; then shall the roefish and the porpoise feast thy kindred; the fox and hare shall cover thy couch; the hide of the seal shall shelter thee from cold, and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwelling."

Anningait having with these sentiments consoled his grief and animated his industry, found that they had now coasted the headland, and saw the whales spouting at a distance. He therefore placed himself in his fishing-boat, called his associates to their several employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chase and fishery, suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the meantime, notwithstanding her neglected dress, happened, as she was drying some skins in the sun, to catch the eye of Norngsuk, on his return from hunting. Norngsuk was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in childbirth, and his father, the most expert fisher of Greenland, had perished by too close pursuit of the whale. His dignity was equaled by his riches; he was master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his Winter habitation, and five-and-twenty seals buried in the snow against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and soon after presented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refused his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngsuk, thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would consult an Angekkok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated Angekkok of that part of the country, and by a present of two seals and a marble kettle, obtained a promise that when Ajut should consult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of souls.

Ajut, in a short time, brought him a coat made by herself, and inquired what events were to befall her, with assurances of a much larger reward at the return of Anningait if the prediction should flatter her desires. The Angekkok knew the way to riches, and foretold that Anningait, having already caught two whales, would soon return home with a large boat laden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret; and Norngsuk, depending upon his artifice, renewed his addresses with greater confidence; but finding his suit still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises.

The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlander: they forgot the merit and the presents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngsuk. She entreated, she remonstrated, she wept and raved; but finding riches irresistible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon such berries as she could gather, and the birds or hares which she had the fortune to ensnare, taking care, at an hour when she was not likely to be found, to view the sea every day, that her lover might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the great boat in which Anningait had departed, stealing slow and heavily laden along the coast. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her constancy and sufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her that Anningait, after the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavored to comfort her; but when at last they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach, where, finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and, telling those who wondered at her rashness that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion that they were changed into stars; others imagine that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay from which the hapless maid departed; and when a Greenlander would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut.

NEGROES HUNTING THE MOCCASIN SNAKE.

We give a very spirited sketch of one of the favorite amusements of the negroes in their leisure hours, and which is attended with considerable danger. The moccasin snakes are found in the swamps and underbrush of South Carolina, and vary in length, the largest being about eight feet long. They are very venomous, and frequently turn upon their pursuers. The common method is for half-a-dozen or more negroes to arm themselves with long sticks, sharpened at the end, or else pointed with a nail. Sometimes the hunters take guns and fire at them, but the sharp-pointed spear is more generally their weapon. This they sometimes dart at them as harpoons.

The moccasin snakes are generally found stretched at full length on the grass and basking in the sun, from which *dolce far niente* they are roused by the insertion of a spear, or the entrance of a load of shot.

Our artist, who has frequently watched the swarthy assailers of the slimy race, says that the scenery where these reptiles abound is very beautiful, and thoroughly tropical. Towering over the cactus, Spanish bayonet, tall grass and other rank vegetation is the palmetto, giving a finish to the picture which only an artist's eye can appreciate.

XUM

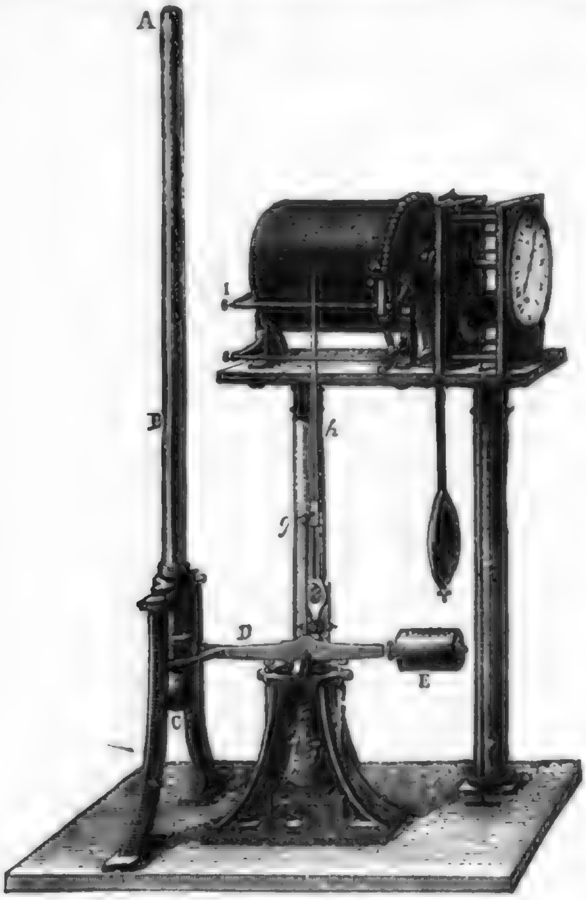


FIG. 1.—REGISTERING BAROMETER.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTERS.

THERE is now scarcely a meteorological observatory which is not provided with registering instruments. The number of these is already considerable, and the methods of their construction are almost as numerous. At the observatory of Montsouris continuous registration is preferred to registration by points, and the tracings effected by a fine metallic point on glazed paper blackened with smoke to the use of the pencil or to the *gaufrage* by pressure or by shock.

The barograph of Montsouris is a barometer-balance devised by P. Cecci, and latterly adopted by P. Secchi. The barometric tube A B (Fig. 1) is of iron, of three centimetres internal diameter, and of the same calibre throughout its length. It is fixed, and has, at its lower extremity, a cylindrical plunger, the full section of which is equal to the vacuum section of the barometric tube. The cistern, C, is of steel, and suspended to one end of the beam of a balance, D, the other end of which carries a counterpoise. The centre of gravity of the weighted beam coincides, as nearly as possible, with the central knife-edge, so as to render the equilibrium indifferent. Hence it results that when, in consequence of a rise of the barometer, a part of the mercury rises from the cistern into the tube, the former, thus rendered lighter, tends to rise, with the effect of introducing into the mercury of the cistern a greater length of the cylindrical plunger. Equilibrium is only re-established when (the volume of mercury displaced by the plunger being equal to that which corresponds in the tube to the increase in height of the barometric column) the level of mercury in the cistern returns to its constant point, and when, consequently, the apparent weight of that cistern has resumed its fixed value. The needle, *h*, of the beam of the balance marks its displacements on the surface of the blackened cylinder, K. It only remains to read the indications. To do this as accurately as possible, the support of the cylinder carries an electro-magnet, the armature of which is provided with an arm bearing a metallic point. In ordinary weather this point is fixed, and traces on the cylinder a datum-line from which the ordinates of the barometric curve are measured; but every hour the electro-magnet is acted on by a clock marking the time on all the registers; the point departs momentarily from the line, and makes a clear stroke, which is reproduced at the same instant on the other cylinders. At the end of each week the cylinder is taken away, to be replaced by another kept ready, and is placed on the reading apparatus.

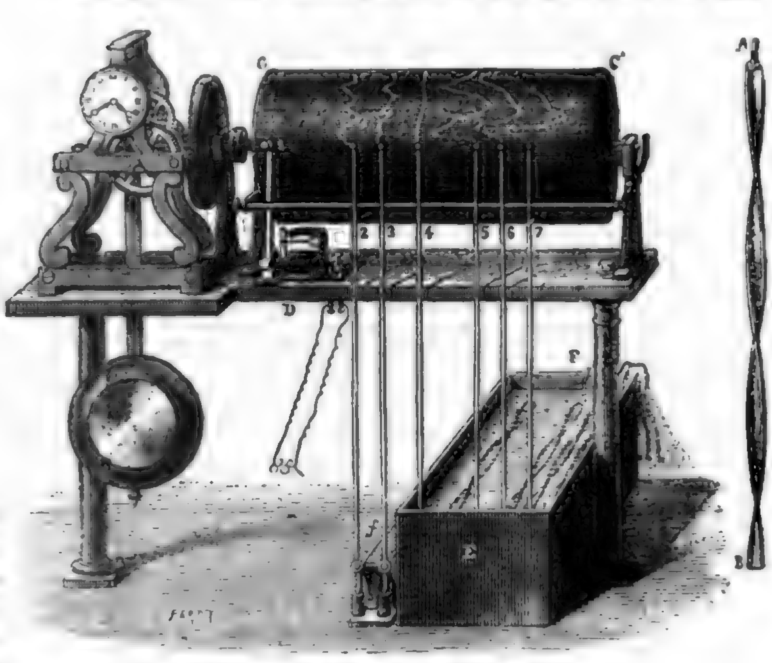


FIG. 3.—THERMOGRAPH.

This apparatus (Fig. 2) consists of a horizontal steel bench, *f g*, provided on its upper surface with two columns, *h h'*, intended to support the axis of the cylinder, and on a vertical stand with two microscopes, which may be moved either separately or together in a horizontal direction. By means of an endless screw a movement of rotation on its axis may be communicated

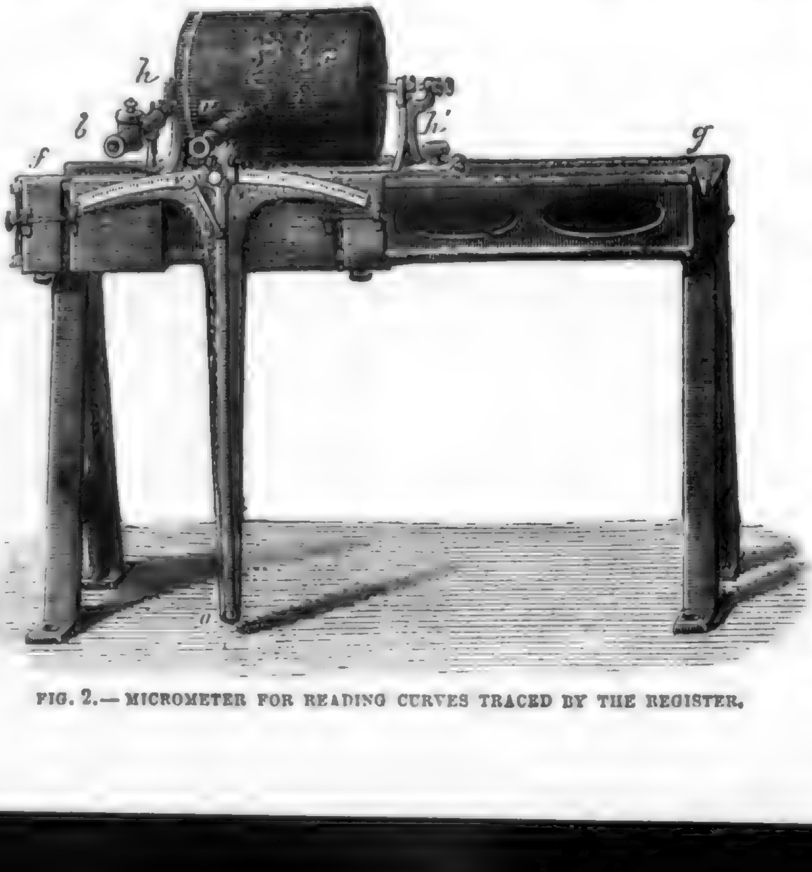


FIG. 2.—MICROMETER FOR READING CURVES TRACED BY THE REGISTER.

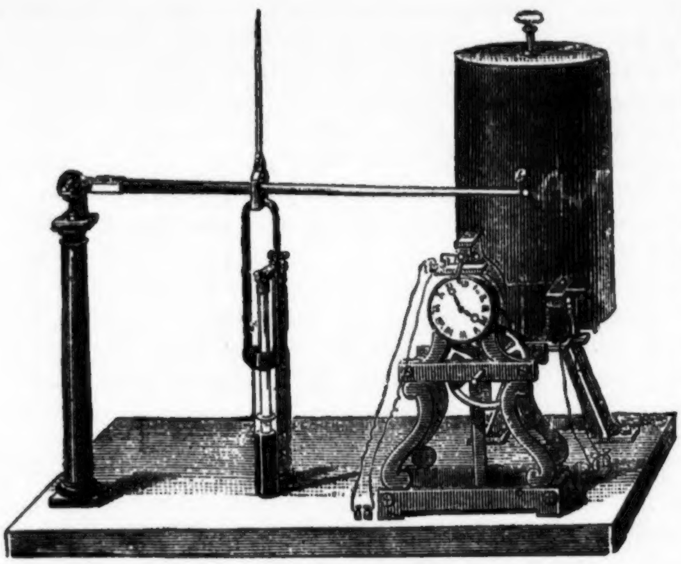
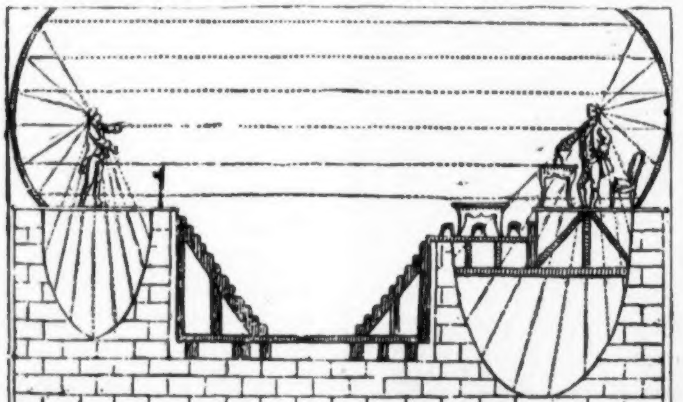


FIG. 4.—REGISTER OF THE ATMOGRAPH.

to the cylinder for the purpose of presenting successively to the microscopes the various faces of the cylinder. The microscope *b* is always pointed on the datum-line, and it is to follow this line in its accidental displacements that the two microscopes may be moved together by the action of an adjusting screw. The microscope which points to the traced line carries at its focus two crossed threads, one horizontal and the other vertical. At each hourly reading one of the horizontal tracings on the datum-line is brought under the horizontal thread of the microscope. But, as the barometric curve often presents inflexions of which it is useful to note the exact time, the critical point of this curve being brought under the movable microscope *a*, a second horizontal thread, movable by a micrometric screw, serves to measure the distance of this point from the hourly mark immediately preceding.

The microscope *a* is supported at the extremity of an arm of a lever the length of which is equal to that of the barometric needle; it describes, consequently, an arc of a circle of the same radius as the point of the register. This second microscope has a cross of threads like the first, but without a movable thread. The first microscope being pointed to an hourly sign, the axis of the second is directed to the corresponding point of the curve. The sine of the angle of position of its lever, multiplied by a constant factor and increased by a number equally constant, gives the height of the barometer at the moment selected. When the reading of the curve is made and verified, the sheet of blackened paper is taken off the cylinder and soaked in a weak solution of gum-lac or of copal in alcohol. By this means the smoked sheet is "fixed," and thereafter put in a portfolio.



ACOUSTIC PLATFORM FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS.—SEE PAGE 639.

The feeblest barometric variations are thus shown with great fidelity, and by examination of the curves we readily recognize the influence which the dynamical state of the atmosphere exercises in increasing or diminishing the weight of its pressure on the ground. It should be added that the uniformity of the calibre of the barometric tube annuls almost completely the action of temperature on the indications of the instrument.

The thermographs act in an analogous way, except that the motor is here formed by a Bourdon tube of hammer-hardened copper, with a very elongated elliptical section, and twisted into a sort of spiral, the thread of the spire varying from two to three centimetres, according to the purpose for which it is intended. A B (Fig. 3) represents one of these tubes, forming a little more than one spiral. This tube is exactly filled with alcohol, and closed at its two ends. The expansion of the alcohol compels it to untwist; but in order that its elasticity may be preserved, the internal pressure, corresponding to the highest temperatures to be reached, should not exceed eight or nine atmospheres. This pressure is all the greater in proportion as the thread of the spire is short. The twisted tube is fixed by one of its ends, the other free extremity bears the needle which gives the indications. At Montsouris this needle is five centimetres long, as is also that of the barometer. The process of reading the curves is thus exactly the same for all the needle registers. The new thermograph of Montsouris Observatory contains seven needles acting on the same cylinder. The first needle (No. 1, Fig. 3) belongs to the electro-magnet which traces the datum-line, and the hourly signs; needles 2 and 3 belong to the psychrometer; needles 4 and 5 record the temperature of

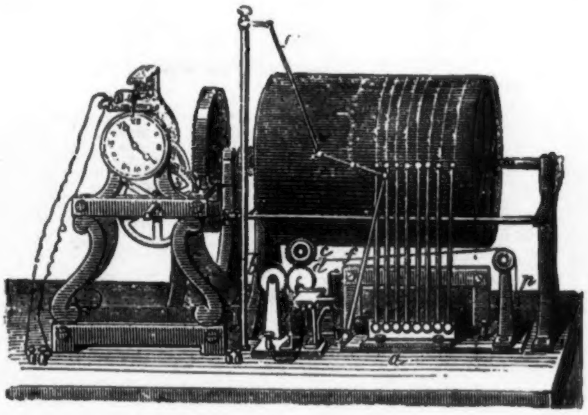
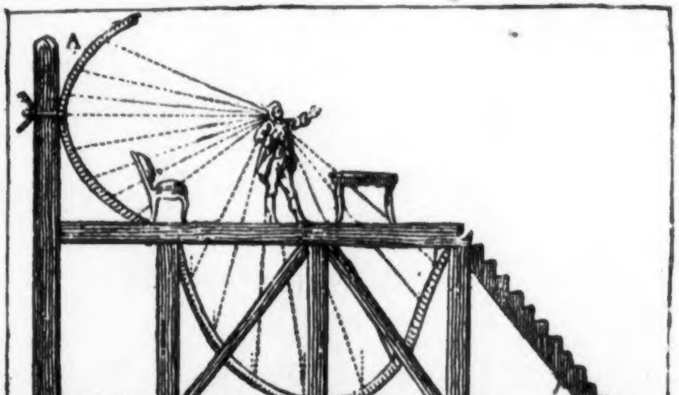


FIG. 5.—THE ANEMOGRAPH.



MOVABLE ACOUSTIC PLATFORM FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

the surface of ground exposed to the air without shelter; needles 6 and 7 correspond to the actinometer.

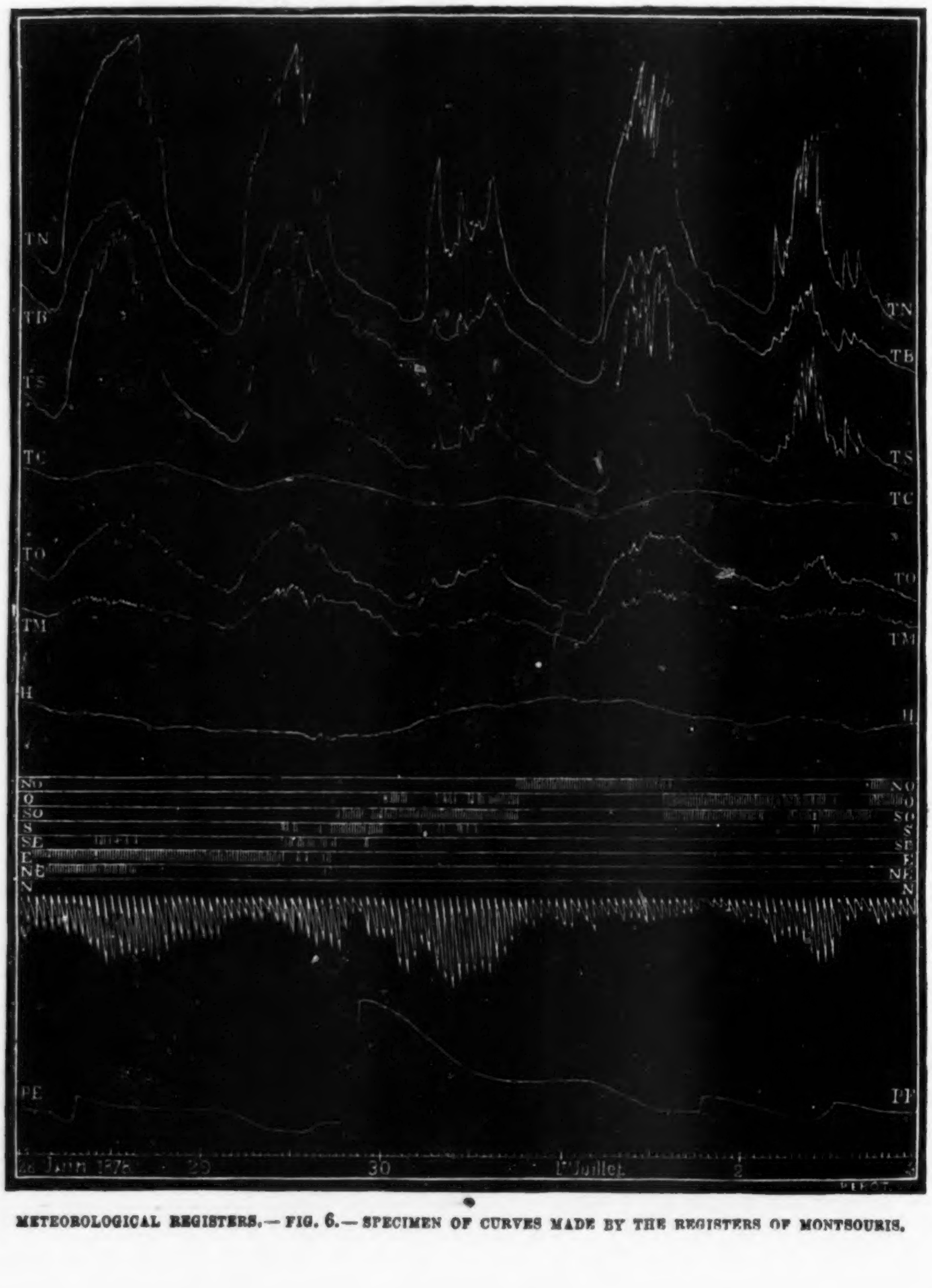
The psychrometer is formed of two twisted tubes placed outside on the north face of the wooden kiosk which shelters the cylinder, and perpendicular to that face. Their furthest extremity is fixed, the other is prolonged through the wall of the kiosk by a stem of copper carrying the indicating needle. One of the twisted tubes is uncovered, and forms the dry thermometer; the other is covered with cambric, and kept moist by means of cotton-wicks dipped in small glass cups, connected with a Mariotte flask placed in the kiosk by means of a long and fine tube of caoutchouc. An instrument of this kind has been in use for fifteen months at Montsouris; its action is regular, and its sensibility very great.

The earth-thermometer is composed of two parts: A thermometric reservoir of black copper is placed on the surface of a mass of vegetable mold, the top of which is flush with the platform of the roof of the kiosk; this reservoir communicates by a capillary tube of copper with a twisted tube placed in the kiosk under the cylinder of the register. When the temperature of the ground rises, a portion of the alcohol passes from the upper reservoir into the twisted tube, the pressure increases and the tube untwists: but the twisted tube itself and its capillary tube of copper are themselves acted on by the variable temperatures which complicate the results. A second twisted tube, similar to the first, provided with its capillary tube, serves to give the necessary corrections. The two twisted tubes are arranged parallel to each other in a trough, E F, filled with glycerinated water; the two capillary tubes are soldered to each other throughout their length. The two needles trace two curves, one very slightly sinuous, the other very undulating; the difference of their ordinates is measured. We thus obtain the temperatures of ground exposed to the sun during day, to nocturnal radiation during night, to rain and to evaporation.

The actinometer is also composed of two twisted tubes resting parallel to each other in the above-mentioned trough, E F, and of two capillary tubes. To each of these tubes corresponds a reservoir placed at the top of the roof of the kiosk, and inclosed in an envelope of glass on which a dry vacuum has been made. One of the reservoirs is silvered, the other is blackened. Placed symmetrically at a little distance from each other, and far from any shelter, they give the same indications during the night; but during the day the black thermometer registers higher than the white one. The differences of the ordinates of the curves traced by the two needles serve to measure the actinic degree. Every cloud which passes over the sun gives rise to a rapid and considerable lowering of the temperatures of the white and black thermometers, and of that on the surface of the ground.

The atmograph is a third registering instrument intended to mark the variations of weight of a mass of earth whose surface is flush with the summit of the platform of the roof of the kiosk, and is exposed to the sun, to evaporation, rain, snow and dew. At a little distance is the registering rain-gauge.

The anemograph or registering wind-gauge (Fig. 5) gives at once the direction of the wind and its mean rate per hour. Eight electro-magnets communicating electricity with the sectors arranged on the vane, according to the eight principal points of the compass, can, by acting singly, or two-and-two, record the winds for sixteen directions, which may



METEOROLOGICAL REGISTERS.—FIG. 6.—SPECIMEN OF CURVES MADE BY THE REGISTERS OF MONTSOURIS.

be regarded to be sufficient for the wants of meteorology. A ninth electro-magnet is acted upon each time that the drum shows a length of one kilometre traversed by the wind. The toothed wheel, *b*, then moves one division, and its movement is transmitted by the satellite wheel, *d*, to a third toothed wheel, *c*, on the axis of which is rolled a thread, *c p*. The point which marks the velocity, then advances one minute toward the left. This effect is produced during one hour for each kilometre traversed by the wind; but at the end of each hour the needle of the clock establishes an electric contact; the satellite wheel, *d*, is lowered; the wheel, *c*, becomes free; and the weight, *p*, restores the metallic point to its starting-place.

Specimens of the curves traced by the registers, reduced to one-third of their natural size, have been sent to the various stations in Europe where observations are kept. If identical instruments were in use at each observatory, a comparison of these curves, after reducing the date-line to local time, would be of great use; and it is to be hoped that some such understanding can be arrived at by a convention of meteorologists.

The accomplished chief of the United States Signal Stations, General Meyers, is now in Europe holding conference with his colleagues there; and it is probable that more uniformity in recording and reporting meteorological facts will be agreed upon by the leading meteorologists of the world.

ACOUSTICS IN PUBLIC HALLS.

IN 1789 the sieur Gerard submitted to the French Assembly a plan for inreasing the power of the voice in public halls. The president and secretary were to sit on a grating of wood or iron, over a masonry vault of parabolic form. Behind the speaker's chair was to be a parabolic shell of the same size as the vault, the president's head to be at the focus of both parabolas. It was then discovered that the ancients had some-contrivance of the kind, called *echea*, made either of bronze or baked clay, but only under the speaker's stand.

While repairing the Temple Neuf, at Strasburg, however, the masons, while repairing a wall, broke away a number of earthen affairs which they took for large platters. The architect, however, gathered the fragments, and, putting them together, submitted them to the Antiquarian Society of the city. It was there decided that they were really *echea*, used not beneath but behind the singers, to throw their voices into the auditorium.

Gerard's invention, so far as fixed sounding shells are concerned, was not new, but he deserves all credit for the movable platform on these principles. His machine was, however, very cumbrous, but there is no reason why the idea should not be adopted to remedy the wretched acoustic condition of many of our churches and halls.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

THE WIDOW'S MIGHT.—Her beauty.

WHAT'S most like a cat's tail? A kitten's.

WHAT goes and stands without legs? A clock.

WOMEN should give their hearts, not lose them.

CHARITY begins at home, and generally stays there.

WHY is Summer like the letter N? It makes ice nice.

WHAT is the only thing that can live in fire? A live coal.

VELOCIPEDISTS resemble the ages—they roll along by-cycles.

NEVER put off until to-morrow what you can do—the day after.

JONES calls his wife Misery, because she loves company so well

THE lady who took everybody's eye must have quite a lot of 'em.

RICH young ladies should make arrangements to husband their means.

"HIS profession! What is his profession?" "Madam, he pedals music."

FLORAL horseshoes have taken the place of wedding-bells at fashionable marriages.

DO NOT kiss the baby unless you want the diphtheria. N. B.—Female babies aged seventeen not dangerous.

IN one respect women are like breadstuffs. When they are uncommonly scarce, they are also uncommonly dear.

A YOUNG woman was trading with one of the merchants on the day of her mother's death She remarked that he must trust her "until I get this funeral off my hands!"

THE girl who will almost cry if she happens to let a drop of ink fall on a letter, is never put out in the least when she is told that she spelled disappointment with one p.

ADOLPHE to Araminta, on their way to church: "How I would I were the Prayer-book you clasp so lovingly!" *Reply:* "How I wish you were, for then I could shut you up!"

A BAD wife is a shackle on her husband's feet, a burden on his shoulders, a palsy to his hands, smoke to his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn to his side, a dagger to his heart.

AN exchange says that women never think. Perhaps the man who penned that statement thinks those Summer hats and bewitching suits plan themselves, but we don't believe it.

"I SAY, boy, where does that right-hand road go to?" inquired a pedestrian of a country rustic. "I don't know, sir," replied the boy; "'tain't been nowhere else since we lived here."

"NEVER put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day," is a pretty good motto; but the man who believes in it firmly will, nevertheless, delay a visit to the dentist as long as possible.

"MY darling," wrote a husband to his wife, "I shall not be home till late this evening. Do not wait up for me. It's for thy dear sake I work by the light of the pale, effulgent moon, as if it were the bright, dazzling sunshine." She didn't wait—she went and got a detective and hunted him up.

"PETER, what are you doing to that boy?" asked a schoolmaster. "He wanted to know, if you take ten from seventeen, how many will remain. I took ten of his apples to show him, and now he wants me to give 'em back." "Well, why don't you do it?" "Coz, sir, he would forget how many are left!"

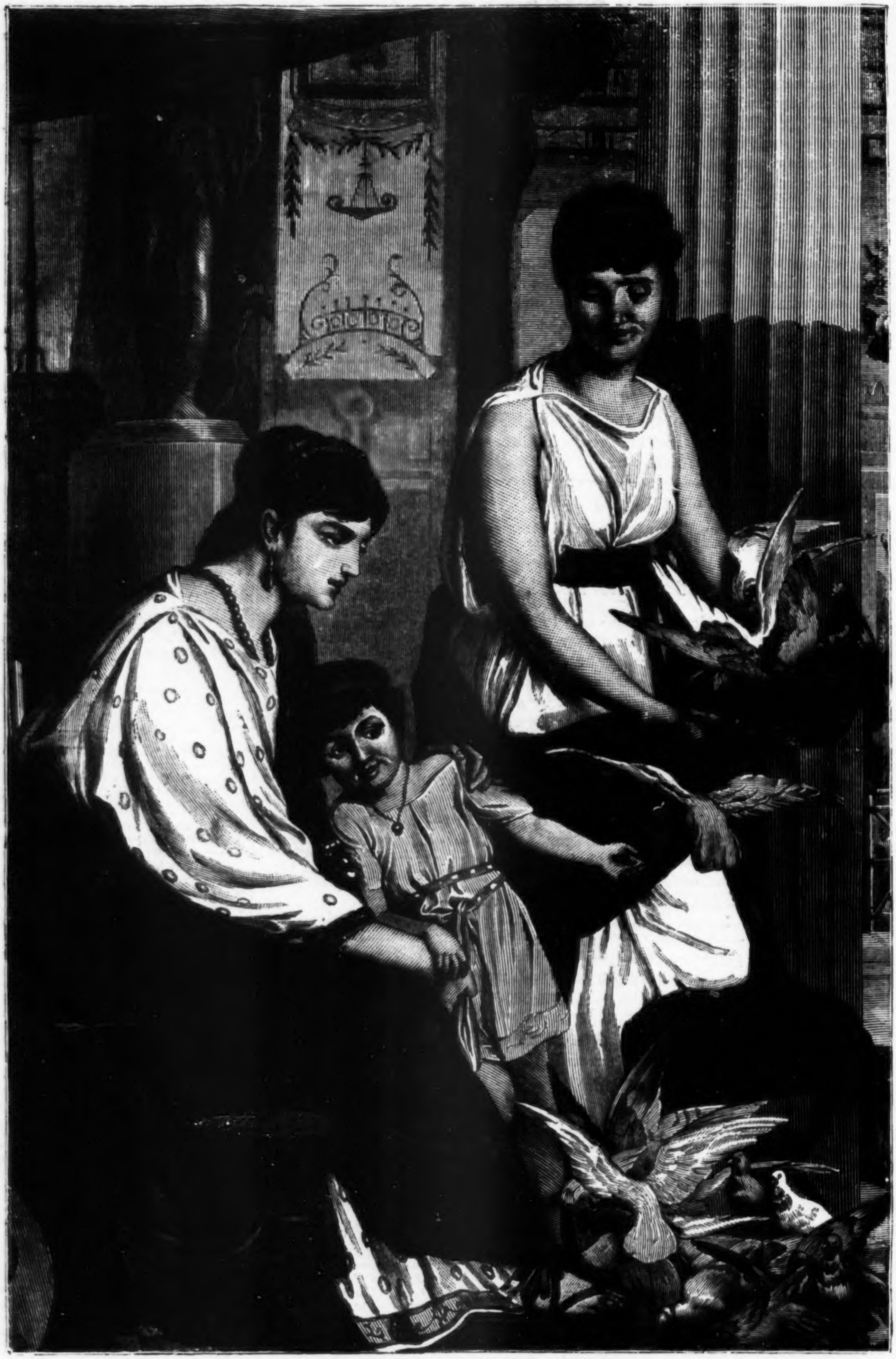
"MY dear sir," said she, timidly, "I am such a silly child, while you are so witty and accomplished, and have such an irresistible way of putting things, that I wish you would show me how——" "How to what?" "How to let you know, delicately but firmly, that I want you to let me have five dollars that I am most desperately in need of."

"SHE'S a darling, she's a daisy." So sang the young man, in a quiet, musing sort of way, beneath his breath. He was just strolling down toward her house, and his heart was overflowing; but, as he turned the corner, he saw Smythe hand her into a carriage and drive off to enjoy the moonlight. A sudden hush came over his song, his heart felt as if a goneness had crept over it, and he rapidly walked homeward, cogitating in his mind over the dread uncertainties of life.

FORTY years ago the programme of one of the concerts of the Norwich Musical Festival contained the following list of singers and pieces. It can scarcely be considered overloaded as regards punctuation. The "Messiah" was to be performed, and the numbers ran somewhat in this way: "Comfort ye Mr. Hobbs, But who may abide Mr. Balfe, Behold a virgin Mr. Young, Behold darkness shall cover Mr. Phelps, Rejoice greatly Miss Birch, He shall feed Miss Hawes, Come unto me Madame Stockhausen."

"A TRUE girl has to be sought for," remarks a writer. Of course she does, and any mother will tell you the same thing. Look for her in the parlor, hammering a waltz out of the suffering piano; if she isn't there, she'll be in front of her toilet-glass, admiring her hair. Should she not be there, maybe she's swinging on the gate with a young man who is the happy possessor of a tender mustache; if not there, she is promenading the streets and flirting with a drummer. Oh, you'll have to hunt for her. And after you find her, say that her mother is washing the dishes and needs her assistance!

DOUGLAS JERROLD and the late Henry Compton went one morning to view the pictures in the Gallery of Illustration. On entering the ante-room, we are told in the memoir of the comedian, they found themselves opposite to a number of very long looking-glasses. Pausing before one of these, Compton remarked to Jerrold, "You've come here to admire works of art. Very well—first feast your eyes on that work of nature!" pointing to his own figure reflected in the glass. "Look at it—there's a picture for you!" "Yes," said Jerrold, regarding it intently, "very fine—very fine indeed!" Then turning to his friend, "Wants hanging, though!"



A DOMESTIC SCENE IN A NOBLE HOUSE AT POMPEII.

XUM